

L A 3392

N^o 680²

COOKE'S EDITION OF SELECT BRITISH POETS.



MILTON'S POEMS,
Vol II forming part of
Dooke's Pocket Edition of
the Original & Complete Works of
SELECT BRITISH POETS,
or Entertaining Poetical Library,
containing the most Esteemed
Poetic Productions
Superbly Embellished.



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN MILTON.

FROM THE
TEXT OF DR. NEWTON.

To which are prefixed,

The Life of the Author;

A CRITICISM ON HIS WORKS, BY

DR. JOHNSON;

And a Critique on *Paradise Lost*, by

Joseph Addison, Esq.

VOL. II.

Cooke's Edition.

Three Poets in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The first in loftiness of thought surpass;
The next in majesty; in both the last.
The force of Nature could no further go:
To make a third she join'd the former two.

Dryden.

EMBELLISHED WITH SUPERB ENGRAVINGS.

London:

Printed for C. COOKE, No. 17, Paternoster-Row
And sold by all the Booksellers in
Great-Britain and
Ireland.



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN MILTON

FROM THE
TEXT OF THE

ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS
AND THE FIRST EDITION
OF THE WORKS
AS REVISED BY THE AUTHOR
IN HIS OWN HANDS

VOL. II

CONTAINING
THE

POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN MILTON
AS REVISED BY THE AUTHOR
IN HIS OWN HANDS

EDITED BY
J. W. WATSON

LONDON:
PRINTED BY
JOHN WATSON
AT THE
MILTON PRESS
1851



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN MILTON.

VOLUME II.

Containing

THE THREE LAST BOOKS
OF PARADISE LOST,
PARADISE REGAINED,
SAMSON AGONISTES,

L'ALLEGRO,
IL PENSEROSO,
SONNETS,
PSALMS,

&c. &c. &c.

Milton, with high and haughty stalks,
Unfetter'd, in majestic numbers walks :
No vulgar hero can his muse engage,
Nor earth's wide scene confine his hallow'd rage.
See ! see ! he upward springs, and, tow'ring high,
spurns the dull province of mortality ;
Shakes Heaven's eternal throne with dire alarms,
And sets th' almighty Thunderer in arms.

Addison,

London :
PRINTED AND EMBELLISHED
Under the Direction of
C. COOKE.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN MILTON
VOLUME II.

THE FIRST PART OF THE SECOND PART OF THE THIRD PART OF THE FOURTH PART OF THE FIFTH PART OF	THE SIXTH PART OF THE SEVENTH PART OF THE EIGHTH PART OF THE NINTH PART OF THE TENTH PART OF
---	--

Printed by J. Sturges, at the
Printers Office, in Pall-mall.
1751.

Printed by J. Sturges, at the
Printers Office, in Pall-mall.
1751.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK X.

The Argument.

MAN's transgression known, the guardian angels forsake Paradise, and return up to heaven to approve their vigilance, and are approved, God declaring that the entrance of Satan could not be by them prevented. He sends his Son to judge the transgressors, who descends, and gives sentence accordingly; then in pity clothes them both, and re-ascends. Sin and Death, sitting till then at the gates of hell, by wondrous sympathy feeling the success of Satan in this new world, and the sin by man there committed, resolve to sit no longer confin'd in hell, but to follow Satan their sire up to the place of Man: to make the way easier, from hell to this world, to and fro, they pave a broad high-way or bridge over Chaos, according to the track that Satan first made; then preparing for Earth, they meet him proud of his success, returning to Hell; their mutual gratulation. Satan arrives at Pandemonium, in full assembly relates with boasting his success against Man; instead of applause, is entertained with a general hiss by all his audience, transform'd with himself also suddenly into serpents, according to his doom given in Paradise; then deluded with a shew of the forbidden tree springing up before them, they greedily reaching to take of the fruit, chew dust and bitter ashes. The proceedings of Sin and Death; God foretels the final victory of his Son over them, and the renewing of all things; but, for the present, commands his angels to make several alterations in the Heavens and Elements. Adam, more and more perceiving his fallen condition, heavily bewails, rejects the condolment of Eve; she persists, and at length appeases him: then, to evade the curse likely to fall on their offspring, proposes to Adam violent ways, which he approves not, but conceiving better hope, puts her in mind of the late promise made them, that her seed should be revenged on the serpent, and exhorts her with him to seek peace of the offended Deity, by repentance and supplication.

MEAN while the heinous and despiteful act
 Of Satan done in Paradise, and how
 He and the serpent had perverted Eve,
 Her husband she, to taste the fatal fruit,
 Was known in heav'n; for what can scape the eye 5
 Of God all-seeing, or deceive his heart
 Omniscient? who, in all things wise and just,
 Hinder'd not Satan to attempt the mind
 Of man, with strength entire, and free-will arm'd
 Complete to have discover'd and repuls'd 10
 Whatever wiles of foe or seeming friend.
 For still they knew, and ought t' have still remember'd
 The high injunction not to taste that fruit,
 Whoever tempted: which they not obeying,
 Incurr'd (what could they less?) the penalty, 15
 And manifold in sin, deserv'd to fall.
 Up into Heav'n from Paradise in haste
 Th' angelic guards ascended, mute and sad

For man ; for of his state by this they knew,
 Much wond'ring how the subtle fiend had stol'n 20
 Entrance unseen. Soon as th' unwelcome news
 From earth arriv'd at heav'n gate, displeas'd
 All were who heard ; dim sadness did not spare
 That time celestial visages, yet, mix'd
 With pity, violated not their blifs. 25
 About the new-arriv'd, in multitudes
 Th' etherial people ran, to hear and know
 How all befel : they tow'rd the throne supreme
 Accountable made haste to make appear
 With righteous plea their utmost vigilance, 30
 And easily approv'd ; when the Most High
 Eternal Father, from his secret cloud,
 Amidst, in thunder utter'd thus his voice :
 Assembled angels, and ye pow'rs return'd
 From unsuccessful charge, be not dismay'd, 35
 Nor troubled at these tidings from the earth,
 Which your sincerest care could not prevent,
 Foretold so lately what would come to pass,
 When first this tempter cross'd the gulf from hell.
 I told ye then he should prevail, and speed 40
 On his bad errand ; man should be seduc'd,
 And flatter'd out of all, believing lies
 Against his Maker ; no decree of mine
 Concurring to necessitate his fall,
 Or touch with lightest moment of impulse 45
 His free will, to her own inclining left
 In even scale. But fall'n he is ; and now
 What rests, but that the mortal sentence pass
 On his transgression, death denounc'd that day ?
 Which he presumes, already vain and void, 50
 Because not yet inflicted, as he fear'd
 By some immediate stroke ; but soon shall find
 Forbearance no acquittance ere day end.
 Justice shall not return as bounty scorn'd.
 But whom send I to judge them ? whom but thee, 55
 Vicegerent Son ? to thee I have transferr'd
 All judgment, whether in heav'n, or earth, or hell.
 Easy it may be seen that I intend

Mercy colleague with justice, sending the
 Man's friend, his mediator, his design'd
 Both ransom and redeemer voluntary,
 And destin'd man himself to judge man fall'n.

So spake the Father, and unfolding bright
 Tow'rd the right-hand his glory, on the Son
 Blaz'd forth unclouded Deity; he full
 Resplendent all his Father manifest
 Express'd, and thus divinely answer'd mild:

Father Eternal, thine is to decree;
 Mine both in heav'n and earth to do thy will
 Supreme, that thou in me, thy Son lov'd,
 May'st ever rest well pleas'd. I go to judge
 On earth these thy transgressors; but thou know'st,
 Whoever judg'd, the worst on me must light,
 When time shall be, for so I undertook
 Before thee; and not repenting, this obtain
 Of right, that I may mitigate their doom
 On me deriv'd; yet I shall temper so
 Justice with mercy, as may illustrate most
 Them fully satisfied, and thee appease.

Attendance none shall need, nor train, where none
 Are to behold the judgment, but the judg'd,
 Those two; the third, best absent, is condemn'd,
 Convict by flight, and rebel to all law:
 Conviction to the serpent none belongs.

Thus saying, from his radiant seat he rose
 Of high collateral glory: him thrones and powers,
 Princedoms, and dominations, ministrant
 Accompanied to heav'n gate, from whence
 Eden, and all the coast, in prospect lay.
 Down he descended strait: the speed of gods
 Time counts not, though with swiftest minutes wing'd.
 Now was the sun in western cadence low
 From noon, and gentle airs due at their hour
 To fan the earth now wak'd, and usher in
 The ev'ning cool, when he from wrath more cool
 Came the mild judge and intercessor both
 To sentence man. The voice of God they hear,
 Now walking in the garden, by soft winds,

Brought to their ears, while day declin'd ; they heard,
 And from his presence hid themselves among 100
 The thickest trees, both man and wife, till God
 Approaching, thus to Adam call'd aloud :
 Where art thou, Adam, wont with joy to meet
 My coming seen far off ? I miss thee here,
 Not pleas'd thus entertain'd with solitude, 105
 Where obvious duty ere while appear'd unsought :
 Or come I less conspicuous, or what change
 Absents thee, or what chance detains ? Come forth.

He came, and with him Eve, more loath, though first
 T' offend, discountenanc'd both, and discompos'd :
 Love was in not their looks, either to God 111
 Or to each other, but apparent guilt,
 And shame, and perturbation, and despair,
 Anger, and obstinacy, and hate, and guile,
 Whence Adam falt'ring long, thus answer'd brief :
 I heard thee in the garden, and of thy voice 116
 Afraid, being naked, hid myself. To whom
 The gracious judge without revile reply'd :
 My voice thou oft hast heard, and hast not fear'd,
 But still rejoic'd : how is it now become 120
 So dreadful to thee ? That thou art naked, who
 Hath told thee ? hast thou eaten of the Tree,
 Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst not eat ?

To whom thus Adam sore beset reply'd :
 O Heav'n ! in evil strait this day I stand 125
 Before my Judge, either to undergo
 Myself the total crime, or to accule
 My other self, the partner of my life ;
 Whose failing, while her faith to me remains,
 I should conceal, and not expose to blame 130
 By my complaint ; but strict necessity
 Subdues me, and calamitous constraint,
 Lest on my head both sin and punishment,
 However insupportable, be all
 Devolv'd ; though, should I hold my peace, yet thou
 Wouldst easily detect what I conceal. 136
 This Woman, whom thou mad'st to be my help,
 And gav'st me as thy perfect gift, so good,

So fit, so acceptable, so divine,
 That from her hand I could suspect no ill, 140
 And what she did, whatever in itself,
 Her doing seem'd to justify the deed;
 She gave me of the tree, and I did eat.

To whom the Sov'reign Presence thus reply'd:
 Was she thy God, that her thou didst obey 145
 Before his voice; or was she made thy guide,
 Superior, or but equal, that to her
 Thou didst resign thy manhood, and the place
 Wherein God set thee above her, made of thee,
 And for thee, whose perfection far excell'd 150
 Hers in all real dignity? Adorn'd
 She was indeed, and lovely to attract
 Thy love, not thy subjection; and her gifts
 Were such as under government well seem'd,
 Unseemly to bear rule, which was thy part 155
 And person, hadst thou known thyself aright.

So having said, he thus to Eve in few:
 Say, woman, what is this which thou hast done?

To whom sad Eve, with shame nigh overwhelm'd
 Confessing soon, yet not before her Judge 160
 Bold or loquacious, thus abash'd reply'd:
 The serpent me beguil'd, and I did eat.

Which, when the Lord God heard, without delay
 To judgment he proceeded on th' accus'd
 Serpent, though brute, unable to transfer 165
 The guilt on him who made him instrument
 Of mischief, and polluted from the end
 Of his creation; justly then accurs'd,
 As vitiated in nature: more to know
 Concern'd not man (since he no further knew) 170
 Nor alter'd his offence; yet God at last
 To Satan first in sin his doom apply'd,
 Though in mysterious terms, judg'd as then best;
 And on the serpent thus his curse let fall:
 Because thou hast done this, thou art accurs'd 175
 Above all cattle, each beast of the field;
 Upon thy belly grovelling thou shalt go,
 And dust shalt eat all the days of thy life.

Between thee and the woman I will put
Enmity, and between thine and her seed ; 180
Her seed shall bruise thy head, thou bruise his heel.

So spake this Oracle, then verify'd
When Jesus, Son of Mary, second Eve,
Saw Satan fall like lightning down from heav'n,
Prince of the air ; then rising from his grave, 185
Spoil'd principalities and powers, triumph'd
In open show, and with ascension bright
Captivity led captive through the air,
The realm itself of Satan long usurp'd,
Whom he shall tread at last under our feet ; 190
E'en he who now foretold his fatal bruise,
And to the woman thus his sentence turn'd :
Thy sorrow I will greatly multiply
By thy conception ; children thou shalt bring
In sorrow forth ; and to thy husband's will 195
Thine shall submit : he over thee shall rule.

On Adam last thus judgment he pronounc'd :
Because thou hast hearken'd to th' voice of thy wife,
And eaten of the tree, concerning which 199
I charg'd thee, saying, Thou shalt not eat thereof,
Curs'd is the ground for thy sake ; thou in sorrow
Shalt eat thereof all the days of thy life ;
Thorns also and thistles it shall bring thee forth
Unbid ; and thou shalt eat th' herb of the field,
In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread 205
Till thou return unto the ground ; for thou
Out of the ground was taken ; know thy birth,
For dust thou art, and shalt to dust return.
So judg'd he Man, both Judge and Saviour sent,
And th' instant stroke of death denounc'd that day
Remov'd far off ; then pitying how they stood 211
Before him naked to the air, that now
Must suffer change, disdain'd not to begin
Thenceforth the form of servant to assume,
As when he wash'd his servants feet ; so now, 215
As father of his family, he clad
Their nakedness with skins of beasts, or slain,
Or as the snake with youthful coat repaid ;

And thought not much to clothe his enemies:
Nor he their outward only with the skins 220
Of beasts, but inward nakedness, much more
Opprobrious, with his robe of righteousness
Arraying, cover'd from his Father's sight.
To him with swift ascent he up return'd,
Into his blissful bosom reassum'd 225
In glory as of old; to him appeas'd
All, though all-knowing, what had pass'd with man
Recounted, mixing intercession sweet.

Meanwhile ere thus was sinn'd and judg'd on Earth,
Within the gates of Hell, sat Sin and Death, 230
In counterview within the gates, that now
Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame
Far into Chaos, since the Fiend pass'd through,
Sin opening, who thus now to Death began:

O Son, why sit we here each other viewing 235
Idly, while Satan, our great author, thrives
In other worlds, and happier seat provides
For us his offspring dear? It cannot be
But that success attends him; if mishap,
Ere this he had return'd, with fury driven 240
By his avengers, since no place like this
Can fit his punishment, or their revenge.
Methinks I feel new strength within me rise,
Wings growing, and dominions giv'n me large
Beyond this deep; whatever draws me on, 245
Or sympathy, or some connatural force,
Powerful at greatest distance to unite
With secret amity things of like kind
By secretest conveyance. Thou my shade
Inseparable must with me along; 250
For Death from Sin no power can separate;
But lest the difficulty of passing back
Stay his return perhaps over this gulf
Impassable, impervious, let us try
Adventurous work, yet to thy power and mine 255
Not unagreeable, to found a path
Over this main from hell to that new world
Where Satan now prevails, a monument

Of merit high to all th' infernal host,
 Easing their passage hence, from intercourse, 260
 Or transmigration, as their lot shall lead.
 Nor can I miss the way, so strongly drawn
 By this new felt attraction and instinct.

Whom thus the meagre shadow answer'd soon :
 Go whither Fate and inclination strong 265
 Leads thee ; I shall not lag behind, nor err
 The way, thou leading, such a scent I draw
 Of carnage, prey innumerable, and taste
 The savor of death from all things there that live :
 Nor shall I to the work thou enterprisest 270
 Be wanting, but afford thee equal aid.
 So saying, with delight he snuff'd the smell
 Of mortal change on earth. As when a flock
 Of ravenous fowl, though many a league remote,
 Against the day of battle, to a field, 275
 Where armies lie encamp'd, come flying, lur'd
 With scent of living carcases design'd
 For death, the following day, in bloody fight ;
 So scented the grim feature, and upturn'd
 His nostrils wide into the murky air, 280
 Sagacious of his quarry from so far.
 Then both from out Hell gates, into the waste
 Wide anarchy of Chaos, damp and dark,
 Flew diverse, and with power (their power was great)
 Hovering upon the waters, what they met, 285
 Solid or slimy, as in raging sea
 Tost up and down, together crowded drove
 From each side shoaling tow'rs the mouth of Hell ;
 As when two polar winds, blowing adverse
 Upon the Cronian sea, together drive 290
 Mountains of ice, that stop th' imagin'd way
 Beyond Petsora eastward, to the rich
 Cathaian coast. The aggregated soil
 Death, with his mace petrific, cold, and dry,
 As with a trident smote, and fix'd as firm 295
 As Delos floating once ; the rest his look
 Bound with Gorgonian rigour not to move ;
 And with Asphaltic slime, broad as the gate,

Deep to the roots of hell the gather'd beach
 They fasten'd, and the mole immense wrought on
 Over the foaming deep high arch'd, a bridge 301
 Of length prodigious, joining to the wall
 Immoveable of this now fenceless world,
 Forfeit to Death; from hence a passage broad,
 Smooth, easy, inoffensive down to hell. 305
 So, if great things to small may be compar'd,
 Xerxes, the liberty of Greece to yoke,
 From Susa his Memnonian palace high
 Came to the sea, and over Hellespont
 Bridging his way, Europe with Asia join'd, 310
 And scourg'd with many a stroke th' indignant waves.
 Now had they brought the work by wondrous art
 Pontifical, a ridge of pendent rock,
 Over the vex'd abyss, following the track
 Of Satan to the self same place where he 315
 First lighted from his wing, and landed safe
 From out of Chaos, to the out side bare
 Of this round world: with pins of adamant
 And chains they made all fast, too fast they made
 And durable; and now in little space 320
 The confines met of empyréan heav'n
 And of this world; and on the left hand hell
 With long reach interpos'd; three several ways
 In sight, to each of these three places led.
 And now their way to Earth they had descry'd, 325
 To Paradise first tending, when behold
 Satan, in likeness of an angel bright,
 Betwixt the Centaur and the Scorpion steering
 His zenith, while the sun in Aries rose:
 Disguis'd he came; but those his children dear 330
 Their parent soon discern'd, though in disguise.
 He, after Eve seduc'd, unminded slunk
 Into the wood fast by, and changing shape
 To observe the sequel, saw his guileful act
 By Eve, though all unweeting, seconded 335
 Upon her husband, saw their shame that sought
 Vain covertures; but when he saw descend
 The Son of God to judge them, terrify'd

He fled, not hoping to escape, but shun
The present, fearing, guilty, what his wrath 340
Might suddenly inflict; that past, return'd
By night, and list'ning where the hapless pair
Sat in their sad discourse, and various plaint,
Thence gather'd his own doom, which understood
Not instant, but of future time, with joy 345
And tidings fraught, to hell he now return'd,
And at the brink of Chaos, near the foot
Of this new wondrous pontifice, unhop'd
Met who to meet him came, his offspring dear.
Great joy was at their meeting, and at sight 350
Of that stupendous bridge his joy increas'd.
Long he admiring stood, till Sin, his fair
Enchanting daughter, thus the silence broke :
O Parent, these are thy magnific deeds,
Thy trophies, which thou view'st as not thine own ;
Thou art their author and prime architect ; 356
For I no sooner in my heart divin'd,
My heart, which, by a secret harmony,
Still moves with thine, join'd in connexion sweet,
That thou on earth hath prosper'd, which thy looks
Now also evidence, but strait I felt, 361
Though distant from the worlds between, yet felt
That I must after thee with this thy son,
Such fatal consequence unites us three :
Hell could no longer hold us in her bounds, 365
Nor this unvoyageable gulf obscure
Detain from following thy illustrious track.
Thou hast achiev'd our liberty, confin'd
Within hell gates till now ; thou us empower'd
To fortify thus far, and overlay 370
With this portentous bridge the dark abyss.
Thine now is all this world ; thy virtue hath won
What thy hands builded not, thy wisdom gain'd
With odds what war hath lost, and fully aveng'd
Our foil in heav'n : here thou shalt monarch reign,
There didst not ; there let him still victory sway, 376
As battle hath adjudg'd, from this new world
Retiring, by his own doom alienated,

And henceforth monarchy with thee divine
Of all things parted by th' empyreal bounds, 380
His quadrature, from thy orbicular world,
Or try thee now more dangerous to his throne.

Whom thus the Prince of Darkness answer'd glad :
Fair daughter, and thou son and grandchild both,
High poof ye now have giv'n to be the race 385
Of Satan, (for I glory in the name,
Antagonist of heav'n's almighty King ;))
Amplly have merited of me, of all
Th' infernal empire, that so near heav'n's door
Triumphal with triumphal act have met 390
Mine with this glorious work, and made one realm
Hell and this world, one realm, one continent,
Of easy thorough-fare. Therefore, while I
Descend through darkness, on your road with ease,
To my associate powers, them to acquaint 395
With these successes, and with them rejoice,
You two this way, among these numerous orbs,
All yours, right down to Paradise descend ;
There dwell and reign in blifs, thence on the earth
Dominion exercise, and in the air ; 400
Chiefly on man, sole lord of all declar'd :
Him first make sure your thrall, and lastly kill.
My substitutes I send you, and create
Plenipotent on earth, of matchless might
Issuing from me : on your joint vigour now 405
My hold of this new kingdom all depends,
Through sin to death expos'd by my exploit.
If your joint power prevail, th' affairs of hell
No detriment need fear : go, and be strong.

So saying, he dismiss'd them : they with speed 410
Their course through thickest constellations held,
Spreading their bane ; the blasted stars look'd wan,
And planets, planet-struck, real eclipse
Then suffer'd. Th' other way Satan went down
The causey to Hell gate ; on either side 415
Disparted Chaos over built exclaim'd,
And with rebounding surge the bars assail'd,
That scorn'd his indignation : through the gate,

Wide open and unguarded, Satan pass'd,
 And all about found desolate ; for those 420
 Appointed to sit there had left their charge,
 Flown to the upper world ; the rest were all
 Far to th' inland retir'd, about the walls
 Of Pandemonium, city and proud seat
 Of Lucifer, so by allusion call'd 425
 Of that bright star to Satan paragon'd.
 There kept their watch the legions, while the grand
 In council sat, solicitous what chance
 Might intercept their emperor sent ; so he
 Departing gave command, and they observ'd. 430
 As when the Tartar from his Russian foe,
 By Astracan, over the snowy plains,
 Retires ; or Bactrian Sophi, from the horns
 Of Turkish crescent, leaves all waste beyond
 The realm of Aladule, in his retreat 435
 To Tauris or Calbeen ; so these, the late
 Heav'n-banish'd host, left desert utmost hell
 Many a dark league, reduc'd in careful watch
 Round their metropolis, and now expecting
 Each hour their great adventurer from the search 440
 Of foreign worlds : he through the midst unmark'd,
 In show plebeian angel militant,
 Of lowest order, pass'd ; and from the door
 Of that Plutonian hall invisible
 Ascended his high throne, which, under state 445
 Of richest texture spread, at th' upper end
 Was plac'd in regal lustre. Down a while
 He sat, and round about him saw unseen :
 At last, as from a cloud, his fulgent head
 And shape star-bright appear'd, or brighter, clad 450
 With what permissive glory since his fall
 Was left him, or false glitter : all amaz'd,
 At that so sudden blaze the Stygian throng
 Bent their aspect, and whom they wish'd beheld,
 Their mighty Chief return'd : loud was the acclaim :
 Forth rush'd in haste the great consulting peers, 456
 Rais'd from their dark divan, and with like joy

Congratulant approach'd him, who with hand
Silence, and, with these words, attention won :

Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers,
For in possession such, not only of right, 461
I call ye, and declare ye now, return'd
Successful beyond hope, to lead ye forth
Triumphant out of this infernal pit

Abominable, accurs'd, the house of woe, 465
And dungeon of our tyrant : now possess,
As lords, a spacious world, to our native heav'n
Little inferior, by my adventure hard
With peril great achiev'd. Long were to tell

What I have done, what suffer'd, with what pain 470
Voyag'd th' unreal, vast, unbounded deep
Of horrible confusion, over which

By Sin and Death a broad way now is pav'd
To expedite your glorious march ; but I
Toil'd out my uncouth passage, forc'd to ride 475
Th' untractable abyss, plung'd in the womb
Of unoriginal night and chaos wild,

That, jealous of their secrets, fiercely oppos'd
My journey strange, with clamorous uproar
Protesting fate supreme ; thence how I found 480
The new-created world, which fame in heav'n
Long had foretold, a fabric wonderful,
Of absolute perfection, therein man

Plac'd in a paradise, by our exile
Made happy : him by fraud I have seduc'd 485
From his Creator, and, the more to increase
Your wonder, with an apple ; he thereat
Offended, worth your laughter, hath giv'n up
Both his beloved man, and all his world

To sin and death a prey, and so to us, 490
Without our hazard, labour, or alarm,
To range in, and to dwell, and over man
To rule, as over all he should have rul'd.

True is, me also he hath judg'd, or rather
Me not, but the brute serpent, in whose shape 495
Man I deceiv'd : that which to me belongs
Is enmity, which he will put between

Me and mankind ; I am to bruise his heel ;
 His seed, when is not set, shall bruise my head :
 A world who would not purchase with a bruise, 500
 Or much more grievous pain ? Ye have th' account
 Of my performance : what remains, ye Gods,
 But up and enter now into full blifs ?

So having said, a while he stood, expecting
 Their universal shout and high applause 505
 To fill his ear, when contrary he hears
 On all sides, from innumerable tongues,
 A dismal universal hiss, the sound
 Of public scorn : he wonder'd, but not long
 Had leisure, wond'ring at himself now more ; 510
 His visage drawn he felt to sharp and spare,
 His arms clung to his ribs, his legs entwining
 Each other, till supplanted, down he fell
 A monstrous serpent on his belly prone,
 Reluctant, but in vain ; a greater power 515
 Now rul'd him, punish'd in the shape he sinn'd
 According to his doom : he would have spoke,
 But hiss for hiss return'd with forked tongue
 To forked tongue, for now were all transform'd
 Alike to serpents, all as accessories 520
 To his bold riot : dreadful was the din
 Of hissing through the hall, thick swarming now
 With complicated monsters head and tail,
 Scorpion, and asp, and amphibiaena dire,
 Ceraustes horn'd, Hydrus, and Elops drear, 525
 And Dipsas ; (not so thick swarm'd once the soil
 Bedropt with blood of Gorgon, on the isle
 Ophiussa ;) but still greatest he in the midst,
 Now dragon grown, larger than whom the sun
 Engender'd in the Pythian vale on slime, 530
 Huge Python, and his power no less he seem'd
 Above the rest still to retain : they all
 Him follow'd issuing forth to th' open field,
 Where all yet left of that revolted rout
 Heav'n-fallen, in station stood or just array, 535
 Sublime with expectation when to see
 In triumph issuing forth their glorious chief :

They saw, but other sight instead, a crowd
 Of ugly serpents; horror on them fell,
 And horrid sympathy; for what they saw, 540
 They felt themselves now changing: down their arms,
 Down fell both spear and shield, down they as fast,
 And the dire hiss renew'd, and the dire form
 Catch'd by contagion, like in punishment,
 As in their crime. Thus was th' applause they meant
 Turn'd to exploding hiss, triumph to shame 546
 Cast on themselves from their own mouths. There stood
 A grove hard by, sprung up with this their change,
 His will who reigns above, to aggravate
 Their penance, laden with fair fruit, like that 550
 Which grew in paradise, the bait of Eve
 Us'd by the tempter: on that prospect strange
 Their earnest eyes they fix'd, imagining
 For one forbidden tree a multitude
 Now ris'n, to work them further woe or shame; 555
 Yet, parch'd with scalding thirst and hunger fierce,
 Though to delude them sent, could not abstain,
 But on they roll'd in heaps, and up the trees
 Climbing, fat thicker than the snaky locks
 That curl'd Megæra: greedily they pluck'd 560
 The fruitage fair to sight, like that which grew
 Near that bituminous lake where Sodom flam'd;
 This, more delusive, not the touch, but taste,
 Deceiv'd; they fondly thinking to allay
 Their appetite with gust, instead of fruit 565
 Chew'd bitter ashes, which th' offended taste
 With spattering noise rejected: oft they assay'd,
 Hunger and thirst constraining, drag'd as oft,
 With hatefullest disrelish writh'd their jaws,
 With soot and cinders fill'd, so oft they fell 570
 Into the same illusion, not as man [plagu'd
 Whom they triumph'd once laps'd. Thus were they
 And worn with famine, long and ceaseless hiss,
 Till their lost shape, permitted, they resum'd,
 Yearly enjoin'd, some say, to undergo 575
 This annual humbling certain number'd days,
 To dash their pride, and joy for man seduc'd.

However, some tradition they dispers'd
 Among the Heathen of their purchase got,
 And fabled how the serpent, whom they call'd 580
 Ophion with Eurynome, the wide
 Encroaching Eve perhaps, had first the rule
 Of high Olympus, thence by Saturn driven
 And Ops, ere yet Dictæan Jove was born.

Meanwhile in paradise the hellish pair 585
 Too soon arriv'd, Sin there in power before,
 Once actual, now in body, and to dwell
 Habitual habitant; behind her Death
 Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet
 On his pale horse: to whom Sin thus began: 590

Second of Satan sprung, all conqu'ring Death,
 What think'st thou of our empire now, though earn'd
 With travel difficult, not better far
 Than still at hell's dark threshold to have sat watch
 Unnam'd, undreaded, and thyself half starv'd? 595

Whom thus the sin-born monster answer'd soon:
 To me, who with eternal famine pine,
 Alike is hell, or paradise, or heav'n,
 There best; where most with ravin I may meet;
 Which here, though plenteous, all too little seems 600
 To stuff this maw, this vast unhide-bound corps.

To whom th' incestuous mother thus reply'd:
 Thou therefore on these herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
 Feed first, on each beast next, and fish, and fowl,
 No homely morsels; and whatever thing 605
 The scythe of Time mows down, devour unspar'd;
 Till I in man residing through the race,
 His thoughts, his looks, words, actions, all infect,
 And season him thy last and sweetest prey.

This said, they both betook them several ways, 610
 Both to destroy, or unimmortal make
 All kinds, and for destruction to mature
 Sooner or later; which th' Almighty seeing,
 From his transcendant seat the saints among,
 To those bright orders utter'd thus his voice: 615

See with what heat these dogs of hell advance
 To waste and havoc yonder world, which I

So fair and good created, and had still
Kept in that state, had not the folly of man
Let in these wasteful furies, who impute 620
Folly to me ; so doth the prince of hell
And his adherents, that with so much ease
I suffer them to enter and possess
A place so heav'nly, and conniving seem
To gratify my scornful enemies, 625
That laugh, as if, transported with some fit
Of passion, I to them had quitted all,
At random yielded up to their misrule :
And know not that I call'd and drew them thither
My hell-hounds, to lick up the draff and filth 630
Which man's polluting sin with taint hath shed
On what was pure, till cramm'd and gorg'd, nigh burst
With suck'd and glutted offal, at one sling
Of thy victorious arm, well-pleasing Son,
Both Sin and Death, and yawning Grave at last, 635
Through Chaos hurl'd, obstruct the mouth of hell
For ever, and seal up his ravenous jaws.
Then heav'n and earth renew'd, shall be made pure
To sanctity that shall receive no stain :
Till then the curse pronounc'd on both precedes. 640
He ended, and the heav'nly audience loud
Sung hallelujah, as the sound of seas,
Through multitude that sung : just are thy ways,
Righteous are thy decrees on all thy works :
Who can extenuate thee ? Next, to the Son, 645
Destin'd restorer of mankind, by whom
New heav'n and earth shall to the ages rise,
Or down from heav'n descend. Such was their song,
While the Creator, calling forth by name
His mighty angels, gave them several charge, 650
As sorted best with present things. The sun
Had first his precept so to move, so shine,
As might affect the earth with cold and heat
Scarce tolerable, and from the north to call
Decrepit Winter, from the south to bring 655
Solstitial Summer's heat. To the blank moon
Her office they prescrib'd, to th' other five

Their planaetry motions and aspects
 In sextile, square, and trine, and opposite
 Of noxious efficacy, and when to join 660
 In synod unbenign ; and taught the fix'd
 Their influence malignant when to shower,
 Which of them rising with the sun, or falling,
 Should prove tempestuous : to the winds they set
 Their corners, when with bluster to confound 665
 Sea, air, and shore ; the thunder when to roll,
 With terror through the dark ariel hall.
 Some say, he bid his angels turn ascanse
 The poles of earth twice ten degrees and more
 From the sun's Axle, they with labour push'd 670
 Oblique the centric globe ; some say the sun
 Was bid turn reins from th' equinoctial road
 Like distant breath to Taurus with the seven
 Atlantic Sisters, and the Spartan Twins
 Up to the Tropic Crab ; thence down amain 675
 By Leo, and the Virgin, and the Scales,
 As deep as Capricorn, to bring in change
 Of seasons to each clime ; else had the spring
 Perpetual smil'd on earth with verdant flowers,
 Equal in days and nights, except to those 680
 Beyond the polar circles ; to them day
 Had unbenighted shone, while the low sun,
 To recompense his distance, in their sight
 Had rounded still th' horizon, and not known
 Or east or west, which had forbid the snow 685
 From cold Estotiland, and south as far
 Beneath Magellan. At that tasted fruit
 The sun, as from Thyestean banquet, turn'd
 His course intended ; else how had the world
 Inhabited, though sinless, more than now, 690
 Avoided pinching cold and scorching heat ?
 These changes in the heav'n's, though slow, produc'd
 Like change on sea and land, fideral blast,
 Vapour, and mist, and exhalation hot,
 Corrupt and pestilent : now from the north 695
 Of Norembega, and the Samoed shore,
 Bursting their brazen dungeon, arm'd with ice,

And snow, and hail, and stormy gust, and flaw,
 Boreas, and Cæcias, and Argestes loud,
 And Thrascias rend the woods, and seas upturn ; 700
 With adverse blast upturns them from the south
 Notus and Afer, black with thund'rous clouds,
 From Serrationa ; thwart of these as fierce
 Forth rush the Levant and the Ponent winds,
 Eurus and Zephyr, with their lateral noise, 705
 Sirocco and Libeccio. Thus began
 Outrage from lifeless things ; but Discord first,
 Daughter of Sin, among the irrational,
 Death introduc'd through fierce antipathy : 709
 Beast now with beast 'gan war, and fowl with fowl,
 And fish with fish ; to graze the herb all leaving,
 Devour'd each other ; nor stood much in awe
 Of man, but fled him, or with count'nance grim
 Glar'd on him passing. These were from without
 The growing miseries which Adam saw 715
 Already in part, though hid in gloomiest shade,
 To sorrow abandon'd, but worse felt within,
 And in a troubled sea of passion tost,
 Thus to disburden sought with sad complaint.

O miserable of happy ! is this the end 720
 Of this new glorious world, and me so late
 The glory of that glory, who now become
 Accurs'd of blessed, hide me from the face
 Of God, whom to behold was then my height
 Of happiness ! yet, well, if here would end 725
 The misery ; I deserv'd it, and would bear
 My own deservings ; but this will not serve ;
 All that I eat or drink, or shall beget,
 Is propagated curse, O voice once heard
 Delightfully, *Increase and multiply.* 730
 Now death to hear ! for what can I increase
 Or multiply, but curses on my head ?
 Who of all ages to succeed, but feeling
 The evil on him brought by me, will curse
 My head ? Ill fare our ancestor impure, 735
 For this we may thank Adam ; but his thanks
 Shall be the execration ; so besides

Mine own, that bide upon me, all from me
Shall with a fierce reflux on me redound,
On me as on their natural centre light 740
Heavy, though in their place. O fleeting joys
Of Paradise, dear bought with lasting woes!
Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay
To mould me man, did I solicit thee
From darkness to promote me, or here place 745
In this delicious garden? As my will
Concurr'd not to my being, it were but right
And equal to reduce me to my dust,
Desirous to reign and render back
All I receiv'd, unable to perform 750
Thy terms, too hard, by which I was to hold
The good I fought not. To the loss of that,
Sufficient penalty, why hast thou added
The sense of endless woes? Inexplicable
Thy justice seems; yet, to say truth, too late 755
I thus contest; then should have been refus'd
Those terms whatever, when they were propos'd:
Thou didst accept them: wilt thou enjoy the good,
Then cavil the conditions? and though God
Made thee without thy leave, what if thy son 760
Prove disobedient, and reprov'd, retort,
Wherefore didst thou beget me? I sought it not:
Wouldst thou admit for his contempt of thee
That proud excuse? yet him not thy election,
But natural necessity, begot. 765
God made thee of choice his own, and of his own
To serve him; thy reward was of his grace,
Thy punishment then justly is at his will,
Be it so, for I submit; his doom is fair,
That dust I am, and shall to dust return: 770
O welcome hour whenever! Why delays
His hand to execute what his decree
Fix'd on this day? why do I overlive,
Why am I mock'd with death, and lengthen'd out
To deathless pain? how gladly would I meet 775
Mortality, my sentence, and be earth
Insensible, how glad would lay me down

As in my mother's lap! there I should rest
And sleep secure; his dreadful voice no more
Would thunder in my ears, no fear of worse 780
To me and to my offspring would torment me
With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt
Pursues me still, lest all I cannot die,
Lest that pure breath of life, the spirit of man
Which God inspir'd, cannot together perish 785
With this corporeal clod; then in the grave
Or in some other dismal place, who knows
But I shall die a living death? O thought
Horrid, if true! yet why? it was but breath
Of life that sinn'd; what dies but what had life 790
And sin! the body properly hath neither.
All of me then shall die: let this appease
The doubt, since human reach no further knows.
For though the Lord of all be infinite,
Is his wrath also? be it, man is not so, 795
But mortal doom'd. How can he exercise
Wrath without end on man whom death must end?
Can he make deathless death? that were to make
Strange contradiction, which to God himself
Impossible is held, as argument 800
Of weakness, not of power. Will he draw out,
For anger's sake, finite to infinite
In punish'd man, to satisfy his rigor,
Satisfy'd never? that were to extend
His sentence beyond dust and Nature's law, 805
By which all causes else, according still
To the reception of their matter, act,
Not to th' extent of their own sphere. But say
That death be not one stroke, as I suppos'd
Bereaving sense, but endless misery 810
From this day onward, which I feel begun
Both in me, and without me, and so last
To perpetuity? Ay me, that fear
Comes thund'ring back with dreadful revolution
On my defenceless head; both death and I 815
Are found eternal, and incorporate both;
Nor I in my part single, in me all

Posterity stands curst: fair patrimony
 That I must leave ye, sons; O were I able
 To waste it all myself, and leave ye none! 820
 So disinherited, how would you bless
 Me now your curse! Ah, why should all mankind
 For one man's fault thus guiltless be condemn'd,
 If guiltless? but from me what can proceed,
 But all corrupt, both mind and will deprav'd, 825
 Not to do only, but to will the same
 With me? how can they then acquitted stand
 In sight of God? him after all disputes
 Forc'd I absolve: all my evasions vain,
 And reasonings, though through mazes, lead me still
 But to my own conviction: first and last 831
 On me, me only, as the source and spring
 Of all corruption, all the blame lights due;
 So might the wrath. Fond wish! couldst thou support
 That burden heavier than the earth to bear, 835
 Than all the world much heavier, though divided
 With that bad woman? thus what thou desir'st,
 And what thou fear'st, alike destroys all hope
 Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable
 Beyond all past example and future, 840
 To Satan only like both crime and doom.
 O conscience, into what abyss of fears
 And horrors hast thou driven me: out of which
 I find no way, from deep to deeper plung'd!
 Thus Adam to himself lamented loud 845
 Through the still night; not now, as ere man fell,
 Wholesome and cool, and mild, but with black air
 Accompanied, with damps and dreadful gloom,
 Which to his evil conscience represented
 All things with double terror: on the ground 850
 Outstretch'd he lay, on the cold ground, and oft
 Curs'd his creation, Death as oft accus'd
 Of tardy execution, since denounc'd
 The day of his offence. Why comes not death,
 Said he, with one thrice acceptable stroke 855
 To end me? shall Truth fail to keep her word,
 Justice divine not hasten to be just?

But Death comes not at call, Justice divine
Mends not her slowest pace for pray'rs or cries.
O woods, O fountains, hillocks, dales, and bowers,
With other echo late I taught your shades 861
To answer, and resound far other song.
Whom thus afflicted, when sad Eve beheld,
Desolate where she sat, approaching nigh,
Soft words to his fierce passion she assay'd: 865
But her with stern regard he thus repell'd:

Out of my sight, thou serpent! that name best
Befits thee with him leagu'd, thyself as false
And hateful; nothing wants, but that thy shape,
Like his, and colour serpentine, may show 870
Thy inward fraud, to warn all creatures from thee
Henceforth; lest that too heav'nly form, pretended
To hellish falshood, snare them. But for thee
I had persisted happy, had not thy pride
And wand'ring vanity, when least was safe, 875
Rejected my forewarning, and disdain'd
Not to be trusted, longing to be seen
Though by the dev'l himself, him overweening
To over-reach, but with the serpent meeting,
Fool'd and beguil'd, by him thou, I by thee, 880
To trust thee from my side imagin'd wise,
Constant, mature, proof against all assaults,
And understood not all was but a show
Rather than solid virtue, all but a rib
Crooked by nature, bent, as now appears, 885
More to the part sinister, from me drawn,
Well if thrown out, as supernumerary
To my just number found. O why did God,
Creator wise, that peopled highest heav'n
With spirits masculine, create at last 890
This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of nature, and not fill the world at once
With men as angels without feminine,
Or find some other way to generate
Mankind? this mischief had not then befall'n, 895
And more that shall befall, innumerable
Disturbances on earth through female snares,

And strait conjunction with this sex: for either
 He never shall find out fit mate, but such
 As some misfortune brings him, or mistake; 900
 Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain
 Through her perverseness, but shall see her gain'd
 By a far worse; or, if she love, withheld
 By parents; or his happiest choice too late
 Shall meet, already link'd, and wedlock-bound 905
 To a fell adversary, his hate or shame;
 Which infinite calamity shall cause
 To human life, and household peace confound.

He added not, and from her turn'd; but Eve,
 Not so repuls'd, with tears, that ceas'd not flowing,
 And tresses all disorder'd, at his feet 911
 Fell humble, and embracing them besought
 His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint:

Forfake me not thus, Adam; witness Heav'n,
 What love sincere, and rev'rence in my heart, 915
 I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,
 Unhappily deceiv'd; thy suppliant
 I beg, and clasp thy knees; bereave me not,
 Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,
 Thy counsel in this uttermost distress, 920
 My only strength and stay; forlorn of thee,
 Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?
 While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,
 Between us two let there be peace, both joining
 As join'd in injuries, one enmity 925
 Against a foe by doom express'd assign'd us,
 That cruel serpent: on me exercise not
 Thy hatred for this misery befall'n,
 On me already lost, me than thyself
 More miserable: both have sinn'd, but thou 930
 Against God only, I against God and thee,
 And to the place of judgment will return,
 There with my cries importune heav'n, that all
 The sentence, from thy head remov'd, may light
 On me, sole cause to thee of all this woe; 935
 Me, me only, just object of his ire.

She ended weeping, and her lowly plight,
 Immoveable till peace obtain'd from fault
 Acknowledg'd and deplor'd, in Adam wrought
 Commiseration; soon his heart relented 940
 Tow'rd's her, his life so late and sole delight,
 Now at his feet submissive in distress,
 Creature so fair his reconciliation seeking,
 His counsel, whom she had displeas'd, his aid;
 As one disarm'd, his anger all he lost, 945
 And thus with peaceful words uprais'd her soon:

Unwary, and too desirous, as before,
 So now of what thou know'st not, who desir'st
 The punishment all on thyself; alas!
 Bear thine own first, ill able to sustain 950
 His full wrath; whose thou feel'st as yet least part,
 And my displeasure bear'st so ill. If prayers
 Could alter high decrees, I to that place
 Would speed before thee, and be louder heard,
 That on my head all might be visited, 955
 Thy frailty and infirmer sex forgiven,
 To me committed, and by me expos'd.
 But rise, let us no more contend, nor blame
 Each other, blam'd enough elsewhere, but strive,
 In offices of love, how we may lighten 960
 Each other's burden in our share of woe;
 Since this day's death denounc'd, if ought I see,
 Will prove no sudden, but a slow-pac'd evil,
 A long day's dying to augment our pain,
 And to our seed (O hapless seed!) deriv'd. 965

To whom thus Eve, recovering heart reply'd:
 Adam, by sad experiment I know
 How little weight my words with thee can find,
 Found so erroneous, thence by just event
 Found so unfortunate; nevertheless, 970
 Restor'd by thee, vile as I am, to place
 Of new acceptance, hopeful to regain
 Thy love, the sole contentment of my heart
 Living or dying, from thee I will not hide
 What thoughts in my unquiet breast are risen, 975
 Tending to some relief of our extremes,

Or enl, though sharp and sad, yet tolerable,
 As in our evils, and of easier choice.
 If care of our descent perplex us most,
 Which must be born to certain woe, devour'd 980
 By death at last; and miserable it is
 To be to others cause of misery,
 Our own begotten, and of our loins to bring
 Into this cursed world a woeful race,
 That after wretched life must be at last 985
 Food for so foul a monster; in thy power
 It lies, yet ere conception to prevent
 The race unblest, to being yet unbegot.
 Childless thou art, childless remain: so Death
 Shall be deceiv'd his glut, and with us two 990
 Be forc'd to satisfy his ravenous maw.
 But if thou judge it hard and difficult,
 Converting, looking, loving, to abstain
 From love's due rites, nuptial embraces sweet,
 And with desire to languish without hope, 995
 Before the present object languishing
 With like desire, which would be misery
 And torment less than none of what we dread;
 Then both ourselves and seed at once to free
 From what we fear for both, let us make short; 1000
 Let us seek death; or he not found, supply
 With our own hands his office on ourselves:
 Why stand we longer shivering under fears,
 That show no end but death, and have the power
 Of many ways to die, the shortest choosing, 1005
 Destruction with destruction to destroy?

She ended here, or vehement despair
 Broke off the rest; so much of death her thoughts
 Had entertain'd, as dy'd her cheeks with pale.
 But Adam with such counsel nothing sway'd, 1010
 To better hopes his more attentive mind
 Lab'ring had rais'd, and thus to Eve reply'd:
 Eve, thy contempt of life and pleasure seems
 To argue in thee something more sublime
 And excellent than what thy mind contemns; 1015
 But self-destruction therefore sought, refutes

T∞T
 ∞L L∞L L∞
 I I I
 T∞T T∞T T∞

That excellence thought in thee, and implies,
Not thy contempt, but anguish and regret
For loss of life and pleasure overlov'd.
Or if thou covet death, as utmost end 1020
Of misery, so thinking to evade
The penalty pronounc'd, doubt not but God
Hath wiselier arm'd his vengeful ire than so
To be forestall'd; much more I fear lest death
So snatch'd will not exempt us from the pain 1025
We are by doom to pay; rather such acts
Of contumacy will provoke the Highest
To make death in us live: then let us seek
Some safer resolution, which methinks
I have in view, calling to mind with heed 1030
Part of our sentence, that thy seed shall bruise
The serpent's head; piteous amends, unless
Be meant, whom I conjecture, our grand foe,
Satan, who in the serpent hath contriv'd
Against us this deceit: to crush his head 1035
Would be revenge indeed; which will be lost
By death brought on ourselves, or childless days
Resolv'd, as thou proposest; so our foe
Shall 'scape his punishment ordain'd, and we,
Instead, shall double ours upon our heads. 1040
No more be mention'd then of violence
Against ourselves, and wilful barrenness,
That cuts us off from hope, and favors only
Rancour and pride, impatience and despite,
Reluctance against God, and his just yoke 1045
Laid on our necks. Remember with what mild
And gracious temper he both heard and judg'd
Without wrath or reviling; we expected
Immediate dissolution, which we thought
Was meant by death that day, when lo, to thee 1050
Pains only in child-bearing were foretold,
And bringing forth, soon recompens'd with joy,
Fruit of thy womb: on me the curse aslope
Glanc'd on the ground; with labour I must earn
My bread: what harm? Idleness had been worse;
My labour will sustain me; and lest cold 1056

Or heat should injure us, his timely care
 Hath unbefought provided, and his hands
 Cloath'd us unworthy, pitying while he judg'd;
 How much more, if we pray him will his ear 1060
 Be open, and his heart to pity incline,
 And teach us further by what means to shun
 Th' inclement seasons, rain, ice, hail, and snow?
 Which now the sky with various face begins
 To show us in this mountain, while the winds 1065
 Blow moist and keen, shattering the graceful locks
 Of those fair spreading trees; which bids us seek
 Some better shroud, some better warmth to cherish
 Our limbs benumb'd, ere this diurnal star
 Leave cold the night, how we his gather'd beams 1070
 Reflected may with matter sere foment,
 Or by collision of two bodies grind
 The air attrite to fire, as late the clouds
 Justling or push'd with winds rude in their shock 1074
 Tine the flant lightning, whose thwart flame driv'n down
 Kindles the gummy bark of fir or pine,
 And sends a comfortable heat from far,
 Which might supply the sun: such fire to use,
 And what may else be remedy or cure
 To evils which our own misdeeds have wrought, 1080
 He will instruct us praying, and of grace
 Beseeching him, so as we need not fear
 To pass commodiously this life, sustain'd
 By him with many comforts, till we end
 In dust, our final rest and native home, 1085
 What better can we do, than to the place
 Repairing where he judg'd us, prostrate fall
 Before him reverent, and there confess
 Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears
 Watering the ground, and with our sighs the air 1090
 Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
 Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek?
 Undoubtedly he will relent, and turn
 From his displeasure; in whose look serene,
 When angry most he seem'd and most severe, 1095
 What else but favour, grace, and mercy shone?

So spake our father penitent, nor Eve
 Felt less remorse: they forthwith to the place
 Repairing where he judg'd them, prostrate fell
 Before him rev'rent, and both confess'd 1100
 Humbly their faults, and pardon begg'd, with tears
 Watering the ground, and with their sighs the air
 Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
 Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.

THE END OF THE TENTH BOOK.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK XI.

The Argument.

THE Son of God presents to his Father the prayers of our First Parents now repenting, and intercedes for them: God accepts them, but declares that they must no longer abide in Paradise; sends Michael with a band of Cherubim to dispossess them; but first to reveal to Adam future things: Michael's coming down. Adam shows to Eve certain ominous signs; he discerns Michael's approach, goes out to meet him; the angel denounces their departure. Eve's lamentation. Adam pleads, but submits: the angel leads him up to a high hill and sets before him in vision what shall happen till the flood.

THUS they in lowliest plight repentant stood
 Praying, for from the mercy seat above
 Prevenient grace descending had remov'd
 The stony from their hearts, and made new flesh
 Regenerate grow instead, that sighs now breath'd 5
 Unutterable, which the spirit of prayer
 Inspir'd, and wing'd for Heav'n with speedier flight
 Than loudest oratory: yet their port
 Not of mean suitors, nor important less
 Seem'd their petition, than when the ancient pair 10
 In fables old, less ancient yet than these,
 Deucalion and chaste Pyrrha, to restore
 The race of mankind drown'd, before the shrine
 Of Themis stood devout. To Heav'n their prayers
 Flew up, nor miss'd the way, by envious winds 15
 Blown vagabond, or frustrate: in they pass'd
 Dimensionless through heav'nly doors; then clad
 With incense, where the golden altar fum'd,

By their great Intercessor, came in sight
 Before the Father's throne: them the glad Son 20
 Presenting, thus to intercede began:

See, Father, what first fruits on earth are sprung
 From thy implanted grace in man, these sighs
 And pray'rs, which in this golden censer, mix'd
 With incense, I thy priest before thee bring, 25
 Fruits of more pleasing savour from thy seed
 Sown with contrition in his heart, than those
 Which his own hand manuring all the trees
 Of Paradise could have produc'd, ere fall'n
 From innocence. Now therefore bend thine ear 30
 To supplication, hear his sighs, though mute;
 Unskilful with what words to pray, let me,
 Interpret for him, me his advocate
 And propitiation; all his works on me,
 Good or not good, ingraft; my merit those 35
 Shall perfect, and for these my death shall pay.
 Accept me, and in me from these receive
 The smell of peace tow'rd mankind; let him live
 Before thee reconcil'd, at least his days 39
 Number'd, though sad, till death, his doom, (which I
 To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse)
 To better life shall yield him, where with me
 All my redeem'd may dwell in joy and bliss,
 Made one with me as I with thee am one.

To whom the Father, without cloud, serene: 45
 All thy request for man, accepted Son,
 Obtain; all thy request was my decree:
 But longer in that Paradise to dwell
 The law I gave to Nature him forbids:
 Those pure immortal elements, that know 50
 No gross, no unharmonious mixture foul,
 Eject him tainted now, and purge him off
 As a distemper, gross to air as gross,
 And mortal food, as may dispose him best
 For dissolution wrought by sin, that first 55
 Distemper'd all things, and of incorrupt
 Corrupted. I at first with two fair gifts
 Created him endow'd, with happiness

And immortality : that fondly lost,
 This other serv'd but to eternize woe, 60
 Till I provided death ; so death becomes
 His final remedy, and after life
 Try'd in sharp tribulation, and refin'd,
 By faith and faithful works, to second life,
 Wak'd in the renovation of the just, 65
 Resigns him up with heav'n and earth renew'd.
 But let us call to synod all the blest [hide
 Thro' heav'n's wide bounds ; from them I will not
 My judgments, how with mankind I proceed,
 As how with peccant angels late they saw, 70
 And in their state, though firm, stood more confirm'd.

He ended, and the Son gave signal high
 To the bright minister that watch'd ; he blew
 His trumpet, heard in Oreb since perhaps
 When God descended, and perhaps once more 75
 To found at general doom. Th' angelic blast
 Fill'd all the region's : from their blissful bowers
 Of amarantine shade, fountain or spring,
 By the waters of life, where'er they sat
 In fellowships of joy, the sons of Light 80
 Hastened, resorting to the summons high,
 And took their seats ; till from his throne supreme
 Th' Almighty thus pronounc'd his sov'reign will :

O Sons, like one of us Man is become
 To know both good and evil, since his taste 85
 Of that defended fruit ; but let him boast
 His knowledge of good lost, and evil got ;
 Happier, had it suffic'd him to have known
 Good by itself, and evil not at all.
 He sorrows now, repents, and prays contrite, 90
 My motions in him ; longer than they move,
 His heart I know, how variable and vain
 Self-left. Lest therefore now his bolder hand
 Reach also of the tree of life, and eat,
 And live for ever, dream at least to live 95
 For ever ; to remove him I decree,
 And send him from the garden forth to till
 The ground whence he was taken, fitter soil.

Michael, this my behest have thou in charge ;
 Take to thee from among the cherubim 100
 Thy choice of flaming warriors, lest the Fiend,
 Or in behalf of man, or to invade
 Vacant possession, some new trouble raise :
 Haste thee, and from the Paradise of God
 Without remorse drive out the sinful pair, 105
 From hallow'd ground th' unholy, and denounce
 To them and to their progeny from thence
 Perpetual banishment. Yet lest they faint
 At the sad sentence rigorously urg'd,
 For I behold them soften'd, and with tears 110
 Bewailing their excels, all terror hide.
 If patiently thy bidding they obey,
 Dismiss them not disconsolate ; reveal
 To Adam what shall come in future days,
 As I shall thee enlighten ; intermix 115
 My covenant in the Woman's seed renew'd ;
 So send them forth, though sorrowing, yet in peace :
 And on the east side of the garden place,
 Where entrance up from Eden easiest climbs,
 Cherubic watch, and of the sword the flame 120
 Wide waving, all approach far off to fright,
 And guard all passage to the Tree of Life ;
 Lest Paradise a receptacle prove
 To spirits foul, and all my trees their prey,
 With whose stol'n fruit Man once more to delude. 125
 He ceas'd ; and the arch angelic Power prepar'd
 For swift descent, with him the cohort bright
 Of watchful cherubim ; four faces each
 Had, like a double Janus, all their shape
 Spangled with eyes, more numerous than those 130
 Of Argus, and more waketul than to drowse,
 Charm'd with Arcadian pipe, the pastoral reed
 Of Hermes, or his opiate rod. Mean while
 To re-salute the world with sacred light
 Leucothea wak'd, and with fresh dews imbalm'd 135
 The earth, when Adam and first matron Eve
 Had ended now their orisons, and found
 Strength added from above, new hope to spring

Out of despair, joy, but with fear yet link'd ;
Which thus to Eve his welcome words renew'd : 140

Eve, easily may faith admit, that all
The good which we enjoy from heav'n descends ;
But that from us aught should ascend to heaven,
So prevalent as to concern the mind
Of God high-blest, or to incline his will, 145
Hard to belief may seem ; yet this will prayer,
Or one short sigh of human breath, upborne
Ev'n to the seat of God. For since I sought
By pray'r th' offended Deity to appease,
Kneel'd and before him humbled all my heart, 150
Methought I saw him placable and mild,
Bending his ear ; persuasion in me grew
That I was heard with favour ; peace return'd
Home to my breast, and to my memory
His promise, that thy seed shall bruise our foe ; 155
Which then not minded in dismay, yet now
Assures me that the bitterness of death
Is past, and we shall live. Whence hail to thee,
Eve rightly call'd, mother of all mankind,
Mother of all things living, since by thee 160
Man is to live, and all things live for man.

To whom thus Eve with sad demeanour meek :
Ill worthy I such title should belong
To me transgressor, who, for thee ordain'd
A help, became thy snare ; to me reproach 165
Rather belongs, distrust and all dispraise :
But infinite in pardon was my Judge,
That I, who first brought death on all, am grac'd
The source of life ; next favourable thou,
Who highly thus to entitle me vouchsaf'st, 170
Far other name deserving. But the field
To labour calls us now with sweet impos'd
Though after sleepless night ; for see the Morn,
All unconcern'd with our unrest, begins
Her rosy progress smiling ; let us forth, 175
I never from thy side henceforth to stray,
Where'er our day's work lies, though now enjoin'd
Laborious till day droop ; while here we dwell,

What can be toilsome in these pleasant walks?
 Here let us live, though in fall'n state, content. 180

So spake, so wish'd much humbled Eve, but Fate
 Subscrib'd not; Nature first gave signs, impress'd
 On bird, beast, air, air suddenly eclips'd
 After short blush of Morn; nigh in her sight
 The bird of Jove stoop'd from his airy tour, 185
 Two birds of gayest plume before him drove;
 Down from a hill the beast that reigns in woods,
 First hunter then, pursu'd a gentle brace,
 Goodliest of all the forest, hart and hind;
 Direct to th' eastern gate was bent their flight: 190
 Adam observ'd, and with his eye the chase
 Pursuing, not unmov'd, to Eve thus spake:

O Eve, some further change awaits us nigh,
 Which Heav'n by these mute signs in nature shows,
 Forerunners of his purpose, or to warn 195
 Us haply too secure of our discharge
 From penalty, because from death releas'd
 Some days; how long, and what till then our life,
 Who knows, or more than this, that we are dust,
 And thither must return, and be no more? 200
 Why else this double object in our sight
 Of flight pursu'd in th' air, and o'er the ground,
 One way the self-same hour? why in the east
 Darkneis e'er day's mid-course, and morning light
 More orient in yon western cloud, that draws 205
 O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,
 And slow descends, with something heav'nly fraught?

He err'd not, for by this the heav'nly bands
 Down from a sky of jasper lighted now
 In Paradise, and on a hill made halt, 210
 A glorious apparition, had not doubt
 And carnal fear that day dimm'd Adam's eye.
 Not that more glorious, when the angels met
 Jacob in Mahanaim, where he saw
 The field pavilion'd with his guardians bright; 215
 Nor that which on the flaming mount appear'd
 In Dothan, cover'd with a camp of fire,
 Against the Syrian king, who to surprise

One man, assassin-like, had levied war,
 War unproclaim'd. The princely Hierarch 220
 In their bright stand there left his pow'rs to seize
 Possession of the garden ; he alone
 To find where Adam shelter'd took his way,
 Not unperceiv'd of Adam, who to Eve,
 While the great visitant approach'd, thus spake: 225

Eve, now expect great tidings, which perhaps
 Of us will soon determine, or impose
 New laws to be observ'd ; for I descry
 From yonder blazing cloud, that veils the hill,
 One of the heav'nly host, and by his gait 230
 None of the meanest, some great potentate
 Or of the thrones above, such majesty
 Invests him coming ; yet not terrible,
 That I should fear, not sociably mild,
 As Raphael, that I should much confide, 235
 But solemn and sublime, whom not t' offend,
 With reverence I must meet, and thou retire.

He ended ; and th' arch-angel soon drew nigh ;
 Not in his shape celestial, but as man
 Clad to meet man ; over his lucid arms 240
 A military vest of purple flow'd,
 Livelier than Melibœan, or the grain
 Of Sarra, worn by kings and heroes old
 In time of truce ; Iris had dipt the woof ;
 His starry helm unbuckled show'd him prime 245
 In manhood, where youth ended ; by his side
 As in a glist'ring zodiac hung the sword,
 Satan's dire dread, and in his hand the spear.
 Adam bow'd low ; he kingly from his state
 Inclined not, but his coming thus declar'd : 250

Adam, Heav'n's high behest no preface needs ;
 Sufficient that thy pray'rs are heard, and Death,
 Then due by sentence when thou didst transgress,
 Defeated of his seizure, many days
 Giv'n thee of grace, wherein thou may'st repent, 255
 And one bad act with many deeds well done
 May'st cover : well may then thy Lord appear'd
 Redeem thee quite from Death's rapacious claim ;

But longer in this Paradise to dwell
Permits not ; to remove thee I am come, 260
And send thee from the garden forth to till
The ground whence thou wast taken, fitter soil.

He added not ; for Adam at the news
Heart-struck, with chilling gripe of sorrow flood,
That all his senses bound. Eve, who, unseen, 265
Yet all had heard, with audible lament
Discover'd soon the place of her retire :

O unexpected stroke, worse than of death
Must I thus leave thee, Paradise ? thus leave
Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades, 270
Fit haunt of gods ? where I had hope to spend,
Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day
That must-be mortal to us both. O flowers,
That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last 275

At even, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first opening bud, and gave ye names,
Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from th' ambrosial fount ?
Thee lastly, nuptial bow'r, by me adorn'd 280
With what to sight or smell was sweet, from thee
How shall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower world, to this obscure
And wild ? how shall we breathe in other air
Less pure, accusom'd to immortal fruits ? 285

Whom thus the angel interrupted mild :
Lament not, Eve, but patiently resign
What justly thou hast lost ; nor set thy heart,
Thus over-fond, on that which is not thine ;
Thy going is not lonely ; with thee goes 290
Thy husband ; him to follow thou art bound ;
Where he abides, think there thy native soil.

Adam by this, from the cold sudden damp
Recovering, and his scatter'd spirits return'd,
To Michael thus his humble words address'd : 295

Celestial, whether among the thrones, or nam'd
Of them the highest, for such of shape may seem
Prince above princes, gently hast thou told

Thy message, which might else in telling wound.
 And in performing end us; what besides 300
 Of sorrow, and dejection, and despair,
 Our frailty can sustain; thy tidings bring
 Departure from this happy place, our sweet
 Recess, and only consolation left
 Familiar to our eyes; all places else 305
 Inhospitable appear and desolate,
 Nor knowing us nor known: and if by pray'r
 Incessant I could hope to change the will
 Of him who all things can, I would not cease
 To weary him with my assiduous cries: 310
 But pray'r against his absolute decree
 No more avails than breath against the wind,
 Blown stifling back on him that breathes it forth:
 Therefore to his great bidding I submit.
 This most afflicts me, that departing hence, 315
 As from his face I shall be hid, depriv'd
 His blessed count'nance; here I could frequent
 With worship place by place where he vouchsaf'd
 Presence divine, and to my sons relate,
 On this mount he appear'd, under this tree 320
 Stood visible, among these pines his voice
 I heard, here with him at this fountain talk'd:
 So many grateful altars I would rear
 Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone
 Of lustre from the brook, in memory, 325
 Or monument to ages, and thereon
 Offer sweet smelling gums and fruits and flowers:
 In yonder nether world where shall I seek
 His bright appearances, or footstep trace?
 For though I fled him angry, yet, recall'd 330
 To life prolong'd and promis'd race, I now
 Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts
 Of glory, and far off his steps adore.

To whom thus Michael with regard benign.
 Adam, thou know'st heav'n his, and all the earth, 335
 Not this rock only; his omnipresence fills
 Land, sea, and air, and every kind that lives,
 Fomented by his virtual power and warm'd:

All th' earth he gave thee to possess and rule,
 No despicable gift: surmise not then 340
 His presence to these narrow bounds confin'd
 Of Paradise or Eden; this had been
 Perhaps thy capital seat, from whence had spread
 All generations, and had hither come
 From all the ends of th' earth, to celebrate 345
 And reverence thee their great progenitor.
 But this pre-eminence thou hast lost, brought down
 To dwell on even ground now with thy sons:
 Yet doubt not but in valley and in plain
 God is as here, and will be found alike 350
 Present, and of his presence many a sign
 Still following thee, still compassing thee round
 With goodness and paternal love, his face
 Express, and of his steps the track divine.
 Which that thou may'st believe, and be confirm'd
 Ere thou from hence depart, know I am sent 356
 To show thee what shall come in future days
 To thee and to thy offspring; good with bad
 Expect to hear, supernal grace contending
 With sinfulness of man; thereby to learn 360
 True patience, and to temper joy with fear
 And pious sorrow, equally inur'd
 By moderation either state to bear,
 Prosperous or adverse: so shalt thou lead
 Safest thy life, and best prepar'd endure 365
 Thy mortal passage when it comes. Ascend
 This hill; let Eve (for I have drench'd her eyes)
 Here sleep below, while thou to foresight wak'st;
 As once thou slept'st while she to life was form'd.
 To whom thus Adam gratefully reply'd: 370
 Ascend; I follow thee, safe guide, the path
 Thou lead'st me, and to the hand of heav'n submit,
 However chaf'ning, to the evil turn
 My obvious breast, arming to overcome
 By suffering, and earn rest from labour won, 375
 If so I may attain. So both ascend
 In the visions of God: it was a hill
 Of Paradise the highest, from whose top

I	II
XX	XX
II	II
III	III
II	II
XX	XX
II	II

The hemisphere of earth in clearest ken
Stretch'd out to th' amplest reach of prospect lay.
Not higher that hill, nor wider looking round,
Whereon for different cause the Tempter set
Our second Adam in the wilderness,
To show him all Earths kingdoms and their glory.
His eyes might there command whatever stood 385
City of old or modern fame, the seat
Of mightiest empire, from the destin'd walls
Of Cambalu, seat of Cathaian Can,
And Samarchand by Oxus, Temir's throne,
To Paquin of Sinæan kings, and thence 390
To Agra and Lahor, of great Mogul
Down to the golden Chersonese, or where
The Persian in Ecbatan sat, or since
In Ispahan, or where the Russian Ksar
In Mosco, or the Sultan in Bizance, 395
Turchestan-born; nor could his eye not ken
Th' empire of Negus to his utmost port
Ercoco, and the less maritim kings
Mombaza, and Quiloa, and Melind,
And Sofala, thought Ophir, to the realm 400
Of Congo, and Angola farthest south;
Or thence from Niger flood to Atlas mount
The kingdoms of Almanzor, Fez, and Sus,
Morocco, and Algiers, and Tremisen;
On Europe thence, and where Rome was to sway 405
The world: in spirit perhaps he also saw
Rich Mexico, the seat of Montezume,
And Cusco in Peru, the richer seat
Of Atabalipa, and yet unspoil'd
Guiana, whose great city Geryon's sons 410
Call El Dorado: but to nobler fights
Michael from Adam's eyes the film remov'd,
Which that false fruit that promis'd clearer sight
Had bred; then purg'd with euphrasy and rue
The visual nerve, for he had much to see; 415
And from the well of life three drops instill'd.
So deep the power of these ingredients pierc'd,
E'en to th' inmost seat of mental sight,

That Adam, now enforc'd to close his eyes,
 Sunk down, and all his spirits became entranc'd; 420
 But him the gentle angel by the hand
 Soon rais'd, and his attention thus recall'd:

Adam, now ope thine eyes, and first behold
 Th' effects which thy original crime hath wrought
 In some to spring from thee, who never touch'd 425
 Th' excepted tree, nor with the snake conspir'd,
 Nor sinn'd thy sin, yet from that sin derive
 Corruption to bring forth more violent deeds.

His eyes he open'd, and beheld a field,
 Part arable and tilth, whereon were sheaves 430
 New reap'd, the other part sheep-walks and folds;
 I' th' midst an altar as the land-mark stood,
 Rustic, of grassy sord; thither anon
 A sweaty reaper from his tillage brought
 First fruits, the green ear, and the yellow sheaf, 435
 Uncull'd, as came to hand; a shepherd next
 More meek, came with the firstlings of his flock
 Choicest and best; then sacrificing, laid
 The inwards and their fat, with incense strow'd,
 On the cleft wood, and all due rights perform'd. 440
 His offering soon propitious fire from heav'n
 Consum'd with nimble glance, and grateful stream;
 The other's not, for his was not sincere;
 Whereat he inly rag'd, and as they talk'd,
 Smote him into the midriff with a stone 445
 That beat out life; he fell, and deadly pale
 Groand out his soul with gushing blood effus'd.
 Much at that sight was Adam in his heart
 Dismay'd, and thus in haste to th' angel cry'd:

O Teacher, some great mischief hath befall'n 450
 To that meek man, who well had sacrific'd;
 Is piety thus and pure devotion paid?

T' whom Michael thus, he also mov'd, reply'd:
 These two are brethren, Adam, and to come
 Out of thy loins; th' unjust the just hath slain 455
 For envy that his brother's offering found
 From heav'n acceptance, but the bloody fact
 Will be aveng'd, and th' other's faith approv'd

Lose no reward, tho' here thou see him die,
Rolling in dust and gore. To which our Sire: 460

Alas! both for the deed and for the cause!
But have I now seen death? is this the way
I must return to native dust? O fight
Of terror, foul and ugly to behold,
Horrid to think, how horrible to feel; 465

To whom thus Michael: Death thou hast seen
In his first shape on man; but many shapes
Of Death, and many are the ways that lead
To his grim cave, all dismal; yet to sense
More terrible at th' entrance than within. 470

Some, as thou saw'st, by violent stroke shall die,
By fire, flood, famine, by intemp'rance more
In meats and drinks, which on the earth shall bring
Diseases dire, of which a monstrous crew
Before thee shall appear; that thou may'st know 475
What misery th' inabstinence of Eve

Shall bring on men. Immediately a place
Before his eyes appear'd, sad, noisome, dark,
A lazar-house it seem'd, wherein were laid
Numbers of all diseas'd, all maladies; 480

Of ghastly spasm, or racking torture, qualms
Of heart-sick agony, all feverous kinds,
Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,
Intestine stone and ulcer, colic pangs,
Demoniac phrenzy, moaping melancholy, 485

And moon-struck madness, pining atrophy,
Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence,
Dropries, and asthmas, and joint-racking rheums.
Dire was the tossing, deep the groans; Despair
Tended the sick busiest from couch to couch: 490

And over them triumphant Death his dart
Shook, but delay'd to strike, though oft invoc'd
With vows, as their chief good, and final hope.
Sight so deform what heart of rock could long
Dry-ey'd behold? Adam could not, but wept, 495

Though not of woman born; compassion quell'd
His best of man, and gave him up to tears

A space, till firmer thoughts restrain'd excess;
And scarce recovering words his plaint renew'd.

O miserable mankind, to what fall
Degraded, to what wretched state reserv'd! 500

Better end here unborn. Why is life given
To be thus wrested from us? rather why
Obtruded on us thus? who, if we knew
What we receive, would either not accept 505

Life offer'd, or soon beg to lay it down,
Glad to be so dismiss'd in peace. Can thus
Th' image of God, in man created once
So goodly and erect, though faulty since,

To such unsightly sufferings he debas'd 510
Under inhuman pains? Why should not man,
Retaining still divine similitude

In part, from such deformities be free,
And for his Maker's image sake exempt?

Their Maker's image, answer'd Michael, then 515
Forsook them, when themselves they vilify'd

To serve ungovern'd appetite, and took
His image whom they serv'd, a brutish vice,
Inductive mainly to the sin of Eve.

Therefore so abject is their punishment, 520
Disfiguring not God's likeness, but their own,
Or if his likeness, by themselves defac'd,

While they prevent pure Nature's healthful rules
To loathsome sickness, worthily, since they
God's image did not reverence in themselves. 525

I yield it just, said Adam, and submit,
But is there yet no other way, besides
These painful passages, how we may come
To death, and mix with our connatural dust?

There is, said Michael, if thou well observe 530
The rule of not too much, by temp'rance taught,
In what thou eat'st and drink'st, seeking from thence
Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight,

Till many years over thy head return:
So may'st thou live, till like ripe fruit thou drop
Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease 536
Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd, for death mature:

InnI

G·D

G·D

IuuI

IuuI

InnI

InnI

G·D

G·D

This is old age ; but then thou must outlive
Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty, which will change
To wither'd, weak, and grey ; thy senses, then, 540
Obtruse, all taste of pleasure must forego
To what thou hast ; and for the air of youth,
Hopeful and cheerful, in thy blood will reign
A melancholy damp of cold and dry
To weigh thy spirits down, and last consume 545
The balm of life. To whom our ancestor :

Henceforth I fly not death, nor would prolong
Life much, bent rather how I may be quit
Fairest and easiest of this cumbrous charge,
Which I must keep till my appointed day 550
Of rendering up, and patiently attend
My dissolution. Michael reply'd :

Nor love thy life, nor hate : but what thou liv'st
Live well ; how long or short permit to heav'n :
And now prepare thee for another fight. 555

He look'd, and saw a spacious plain, whereon
Were tents of various hue : by some were herds
Of cattle grazing ; others, whence the sound
Of instruments, that made melodious chime,
Was heard, of harp and organ ; and who mov'd 560
Their stops and chords was seen ; his volant touch
Instinct through all proportion flow and high
Fled and pursu'd transverse the resonant fugue.
In other part stood one who, at the forge
La'bring, two massy clods of iron and brass 565
Had melted, (whether found where casual fire
Had wasted woods on mountain or in vale,
Down to the veins of earth, thence gliding hot
To some cave's mouth, or whether wash'd by stream
From underground,) the liquid ore he drain'd 570
Into fit moulds prepar'd ; from which he form'd
First his own tools ; then what might else be wrought
Fusil or grav'n in metal. After these,
But on the hither side, a different sort
From the high-neighb'ring hills, which was their seat,
Down to the plain descended : by their guise 575
Just men they seem'd, and all their study bent

To worship God aright, and know his works
 Not hid, nor those things last which might preserve
 Freedom and peace to men: they on the plain 580
 Long had not walk'd, when from the tents behold
 A bevy of fair women, richly gay
 In gems and wanton dress; to th' harp they sung
 Soft amorous ditties, and in dance came on:
 The men, though grave, ey'd them, and let their eyes
 Rove without reign, till in the amorous net 586
 Fast caught, they lik'd, and each his liking chose;
 And now of love they treat, till th' ev'ning star,
 Love's harbinger, appear'd; then all in heat
 They light the nuptial torch, and bid invoke 590
 Hymen, then first to marriage rites invok'd:
 With feast and music all the tents resound,
 Such happy interview and fair event
 Of love and youth not lost, songs, garlands, flowers,
 And charming symphonies, attach'd the heart 595
 Of Adam, soon inclin'd to admit delight,
 The bent of Nature; which he thus express'd:
 True opener of mine eyes, prime angel blest,
 Much better seems this vision, and more hope
 Of peaceful days portends, than those two past; 600
 Those were of hate and death, or pain much worse;
 Here Nature seems fulfill'd in all her ends.
 To whom thus Michael: Judge not what is best
 By pleasure, though to Nature seeming meet,
 Created, as thou art, to nobler end 605
 Holy and pure, conformity divine.
 Those tents thou saw'st so pleasant, were the tents
 Of wickedness, wherein shall dwell his race
 Who slew his brother; studious they appear
 Of arts that polish life, inventors rare, 610
 Unmindful of their Maker, though his spirit
 Taught them, but they his gifts acknowledg'd none.
 Yet they a beauteous offspring shall beget;
 For that fair female troop thou saw'st, that seem'd
 Of goddesses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay, 615
 Yet empty of all good, wherein consists
 Women's domestic honour and chief praise;

YY

XX

XX

A

AA

AA

YY

YY

YY

XX

XX

XX

Bred only and completed to the taste
 Of lustful appetite, to sing, to dance,
 To dress, and troll the tongue, and roll the eye. 620
 To these that sober race of men, whose lives
 Religious titled them the sons of God,
 Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame
 Ignobly, to the trains and to the smiles
 Of these fair atheists, and now swim in joy, 625
 Ere long to swim at large; and laugh, for which
 The world ere long a world of tears must weep.

To whom thus Adam, of short joy bereft:
 O pity and shame, that they who to live well
 Enter'd so fair, should turn aside to tread 630
 Path's indirect, or in the mid way faint!
 But still I see the tenor of man's woe
 Holds on the same, from woman to begin.

From man's effeminate slackness it begins,
 Said th' angel, who should better hold his place 635
 By wisdom and superior gifts receiv'd:
 But now prepare thee for another scene.

He look'd, and saw wide territory spread
 Before him, towns, and rural works between,
 Cities of men with lofty gates and towers, 640
 Concourse in arms, fierce faces threat'ning war,
 Giants of mighty bone and bold emprise;
 Part wield their arms, part curb the foaming steed,
 Single, or in array of battle, rang'd
 Both horse and foot, nor idly must'ring stood; 645
 One way a band select from forage drives
 A herd of beeves, fair oxen and fair kine
 From a fat meadow ground; or fleecy flock,
 Ewes and their bleating lambs, over the plain,
 Their booty; scarce with life the shepherds fly, 650
 But call in aid, which makes a bloody fray;
 With cruel tournament the squadrons join;
 Where cattle pastur'd late, now scatter'd lies
 With carcasses and arms th' infanguin'd field
 Deserted: others to a city strong 655
 Lay siege, encamp'd; by battery, scale, and mine,
 Assaulting; others from the wall defend

With dart and javelin, stones and sulphurous fire ;
On each hand slaughter and gigantic deeds.

In other parts the scepter'd heralds call 660

To council in the city gates : anon
Grey-headed men and grave, with warriors mix'd,
Asssemble, and harangues are heard, but soon
In factious opposition, till at last

Of middle age one rising, eminent 665

In wise deport, spake much of right and wrong,
Of justice, of religion, truth, and peace,

And judgment from above, him old and young
Exploded, and had seiz'd with violent hands,

Had not a cloud descending snatch'd him thence 670

Unseen amid the throng : so violence

Proceeded, and oppression, and sword-law,

Through all the plain, and refuge none was found.

Adam was all in tears, and to his guide

Lamenting turn'd full sad : O what are these, 675

Death's ministers, not men, who thus deal death

Inhumanly to men, and multiply

Ten thousand fold the sin of him who slew

His brother : for of whom such massacre

Make they but of their brethren, men of men ? 680

But who was that just man, whom, had not heav'n

Rescued, had, in his righteousness, been lost ?

To whom thus Michael : These are the product
Of those ill-mated marriages thou saw'st ;

Where good with bad were match'd, who of themselves

Abhor to join ; and by imprudence mix'd 686

Produce prodigious births of body or mind.

Such were these giants, men of high renown ;

For in those days might only shall b' admir'd,

And valour and heroic virtue call'd ; 690

To overcome in battle, and subdue

Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite

Man-slaughter, shall be held the highest pitch

Of human glory, and for glory done

Of triumph, to be styl'd greater conquerors, 695

Patrons of mankind, gods, and sons of gods,

Destroyers rightlier call'd and plagues of men.

OF JO C.

JO OF JO OF JO

OF JO OF JO OF JO

OF JO OF JO OF JO

Thus fame shall be achiev'd, renown on earth,
 And what most merits fame in silence hid.
 But he the sev'nth from thee, whom thou beheldst 700
 The only righteous in a world perverse,
 And therefore hated, therefore so beset
 With foes for daring single to be just,
 And utter odious truth, that God would come
 To judge them with his saints: him the Most High
 Rapt in a balmy cloud, with winged steeds 706
 Did, as thou saw'st, receive, to walk with God
 High in salvation, and the climes of bliss,
 Exempt from death; to show thee what reward
 Awaits the good, the rest what punishment; 710
 Which now direct thine eyes, and soon behold.
 He look'd, and saw the face of things quite chang'd;
 The brazen throat of war had ceas'd to roar:
 All now was turn'd to jollity and game,
 To luxury and riot, feast and dance, 715
 Marrying or prostituting, as beset,
 Rape or adultery, where passing fair
 Allur'd them; thence from cups to civil broils.
 At length a reverend fire among them came,
 And of their doings great dislike declar'd, 720
 And testify'd against their ways; he oft
 Frequented their assemblies, where so met,
 Triumphs of festivals, and to them preach'd
 Conversion and repentance, as to souls
 In prison under judgments imminent: 725
 But all in vain: which when he saw, he ceas'd
 Contending, and remov'd his tents far off;
 Then from the mountain hewing timber tall,
 Began to build a vessel of huge bulk,
 Measur'd by cubit, length, and breadth, and height,
 Smear'd round with pitch, and in the side a door 731
 Contriv'd, and of provisions laid in large
 For man and beast: when lo a wonder strange!
 Of every beast, and bird, and insect small,
 Came sev'ns, and pairs, and enter'd in, as taught
 Their order: last the fire, and his three sons 736
 With their four wives; and God made fast the door.

Meanwhile the south-wind rose, and with black wings
 Wide hovering, all the clouds together drove
 From under heav'n; the hills to their supply 740
 Vapour, and exhalation dusk and moist,
 Sent up amain; and now the thicken'd sky
 Like a dark ceiling stood; down rush'd the rain
 Impetuous, and continued till the earth
 No more was seen; the floating vessel swum 745
 Uplifted, and secure with beaked prow
 Rode tilting o'er the waves; all dwellings else
 Flood overwhelm'd, and them, with all their pomp,
 Deep under water roll'd: sea cover'd sea,
 Sea without shore; and in their palaces, 750
 Where luxury late reign'd, sea-monsters whelp'd
 And stabled; of mankind, so numerous late,
 All left in one small bottom swum embark'd.
 How didst thou grieve then, Adam, to behold
 The end of all thy offspring, end so sad, 755
 Depopulation? thee another flood,
 Of tears and sorrow a flood, thee also drown'd
 And sunk thee as thy sons; till gently rear'd
 By the angel, on thy feet thou stood'st at last.
 Though comfortless, as when a Father mourns 760
 His children, all in view destroy'd at once;
 And scarce to th' angel utter'dst thus thy plaint:
 O visions ill foreseen! better had I
 Liv'd ignorant of future, so had borne
 My part of evil only, each day's lot 765
 Enough to bear; those now, that were dispens'd
 The burd'n of many ages, on me light
 At once, by my foreknowledge gaining birth
 Abortive, to torment me ere their being,
 With thought that they must be. Let no man seek
 Henceforth to be foretold what shall befall 770
 Him or his children; evil he may be sure,
 Which neither his foreknowing can prevent;
 And he the future evil shall no less
 In apprehension than in substance feel, 775
 Grievous to bear: but that care now is past,
 Man is not whom to warn: those few el' cap'd,

Famine and anguish will at last consume
Wand'ring that watry desert : I had hope,
When violence was seiz'd, and war on earth, 780
All would have then gone well, peace would have crown'd
With length of happy days the race of man ;
But I was far deceiv'd ; for now I see
Peace to corrupt no less than war to waste.
How comes it thus ? unfold, celestial Guide, 785
And whether here the race of man will end.

To whom thus Michael : Those whom last thou saw'st
In triumph and luxurious wealth, are they
First seen in acts of prowess eminent
And great exploits, but of true virtue void ; 790
Who having spilt much blood, and done much waste,
Subduing nations, and achiev'd thereby
Fame in the world, high titles, and rich prey,
Shall change their course to pleasure, ease, and sloth,
Surfeit, and lust, till wantonness and pride 795
Raise out of friendship hostile deeds in peace.
The conquer'd also, and enslav'd by war,
Shall, with their freedom lost, all virtue lose
And fear of God, from whom their piety feign'd
In sharp contest of battle found no aid 800
Against Invaders ; therefore cool'd in zeal,
Thenceforth shall practice how to live secure,
Worldly or dissolute, on what their lords
Shall leave them to enjoy ; for th' earth shall bear
More than enough, that temp'rance may be try'd :
So all shall turn degenerate, all deprav'd, 806
Justice and temp'rance, truth and faith forgot :
One man except, the only Son of Light
In a dark age, against example good,
Against allurement, custom, and a world 810
Offended ; fearless of reproach and scorn,
Or violence, he of their wicked ways
Shall them admonish, and before them set
The paths of righteousness how much more safe
And full of peace, denouncing wrath to come 815
On their impenitence ; and shall return
Of them derided, but of God observ'd

The one just man alive ; by his command
 Shall build a wondrous ark, as thou beheldst,
 To save himself and household from amidst 820
 A world devote to universal wreck.
 No sooner he with them of man and beast
 Select for life shall in the ark be lodg'd,
 And shelter'd round, but all the cataracts
 Of heav'n set open, on th' earth shall pour 825
 Rain day and night ; all fountains of the deep
 Broke up, shall heave the ocean to usurp
 Beyond all bounds, till inundation rise
 Above the highest hills : then shall this mount
 Of Paradise by might of waves be mov'd 830
 Out of his place, push'd by the horned flood,
 With all his verdure spoil'd, and trees adrift,
 Down the great river to the opening gulf,
 And there take root an island salt and bare,
 The haunt of seals, and orcs, and sea-mews clang :
 To teach thee that God attributes to place 836
 No sanctity, if none be thither brought
 By men who there frequent, or therein dwell.
 And now what further shall ensue, behold.
 He look'd, and saw the ark hull on the flood 840
 Which now abated ; for the clouds were fled,
 Driv'n by a keen north-wind, that, blowing dry,
 Wrinkled the face of Deluge, as decay'd ;
 And the clear sun on his wide wat'ry gla's
 Gaz'd hot, and of the fresh wave largely drew, 845
 As after thirst, which made their flowing shrink
 From standing lake to tripping ebb, that stole
 With soft foot towards the deep, who now had stopt
 His sluices, as the heav'n his windows shut.
 The ark no more now floats, but seems on ground,
 Fast on the top of some high mountain fix'd. 851
 And now the tops of hills as rocks appear ;
 With clamour thence the rapid currents drive
 Towards the retreating sea their furious tide.
 Forthwith from out the ark a raven flies, 855
 And, after him, the surer messenger,
 A dove, sent forth once and again to spy

Green tree or ground where on his foot may light ;
The second time returning, in his bill
An olive leaf he brings, pacific sign : 860
Anon dry ground appears, and from his ark
The ancient fire descends with all his train ;
Then with uplifted hands, and eyes devout,
Grateful to heav'n, over his head beholds
A dewy cloud, and in the cloud a bow 865
Conspicuous with three list'd colours gay,
Betokening peace from God, and covenant new.
Whereat the heart of Adam, erst so sad,
Greatly rejoic'd, and thus his joy broke forth :
O thou who future things canst represent 870
As present, heav'nly Instructor, I revive
At this last sight, assur'd that man shall live
With all the creatures, and their seed preserve.
Far less I now lament for one whole world
Of wicked sons destroy'd, than I rejoice 875
For one man found so perfect and so just,
That God vouchsafes to raise another world
From him, and all his anger to forget.
But say, what mean those colour'd streaks in heaven,
Distended as the brow of God appeas'd ; 880
Or serve they as a flow'ry verge to bind
The fluid skirts of that same wat'ry cloud,
Lest it again dissolve and show'r the earth ?
To whom th' arch-angel: Dext'rously thou aim'st ;
So willingly doth God remit his ire, 885
Though late repenting him of man deprav'd,
Griev'd at his heart, when looking down he saw
The whole earth fill'd with violence, and all flesh
Corrupting each their way ; yet those remov'd,
Such grace shall one just man find in his sight, 890
That he relents, not to blot out mankind,
And makes a covenant never to destroy
The earth again by flood, nor let the sea
Surpass his bounds, nor rain to drown the world
With man therein or beast ; but when he brings 895
Over the earth a cloud, will therein set
His triple-colour'd bow, whereon to look,

And call to mind his covenant : day and night,
 Seed-time and harvest, heat and hoary frost, 899
 Shall hold their course, till fire purge all things new,
 Both heav'n and earth, wherein the just shall dwell.

END OF THE ELEVENTH BOOK.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK XII.

The Argument.

The angel Michael continues from the Flood to relate what shall succeed; then, in the mention of Abraham, comes by degrees to explain, who that seed of the Woman shall be, which was promised Adam and Eve in the fall; his incarnation, death, resurrection, and ascension; the state of the Church till his second coming. Adam, greatly satisfied and recomfited by these relations and promises, descends the hill with Michael; wakens Eve, who all this while had slept, but with gentle dreams compos'd to quietness of mind and submission. Michael in either hand leads them out of Paradise, the fiery sword waving behind them, and the cherubim taking their stations to guard the place.

AS one who in his journey bates at noon,
 Though bent on speed; so here th' arch-angel
 paus'd

Betwixt the world destroy'd and world restor'd,
 If Adam ought perhaps might interpose;
 Then with transition sweet new speech resumes. 5

Thus thou hast seen one world begin and end;
 And man as from a second stock proceed.

Much thou hast yet to see, but I perceive
 Thy mortal sight to fail; objects divine
 Must needs impair and weary human sense: 10

Henceforth what is to come I will relate;
 Thou therefore give due audience, and attend.

This second source of men, while yet but few,
 And while the dread of judgment past remains

Fresh in their minds, fearing the Deity, 15
 With some regard to what is just and right

Shall lead their lives, and multiply apace,
 Lab'ring the soil, and reaping plenteous crop,
 Corn, wine, and oil; and from the herd or flock
 Oft sacrificing bullock, lamb, or kid, 20

With large wine-offerings pour'd, and sacred feast,
Shall spend their days in joy unblam'd, and dwell
Long time in peace by families and tribes
Under paternal rule; till one shall rise
Of proud ambitious heart, who, not content 25
With fair equality, fraternal state,
Will arrogate dominion undeserv'd
Over his brethren, and quite dispossess
Concord and law of nature from the earth,
Hunting, (and men, not beasts, shall be his game,) 30
With war and hostile snare, such as refuse,
Subjection to his empire tyrannous:
A mighty Hunter thence he shall be styl'd
Before the Lord, as in despite of heav'n,
Or from heav'n claiming second sov'reignty: 35
And from rebellion shall derive his name,
Though of rebellion others he accuse.
He with a crew, whom like ambition joins
With him or under him to tyrannize,
Marching from Eden tow'rd the west, shall find 40
The plain, wherein a black bituminous gurge
Boils out from under ground, the mouth of hell;
Of brick, and of that stuff they cast, to build
A city and tower, whose top may reach to heav'n;
And get themselves a name, lest, far dispers'd 45
In foreign lands, their memory be lost,
Regardless whether good or evil fame.
But God, who oft descends to visit men
Unseen, and through their habitations walks
To mark their doings, them beholding soon, 50
Comes down to see their city, ere the tower
Obstruct Heav'n's tow'rs, and in derision sets
Upon their tongues a various spirit, to rase
Quite out their native language, and instead
To sow a jangling noise of words unknown: 55
Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud
Among the builders; each to other calls
Not understood, till hoarse, and all in rage,
As mock'd they storm; great laughter was in heaven
And looking down, to see the hubbub strange, 60

And hear the din: thus was the building left
Ridiculous, and the work Confusion nam'd.

Whereto thus Adam fatherly displeas'd:
O execrable son so to aspire
Above his brethren, to himself assuming
Authority usurp'd, from God not giv'n:
He gave us only over beast, fish, fowl,
Dominion absolute; that right we hold
By his donation; but man over men
He made not lord; such title to himself
Reserving, human left from human free.
But this usurper his encroachment proud
Stays not on man; to God his tow'r intends
Siege and defiance: wretched man! what food
Will he convey up thither to sustain
Himself and his rash army, where thin air
Above the clouds will pine his entrails gross,
And famish him of breath, if not of bread?

To whom thus Michael: Justly thou abhorr'st
That son, who on the quiet state of men,
Such trouble brought, affecting to subdue
Rational liberty; yet know withal,
Since thy original lapse, true liberty
Is lost, which always with right reason dwells
Twinn'd, and from her hath no dividual being:
Reason in man obscur'd, or not obey'd,
Immediately inordinate desires
And upstart passions catch the government
From reason, and to servitude reduce
Man, till then free. Therefore since he permits
Within himself unworthy powers to reign
Over free reason, God, in judgment just,
Subjects him from without to violent lords,
Who oft as undeservedly inthrall
His outward freedom; tyranny must be,
Though to the tyrant thereby no excuse.
Yet sometimes nations will decline so low
From virtue, which is reason, that no wrong,
But justice, and some fatal curse annex'd,
Deprives them of their outward liberty,

F F F
D D D
F F F
I I I
F F F
D D D

65

70

75

80

85

90

95

100

Their inward lost: witness th' irreverent son
Of him who built the ark, who, for the shame
Done to his father, heard this heavy curse,
Servant of servants, on his vicious race.
Thus will this latter, as the former world, 105
Still tend from bad to worse, till God at last,
Wearied with their iniquities, withdraw
His presence from among them, and avert
His holy eyes; resolving from thenceforth
To leave them to their own polluted ways; 110
And one peculiar nation to select
From all the rest, of whom to be invoc'd,
A nation from one faithful man to spring:
Him on this side Euphrates yet residing,
Bred up in idol-worship. O that man 115
(Canst thou believe?) should be so stupid grown,
While yet the Patriarch liv'd, who 'scap'd the flood,
As to forsake the living God, and fall
To worship their own work in wood and stone
For gods! yet him God the most High vouchsafes 120
To call by vision from his father's house,
His kindred and false gods, into a land
Which he will shew him, and from him will raise
A mighty nation, and upon him shower
His benediction so, that in his seed 125
All nations shall be blest: he strait obeys,
Not knowing to what land, yet firm believes:
I see him, but thou canst not, with what faith
He leaves his gods, his friends, and native soil,
Ur of Chaldea, passing now the ford 130
To Haran; after him a cumbrous train
Of herds and flocks, and numerous servitude;
Not wand'ring poor, but trusting all his wealth
With God, who call'd him, in a land unknown.
Canaan he now attains; I see his tents 135
Pitch'd about Sechem, and the neighb'ring plain
Of Moreh; there by promise he receives
Gift to his progeny of all that land,
From Hamath northward to the desert south,
(Things by their names I call, though yet unnam'd)

From Hermon east to the great western sea ; 141
 Mount Hermon, yonder sea, each place behold
 In prospect, as I point them ; on the shore
 Mount Carmel ; here the double-founted stream
 Jordan, true limit eastward ; but his sons 145
 Shall dwell to Senir, that long ridge of hills.
 This ponder, that all nations of the earth
 Shall in his seed be blessed : by that seed
 Is meant thy great deliverer, who shall bruise
 The serpent's head ; whereof to thee anon 150
 Plainlier shall be reveal'd. This patriarch blest,
 Whom faithful Abraham due time shall call,
 A son, and of his son a grand-child leaves,
 Like him in faith, in wisdom, and renown :
 The grand-child with twelve sons increas'd departs
 From Canaan, to a land hereafter call'd 156
 Egypt, divided by the river Nile ;
 See where it flows, disgorging at sev'n mouths
 Into the sea : to sojourn in that land
 He comes, invited by a younger son, 160
 In time of dearth, a son whose worthy deeds
 Raise him to be the second in that realm
 Of Pharoah : there he dies, and leaves his race
 Growing into a nation, and now grown
 Suspected to a sequent king, who seeks 165
 To stop their overgrowth, as inmate guests
 Too numerous ; whence of guests he makes them slaves
 Inhospitably, and kills their infant males :
 Till by two brethren (those two brethren call
 Moses and Aaron) sent from God to claim 170
 His people from enthrallment, they return
 With glory and spoil back to their promis'd land.
 But first the lawless tyrant, who denies
 To know their God, or message to regard,
 Must be compell'd by signs and judgments dire ; 175
 To blood unshed the rivers must be turn'd ;
 Frogs, lice, and flies, must all his palace fill
 With loath'd intrusion, and fill all the land ;
 His cattle must of rot and murren die ;
 Botches and blains must all his flesh imboss, 180

And all his people; thunder mix'd with hail,
Hail mix'd with fire, must rend th' Egyptian sky,
And wheel on th' earth, devouring where it rolls;
What it devours not, herb, or fruit, or grain,
A darksome cloud of locusts swarming down 185
Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing green;
Darkness must overshadow all his bounds,
Palpable darkness, and blot out three days;
Last with one midnight stroke all the first-born
Of Egypt must lie dead. Thus with ten wounds 190
The river-dragon tam'd at length submits
To let his sojourners depart, and oft
Humbles his stubborn heart, but still as ice
More harden'd after thaw, till in his rage
Pursuing whom he late dismiss'd, the sea 195
Swallows him with his host; but them lets pass
As on dry land between two crystal walls,
Aw'd by the rod of Moses so to stand
Divided, till his rescued gain their shore:
Such wondrous power God to his saint will lend, 200
Though present in his angel, who shall go
Before them in a cloud, and pillar of fire,
By day a cloud, by night a pillar of fire,
To guide them in their journey, and remove
Behind them, while th' obdurate king pursues: 205
All night he will pursue, but his approach
Darkness defends between till morning watch;
Then through the fiery pillar and the cloud
God looking forth will trouble all his host,
And craze their chariot wheels: when by command
Moses once more his potent rod extends 211
Over the sea; the sea his rod obeys;
On their embattl'd ranks the waves return,
And overwhelm their war: the race elect
Safe towards Canaan from the shore advance 215
Through the wild desert, not the readiest way,
Lest entering on the Canaanite alarm'd
War terrify them, inexperienced, and fear
Return them back to Egypt, choosing rather
Inglorious life with servitude; for life 220

Were long to tell how many battles fought,
 How many kings destroy'd, and kingdoms won,
 Or how the sun shall in mid heav'n stand still
 A day entire, and night's due course adjourn,
 Man's voice commanding, Sun in Gibeon stand, 265
 And thou moon in the vale of Aialon,
 Till Israel overcome: so call the third
 From Abraham, son of Isaac, and from him
 His whole descent, who thus shall Canaan win.

Here Adam interpos'd: O sent from heav'n, 270
 Enlightner of my darkness, gracious things
 Thou hast reveal'd, those chiefly which concern
 Just Abraham and his seed: now first I find
 Mine eyes true opening, and my heart much eas'd,
 Erewhile perplex'd with thoughts what would become
 Of me and all mankind; but now I see 276
 His day, in whom all nations shall be blest;
 Favour unmerited by me, who sought
 Forbidden knowledge by forbidden means.

This yet I apprehend not, why to those 280
 Among whom God will deign to dwell on earth
 So many and so various laws are given;
 So many laws argue so many sins
 Among them; how can God with such reside?

To whom thus Michael: Doubt not but that sin 285
 Will reign among them, as of thee begot;
 And therefore was law giv'n them, to evince
 Their natural pravity, by stirring up
 Sin against law to fight; that when they see
 Law can discover sin, but not remove, 290
 Save by those shadowy expiations weak,
 The blood of bulls and goats, they may conclude
 Some blood more precious must be paid for man,
 Just for unjust, that in such righteousness,
 To them by faith imputed, they may find 295
 Justification towards God, and peace
 Of conscience, which the law by ceremonies
 Cannot appease, nor man the moral part
 Perform, and not performing cannot live.
 So law appears imperfect, and but given 300

With purpose to resign them in full time
 Up to a better covenant, disciplin'd
 From shadowy types to truth, from flesh to spirit,
 From imposition of strict laws to free
 Acceptance of large grace, from servile fear 305
 To filial, works of law to works of faith.
 And therefore shall not Moses, though of God
 Highly belov'd, being but the minister
 Of law, his people into Canaan lead;
 But Joshua, whom the Gentiles Jesus call, 310
 His name and office bearing, who shall quell
 The adversary serpent, and bring back
 Through the world's wilderness long wander'd man
 Safe to eternal paradise of rest.
 Mean while they, in their earthly Canaan plac'd, 315
 Long time shall dwell and prosper; but when sins
 National interrupt their public peace,
 Provoking God to raise them enemies;
 From whom as oft he saves them penitent
 By judges first, then under kings; of whom 320
 The second, both for piety renown'd
 And puissant deeds, a promise shall receive
 Irrevocable, that his regal throne
 For ever shall endure; the like shall sing
 All prophesy, that of the royal stock 325
 Of David (so I name this king) shall rise
 A son, the woman's seed to thee foretold,
 Foretold to Abraham, as in whom shall trust
 All nations, and to kings foretold, of kings
 The last, for of his reign shall be no end. 330
 But first a long succession must ensue:
 And his next son, for wealth and wisdom fam'd,
 The clouded ark of God, till then in tents
 Wand'ring, shall in a glorious temple inshrine.
 Such follow him as shall be register'd 335
 Part good, part bad; of bad the longer scroll,
 Whose foul idolatries, and other faults
 Heap'd to the popular sum, will so incense
 God, as to leave them, and expose their land,
 Their city, his temple, and his holy ark, 340

With all his sacred things, a scorn and prey
 To that proud city, whose high walls thou saw'st
 Left in confusion, Babylon thence call'd.
 There in captivity he lets them dwell
 The space of sev'nty years, then brings them back,
 Rememb'ring mercy, and his covenant sworn 346
 To David, stablish'd as the days of Heav'n,
 Return'd from Babylon by leave of kings
 Their lords, whom God dispos'd, the house of God
 They first re-edify, and for a while 350
 In mean estate live moderate, till grown
 In wealth and multitude, factious they grow:
 But first among the priests dissention springs,
 Men who attend the altar and should most
 Endeavour peace; their strife pollution brings 355
 Upon the temple itself: at last they seize
 The sceptre, and regard not David's sons,
 Then lose it to a stranger, that the true
 Anointed king Messiah might be born
 Barr'd of his right; yet at his birth a star, 360
 Unseen before in Heav'n, proclaims him come,
 And guides the eastern sages, who enquire
 His place, to offer incense, myrrh, and gold:
 His place of birth a solemn angel tells
 To simple shepherds, keeping watch by night; 365
 They gladly thither haste, and by a choir
 Of squadron'd angels hear his carol sung.
 A virgin is his mother, but his fire
 The power of the Most High: he shall ascend
 The throne hereditary, and bound his reign 370
 With earth's wide bounds, his glory with the heav'n's.
 He ceas'd, discerning Adam with such joy
 Surcharg'd, as had like grief been dew'd in tears,
 Without the vent of words, which these he breath'd:
 O Prophet of glad tidings, finisher 375
 Of utmost hope! now clear I understand
 What oft my steadiest thoughts have search'd in vain;
 Why our great expectation should be call'd
 The Seed of Woman: Virgin mother, hail,
 High in the love of heav'n, yet from my loins 380

Thou shalt proceed, and from thy womb the Son
Of God most High; so God with man unites.
Needs must the serpent now his capital bruise
Expect with mortal pain: say where and when 384
Their fight, what stroke shall bruise the victor's heel.

To whom thus Michael: Dream not of their fight,
As of a duel, or the local wounds
Of head or heel: not therefore joins the Son
Manhood to Godhead, with more strength to foil
Thy enemy; nor so is overcome 390
Satan, whose fall from heav'n, a deadlier bruise,
Disabled not to give thee thy death's wound;
Which he, who comes thy Saviour, shall recure;
Not by destroying Satan, but his works
In thee and in thy seed: nor can this be 395
But by fulfilling that which thou didst want,
Obedience to the law of God, impos'd
On penalty of death, and suffering death,
The penalty to thy transgression due,
And due to theirs, which out of thine will grow: 400
So only can high justice rest appaid.
The law of God exact he shall fulfil
Both by obedience and by love, though love
Alone fulfil the law; thy punishment
He shall endure, by coming in the flesh 405
To a reproachful life and cursed death,
Proclaiming life to all who shall believe
In his redemption, and that his obedience
Imputed becomes theirs by faith, his merits
To save them, not their own, though legal works.
For this he shall live hated, be blasphem'd, 411
Seiz'd on by force, judg'd, and to death condemn'd
A shameful and accurs'd, nail'd to the cross
By his own nation, slain for bringing life:
But to the cross he nails thy enemies, 415
The law that is against thee, and the sins
Of all mankind, with him there crucify'd,
Never to hurt them more who rightly trust
In this his satisfaction; so he dies,
But soon revives; Death over him no power 420

Shall long usurp; ere the third dawning light
Return, the stars of morn shall see him rise
Out of his grave, fresh as the dawning light,
Thy ransom paid, which man from death redeems,
His death for man, as many as offer'd life 425
Neglect not, and the benefit embrace
By faith not void of works: this God-like act
Annuls thy doom, the death thou shouldst have dy'd,
In sin for ever lost from life; this act
Shall bruise the head of Satan, crush his strength, 430
Defeating sin and death, his two main arms,
And fix far deeper in his head their stings
Than temp'ral death shall bruise the victor's heel,
Or theirs whom he redeems, a death like sleep
A gentle wafting to immortal life. 435
Nor after resurrection shall he stay
Longer on earth than certain times to appear
To his disciples, men who in his life
Still follow'd him; to them shall leave in charge
To teach all nations what of him they learn'd 440
And his salvation, them who shall believe
Baptizing in the profluent stream, the sign
Of washing them from guilt of sin to life
Pure, and in mind prepar'd, if so befall,
For death, like that which the Redeemer dy'd. 445
All nations they shall teach; for from that day
Not only to the sons of Abraham's loins
Salvation shall be preached, but to the sons
Of Abraham's faith wherever through the world;
So in his Seed all nations shall be blest. 450
Then to the Heav'n of Heav'ns he shall ascend
With victory, triumphing through the air
Over his foes and thine; there shall surprise
The serpent, prince of air, and drag in chains
Through all his realm, and there confounded leave;
Then enter into glory, and resume 456
His seat at God's right hand, exalted high
Above all names in Heav'n; and thence shall come,
When this world's dissolution shall be ripe,
With glory and power to judge both quick and dead;

To judge the unfaithful dead, but to reward 461
 His faithful, and receive them into bliss,
 Whether in heav'n or earth; for then the earth
 Shall all be Paradise, far happier place
 Than this of Eden, and far happier days. 465

So spake th' arch-angel Michael, then paus'd,
 As at the world's great period; and our fire,
 Replete with joy and wonder, thus reply'd:

O Goodness infinite, Goodness immense!
 That all this good of evil shall produce, 470
 And evil turn to good; more wonderful
 Than that which by creation first brought forth
 Light out of darkness! full of doubt I stand,
 Whether I should repent me now of sin
 By me done, and occasion'd, or rejoice 475
 Much more, that much more good thereof shall spring,
 To God more glory, more good-will to men
 From God, and over wrath grace shall abound.

But say, if our Deliverer up to Heav'n
 Must re-ascend, what will betide the few 480
 His faithful, left among th' unfaithful herd,
 The enemies of truth? who then shall guide
 His people, who defend? Will they not deal
 Worse with his followers than with him they dealt?
 Be sure they will, said th' angel; but from Heav'n 485
 He to his own a comforter will send,

The promise of the Father, who shall dwell
 His spirit within them, and the law of faith
 Working through love, upon their hearts shall write,
 To guide them in all truth, and also arm 490

With spiritual armour, able to resist
 Satan's assaults, and quench his fiery darts;
 What man can do against them, not afraid,
 Though to the death, against such cruelties
 With inward consolations recompens'd, 495

And oft supported so as shall amaze
 Their proudest persecutors: for the Spirit
 Pour'd first on his apostles, whom he sends
 To evangelize the nations, then on all
 Baptiz'd, shall then with wondrous gifts indue 500

To speak all tongues, and do all miracles,
As did their Lord before them. Thus they win
Great numbers of each nation to receive
With joy the tidings brought from Heav'n : at length,
Their ministry perform'd, and race well run, 505
Their doctrine and their story written left,
They die ; but in their room, as they forewarn,
Wolves shall succeed for teachers, grievous wolves,
Who all the sacred mysteries of Heav'n
To their own vile advantages shall turn 510
Of lucre and ambition, and the truth
With superstitions and traditions taint,
Left only in those written records pure,
Though not but by the spirit understood.
Then shall they seek to avail themselves of names, 515
Places, and titles, and with these to join
Secular power ; though feigning still to act
By spiritual, to themselves appropriating
The spirit of God, promis'd alike and given
To all believers ; and from that pretence, 520
Spiritual laws by carnal power shall force
On every conscience ; laws which none shall find
Left them enroll'd, or what the spirit within
Shall on the heart engrave. What will they then
But force the spirit of grace itself, and bind 525
His consort Liberty ? what, but unbuild
His living temples, built by faith to stand,
Their own faith, not another's ? for on earth
Who against faith and conscience can be heard
Infallible ? yet many will presume : 530
Whence heavy persecution shall arise
On all who in the worship persevere
Of spirit and truth ; the rest, far greater part,
Will deem in outward rights and specious forms
Religion satisfy'd : Truth shall retire 535
Bestuck with slanderous darts, and works of faith
Rarely be found : so shall the world go on,
To good malignant, to bad men benign,
Under her own weight, groaning, till the day
Appear of respiration to the just, 240

And vengeance to the wicked, at return
 Of him so lately promis'd to thy aid,
 The woman's Seed, obscurely then foretold,
 Now ampler known thy Saviour and thy Lord,
 Last in the clouds from heav'n to be reveal'd 545
 In glory of the Father, to dissolve
 Satan with his perverted world, then raise
 From the conflagrant mass, purg'd and refin'd,
 New heav'n's, new earth, ages of endless date
 Founded in righteousness and peace, and love, 550
 To bring forth fruits, joy and eternal bliss.

He ended; and thus Adam last reply'd:
 How soon hath thy prediction, Seer blest,
 Measur'd this transient world, the race of time,
 Till time stand fix'd? beyond is all abyss, 555
 Eternity, whose end no eye can reach.
 Greatly instructed, I shall hence depart,
 Greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill
 Of knowledge, what this vessel can contain;
 Beyond which was my folly to aspire. 560
 Henceforth I learn, that to obey is best,
 And love with fear the only God, to walk
 As in his presence, ever to observe
 His providence, and on him sole depend,
 Merciful over all his works, with good 565
 Still overcoming evil, and by small
 Accomplishing great things, by things deem'd weak
 Subverting worldly strong, and worldly wise
 By simply meek: that suffering for truth's sake
 Is fortitude to highest victory, 570
 And to the faithful death the gate of life;
 Taught this by his example whom I now
 Acknowledge my Redeemer, ever blest.

To whom thus also th' angel last reply'd:
 This having learn'd, thou hast attain'd the sum 575
 Of wisdom; hope no higher though all the stars
 Thou knew'st by name, and all th' ethereal powers,
 All secrets of the deep, all Nature's works,
 Or works of God in Heav'n, air, earth, or sea,
 And all the riches of this world enjoyd'st, 580

△
 O
 O
 V
 △
 O
 O
 V
 △
 O

And all the rule, one empire; only add
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable, add faith,
Add virtue, patience, temperance, add love,
By name to come call'd Charity, the soul
Of all the rest: then wilt thou not be loth
To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess
A Paradise within thee, happier far.

585

Let us descend now therefore from this top
Of speculation; for the hour precise

Exacts our parting hence; and see the guards,
By me encamp'd on yonder hill, expect

590

Their motion, at whose front a flaming sword,
In signal of remove, waves fiercely round:

We may no longer stay: go, waken Eve;

Her also I with gentle dreams have calm'd

595

Portending good, and all her spirits compos'd

To meek submission: thou at season fit

Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard,

Chiefly what may concern her faith to know,

The great deliverance by her Seed to come

600

(For by the woman's seed) on all mankind:

That ye may live, which will be many days,

Both in one faith unanimous, though sad,

With cause for evils past, yet much more cheer'd

With meditation on the happy end.

605

He ended, and they both descend the hill:

Descended, Adam to the bower where Eve

Lay sleeping ran before, but found her wak'd;

And thus with words not sad she him receiv'd:

Whence thou return'st and whither went'st I know;

For God is also in sleep, and dreams advise,

611

Which he hath sent propitious, some great good

Prefaging, since with sorrow and heart's distress

Wearied I fell asleep: but now lead on,

In me is no delay; with thee to go,

615

Is to stay here; without thee here to stay,

Is to go hence unwilling; thou to me

Art all things under heav'n, all places thou,

Who for my wilful crime art banish'd hence.

This further consolation yet secure

620

I carry hence ; though all by me is lost,
 Such favour I unworthy am vouchsaf'd,
 By me the promis'd Seed shall all restore.
 So spake our mother Eve, and Adam heard
 Well pleas'd, but answer'd not ; for now too nigh 625
 Th' archangel stood, and from the other hill
 To their fix'd station, all in bright array
 The cherubim descended ; on the ground
 Gliding meteorous, as evening mist
 Risen from a river o'er the marsh glides, 630
 And gathers ground fast at the lab'rer's heel
 Homeward returning. High in front advanc'd,
 The brandish'd sword of God before them blaz'd.
 Fierce as a comet ; which with torrid heat,
 And vapour as the Lybian air adust, 635
 Began to parch that temp'rate clime ; whereat
 In either hand the hast'ning angel caught
 Our ling'ring parents, and to the eastern gate
 Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
 To the subjected plain ; then disappear'd. 640
 They looking back, all th' eastern side beheld
 Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
 Wav'd over by that flaming brand, the gate
 With dreadful faces throng'd and fiery arms :
 Some natural tears they dropt, but wip'd them soon ;
 The world was all before them where to choose 646
 Their place of rest, and Providence their guide :
 They hand in hand, with wand'ring steps and slow,
 Through Eden took their solitary way.

THE END OF PARADISE LOST.

BOOK I.

I WHO ere while the happy Garden sung,
 By one Man's disobedience lost, now sing
 Recover'd Paradise to all mankind,
 By one Man's firm obedience fully try'd
 Through all temptation, and the Tempter foil'd 5
 In all his wiles, defeated and repuls'd,
 And Eden rais'd in the waste wilderness.

Thou Spi'rit who ledst this glorious eremite
 Into the desert, his victorious field,
 Against the spiritual foe, and brought'st him thence
 By proof th' undoubted Son of God, inspire, 11
 As thou art wont, my prompted song, else mute,
 And bear through height or depth of Nature's bounds
 With prosp'rous wing full summ'd, to tell of deeds
 Above heroic, though in secret done, 15
 And unrecorded left through many an age,
 Worthy t' have not remain'd so long unsung.

Now had the great Proclaimer, with a voice
 More awful than the sound of trumpet, cry'd
 Repentance, and heav'n's kingdom nigh at hand 20
 To all baptis'd : to his great baptism flock'd
 With awe the regions round, and with them came
 From Nazareth the son of Joseph deem'd
 To the flood Jordan came, as then obscure,
 Unmark'd, unknown ; but him the Baptist soon 25
 Descry'd, divinely warn'd, and witness bore
 As to his worthier, and would have resign'd
 To him his heav'nly office ; nor was long
 His witness unconfirm'd : on him baptiz'd
 Heav'n open'd, and in likeness of a dove 30
 The spirit descended, while the Father's voice
 From heav'n pronounc'd him his beloved Son.
 That heard the adversary, who roving still
 About the world, at that assembly fam'd
 Would not be last, and with the voice divine 35
 Nigh thunder-struck, th' exalted Man to whom

Such high attest was giv'n, a while survey'd
With wonder; then with envy fraught and rage
Flies to his place, nor rests, but in mid air
To council summons all his mighty peers, 40
Within thick clouds and dark ten-fold involv'd,
A gloomy consistory; and them amidst
With looks aghast and sad he thus bespake:
O ancient Pow'rs of air and this wide world,
For much more willingly I mention air, 45
This our old conquest, than remember hell,
Our hated habitation; well ye know
How many ages, as the years of men,
This universe we have possess'd, and rul'd
In manner at our will th' affairs of Earth, 50
Since Adam and his facile consort Eve
Lost Paradise, deceiv'd by me, though since
With dread attending when that fatal wound
Shall be inflicted by the seed of Eve
Upon my head: long the decrees of heav'n 55
Delay, for longest time to him is short;
And now too soon for us the circling hours
This dreaded time have compass'd, wherein we
Must bide the stroke of that long threaten'd wound,
At least if so we can, and by the head 60
Broken be not intended all our power
To be infring'd, our freedom and our being,
In this fair empire won of earth and air;
For this ill news I bring, the woman's Seed
Destin'd to this, is late of woman born: 65
His birth to our just fear gave no small cause,
But his growth now to youth's full flower, displaying
All virtue, grace, and wisdom, to achieve
Things highest, greatest, multiplies my fear.
Before him a great prophet to proclaim 70
His coming, is sent harbinger, who all
Invites, and in the consecrated stream
Pretends to wash off sin, and fit them so
Purified to receive him pure, or rather
To do him honour as their king: all come, 75
And he himself among them was baptiz'd;

Not thence to be more pure, but to receive
 The testimony of heav'n, that who he is
 Thenceforth the nations may not doubt. I saw
 The prophet do him reverence, on him rising 80
 Out of the water, heav'n above the clouds
 Unfold her chrystal doors, thence on his head
 A perfect dove descend, whate'er it meant,
 And out of heav'n the Sov'reign voice I heard,
 This is my Son belov'd, in him am pleas'd. 85
 His mother then is mortal, but his Sire
 He who obtains the monarchy of heav'n,
 And what will he not do t' advance his Son?
 His first-begot we know, and sore have felt,
 When his fierce thunder drove us to the deep; 90
 Who this is we must learn, for man he seems
 In all his lineaments, though in his face
 The glimpses of his Father's glory shine.
 Ye see our danger on the utmost edge
 Of hazard, which admits no long debate, 95
 But must with something sudden be oppos'd,
 Not force, but well couch'd fraud, well woven snares,
 Ere in the head of nations he appear
 Their king, their leader, and supreme on earth.
 I, when no other durst, sole undertook 100
 The dismal expedition to find out
 And ruin Adam, and th' exploit perform'd
 Successfully; a calmer voyage now
 Will waite me: and the way found prosp'rous once
 Induces best to hope of like success. 105
 He ended, and his words impression left
 Of much amazement to the infernal crew,
 Distracted and surpris'd with deep dismay
 At these sad tidings; but no time was then
 For long indulgence to their fears or grief: 110
 Unanimous they all commit the care
 And management of this main enterprize
 To him their great dictator, whose attempt
 At first against mankind so well had thriv'd
 In Adam's overthrow, and led their march 115
 From hell's deep-vaulted den to dwell in light,

Regents and potentates, and kings, yea gods,
 Of many a pleasant realm and province wide;
 So to the coast of Jordan he directs
 His easy steps, girded with snaky wiles, 120
 Where he might likeliest find this new declar'd,
 This Man of Men, attested Son of God,
 Temptation and all guile on him to try;
 So to subvert whom he suspected rais'd
 To end his reign on earth, so long enjoy'd: 125
 But contrary, unweeting he fulfill'd
 The purpos'd counsel pre-ordain'd and fix'd
 Of the Most High, who in full frequency bright
 Of angels, thus to Gabriel smiling spake:
 Gabriel, this day by proof thou shalt behold, 130
 Thou and all angels conversant on earth
 With man or men's affairs, how I begin
 To verify that solemn message late,
 On which I sent thee to the Virgin pure
 In Galilee, that she should bear a Son 135
 Great in renown, and call'd the Son of God;
 Then toldst her doubting how these things could be
 To her a virgin, that on her should come
 The Holy Ghost, and the power of the Highest
 O'er-shadow her: this Man born, and now upgrown,
 To show him worthy of his birth divine 141
 And high prediction, henceforth I expose
 To Satan; let him tempt and now assay
 His utmost subtilty, because he boasts
 And vaunts of his great cunning to the throng 145
 Of his apostacy; he might have learnt
 Less overweening since he fail'd in Job,
 Whose constant perseverance overcame
 Whate'er his cruel malice could invent.
 He now shall know I can produce a Man 150
 Of female seed, far abler to resist
 All his solicitations, and at length
 All his vast force, and drive him back to hell,
 Winning by conquest what the first man lost,
 By fallacy surpris'd. But first I mean 155
 To exercise him in the wilderness;

by o yd
 (i) (iii) (iii) (iii)
 o yd by o yd by o yd

by o yd by o yd by o yd

There he shall first lay down the rudiments
 Of his great warfare, ere I send him forth
 To conquer Sin and Death, the two grand foes,
 By humiliation and strong sufferance; 160
 His weakness shall o'ercome Satanic strength,
 And all the world, and mass of sinful flesh;
 That all the angels and etherial powers,
 They now, and men hereafter, may discern
 From what consummate virtue I have chose 165
 This perfect Man, by merit call'd my Son,
 To earn salvation for the sons of men.

So spake th' eternal Father, and all heav'n
 Admiring stood a space, then into hymns
 Burst forth, and in celestial measures mov'd, 170
 Circling the throne, and singing, while the hand
 Sung with the voice, and this the argument:

Vict'ry and triumph to the Son of God
 Now ent'ring his great duel, not of arms,
 But to vanquish by wisdom hellish wiles. 175
 The Father knows the Son; therefore secure
 Ventures his filial virtue, though untry'd,
 Against whate'er may tempt, whate'er seduce,
 Allure, or terrify, or undermine.
 Be frustrate all ye stratagems of hell, 180
 And devilish inachinations come to nought.

So they in heav'n their odes and vigils tun'd:
 Mean while the Son of God, who yet some days
 Lodg'd in Bethabara, where John baptiz'd,
 Musing and much revolving in his breast, 185
 How best the mighty work he might begin
 Of Saviour to mankind, and which way first
 Publish his God-like office now mature,
 One day forth walk'd alone, the Spirit leading,
 And his deep thoughts, the better to converse 190
 With Solitude, till, far from track of men,
 Thought following thought, and step by step led on,
 He enter'd now the bord'ring desert wild,
 And with dark shades and rocks environ'd round,
 His holy meditations thus pursu'd, 195

O what a multitude of thoughts at once
 Awaken'd in me swarm, while I consider
 What from within I feel myself, and hear
 What from without comes often to my ears,
 Ill sorting with my present state compar'd ! 200
 When I was yet a child, no childish play
 To me was pleasing ; all my mind was set
 Serious to learn or know, and thence to do
 What might be public good : myself I thought
 Born to that end, born to promote all truth, 205
 All righteous things : therefore above my years,
 The law of God I read, and found it sweet,
 Made it my whole delight, and in it grew
 To such perfection, that ere yet my age
 Had measur'd twice six years, at our great feast
 I went into the temple, there to hear 211
 The teachers of our law, and to propose
 What might improve my knowledge or their own ;
 And was admir'd by all : yet this not all
 To which my spirit aspir'd ; victorious deeds 215
 Flam'd in my heart, heroic acts, one while
 To rescue Israel from the Roman yoke,
 Then to subdue and quell o'er all the earth
 Brute violence and proud tyrannic power,
 Till truth were freed, and equity restor'd : 220
 Yet held it more humane, more heav'nly, first,
 By winning words, to conquer willing hearts,
 And make Persuasion do the work of Fear ;
 At least to try, and teach the erring soul
 Not willfully mis-doing, but unaware 225
 Mised ; the stubborn only to subdue.
 These growing thoughts my mother soon perceiving,
 By words at times cast forth, inly rejoic'd,
 And said to me apart,—High are thy thoughts,
 O Son, but nourish them, and let them soar 230
 To what height sacred virtue and true worth
 Can raise them, though above example high ;
 By matchless deeds express thy matchless Sire.
 For know, thou art no son of mortal man ;
 Though men esteem thee low of parentage, 235

Thy Father is th' eternal King who rules
 All heav'n and earth, angels and sons of men.
 A messenger from God foretold thy birth
 Conceived in me a virgin; he foretold
 Thou should'st be great, and sit on David's throne,
 And of thy kingdom there should be no end. 241
 At thy nativity a glorious choir
 Of angels in the fields of Bethlehem sung
 To shepherds watching at their folds by night,
 And told them the Messiah now was born, 245
 Where they might see him, and to thee they came,
 Directed to the manger where thou layd'st,
 For in the inn was left no better room:
 A star, not seen before, in Heav'n appearing,
 Guided the wise men thither from the east, 250
 To honour thee with incense, myrrh, and gold,
 By whose bright course led on they found the place,
 Affirming it thy star new grav'n in heav'n,
 By which they knew the King of Israel born.
 Just Simeon and prophetic Anna, warn'd 255
 By vision, found thee in the temple, and spake,
 Before the altar and the vested priest,
 Like things of thee to all that present stood.—
 This having heard, strait I again resolv'd
 The law and prophets, searching what was writ
 Concerning the Messiah, to our scribes 261
 Known partly, and soon found of whom they spake
 I am; this chiefly, that my way must lie
 Through many a hard assay, e'en to the death,
 Ere I the promis'd kingdom can attain, 265
 Or work redemption for mankind, whose sins
 Full weight must be transferr'd upon my head.
 Yet neither thus dishearten'd or dismay'd,
 The time prefix'd I waited, when behold
 The Baptist (of whose birth I oft had heard, 270
 Not knew by sight) now come, who was to come
 Before Messiah, and his way prepare.
 I as all others to his baptism came,
 Which I believ'd was from above; but he 274
 Strait knew me, and with loudest voice proclaim'd

Me him, (for it was shewn him to from heav'n,)
 Me him whose harbinger he was; and first
 Refus'd on me his baptism to confer,
 As much his greater, and was hardly won:
 But as I rose out of the laving stream, 280
 Heav'n open'd her eternal doors, from whence
 The Spirit descended on me like a dove,
 And last, the sum of all, my Father's voice,
 Audibly heard from heav'n, pronounc'd me his,
 Me his beloved Son, in whom alone 285
 He was well pleas'd; by which I knew the time
 Now full, that I no more should live obscure,
 But openly begin, as best becomes
 'Th' authority which I deriv'd from heav'n.
 And now by some strong motion I am led 290
 Into this wilderness; to what intent
 I learn not yet, perhaps I need not know;
 For what concerns my knowledge God reveals.—
 So spake our Morning Star, then in his rise,
 And, looking round on every side, beheld 295
 A pathless desert, dusk with horrid shades:
 The way he came not having mark'd, return
 Was difficult, by human steps untrod;
 And he still on was led, but with such thoughts
 Accompanied of things past and to come 300
 Lodg'd in his breast, as well might recommend
 Such solitude before choicest society.
 Full forty days he pass'd, whether on hill
 Sometimes, anon in shady vale, each night
 Under the covert of some ancient oak, 305
 Or cedar, to defend him from the dew,
 Or harbour'd in lone cave, is not reveal'd;
 Nor tasted human food, nor hunger felt
 Till those days ended, hunger'd then at last
 Among wild beasts: they at his sight grew mild, 310
 Nor sleeping him nor waking harm'd; his walk
 The fiery serpent fled, and noxious worm;
 The lion and fierce tiger glar'd aloof.
 But now an aged man, in rural weeds,
 Following, as seem'd, the quest of some stray ewe,

Or whither'd sticks to gather, which might serve 316
Against a winter's day, when winds blow keen,
To warm him, wet return'd from field at eve,
He saw approach, who first with curious eye
Perus'd him, then with words thus utter'd spake: 320

Sir, what ill chance hath brought thee to this place
So far from path or road of men, who pass
In troop or caravan? for single none
Durst ever, who return'd, and dropt not here
His carcase, pin'd with hunger and with drouth. 325
I ask thee rather, and the more admire,
For that to me thou seem'st the Man whom late
Our new baptizing Prophet at the ford
Of Jordan honour'd so, and call'd thee Son
Of God. I saw and heard; for we sometimes, 330
Who dwell this wild, constrain'd by want, come forth
To town or village nigh, (nighest is far,)
Where ought we hear, and curious are to hear,
What happens new: Fame also finds us out.

To whom the Son of God: Who brought me hither,
Will bring me hence; no other guide I seek. 336

By miracle he may, reply'd the swain;
What other way I see not; for we here
Live on tough roots and stubs, to thirst inur'd
More than the camel, and to drink go far, 340
Men to much misery and hardship born;
But if thou be the Son of God, command
That out of these hard stones be made thee bread,
So shalt thou save thyself, and us relieve
With food, whereof we wretched seldom taste. 345

He ended, and the Son of God reply'd:
Think'st thou such force in bread? Is it not written
(For I discern thee other than thou seem'st)
Man lives not by bread only, but each word
Proceeding from the mouth of God, who fed 350
Our fathers here with manna? In the mount
Moses was forty days, nor ate nor drank;
And forty days Elijah without food
Wander'd this barren waste; the same I now:

Why dost thou then suggest to me distrust, 355
 Knowing who I am, as I know who thou art?
 Whom thus answer'd th' Arch-fiend now undisguis'd:
 'Tis true, I am that Spirit unfortunate,
 Who, leagu'd with millions more, in rash revolt
 Kept not my happy station, but was driven 360
 With them from bliss to the bottomless deep;
 Yet to that hideous place not so confin'd
 By rigour unconniving, but that oft
 Leaving my dolorous prison, I enjoy
 Large liberty to round this globe of earth, 365
 Or range in th' air; nor from the heaven of heav'ns
 Hath he excluded my resort sometimes.
 I came among the sons of God, when he
 Gave up into my hands Uzzean Job
 To prove him, and illustrate his high worth; 370
 And when to all his angels he propos'd
 To draw the proud king Ahab into fraud,
 That he might fall in Ramoth, they demurring,
 I undertook that office, and the tongues
 Of all his flattering prophets glibb'd with lies 375
 To his destruction, as I had in charge;
 For what he bids I do: though I have lost
 Much lustre of my native brightness, lost
 To be belov'd of God, I have not lost
 To love, at least contemplate and admire 380
 What I see excellent in good, or fair,
 Or virtuous; I should so have lost all sense.
 What can be then less in me than desire
 To see thee and approach thee, whom I know
 Declar'd the Son of God, to hear attent 385
 Thy wisdom, and behold thy Godlike deeds?
 Men generally think me much a foe
 To all mankind: why should I? they to me
 Never did wrong or violence; by them
 I lost not what I lost; rather by them 390
 I gain'd what I have gain'd, and with them dwell
 Copartner in these regions of the world,
 If not disposer; lend them oft my aid,
 Oft my advice, by presages and signs,

And answers, oracles, portents and dreams,
Whereby they may direct their future life.

395

Envy they say excites me, thus to gain
Companions of my misery and woe.

At first it may be; but long since with woe
Nearer acquainted, now I feel, by proof,

400

That fellowship in pain divides not smart,
Nor lightens ought each man's peculiar load.

Small consolation then, were man adjoin'd:

This wounds me most, (what can it less?) that man,
Man fall'n shall be restor'd, I never more.

405

To whom our Saviour sternly thus reply'd:

Deservedly thou griev'st, compos'd of lies

From the beginning, and in lies wilt end;

Who boasts release from hell, and leave to come

Into the heav'n of heav'ns: thou com'st, indeed, 410
As a poor miserable captive thrall

Comes to the place where he before had sat

Among the prime in splendor, now depos'd,

Ejected, emptied, gaz'd, unpitied, shunn'd,

A spectacle of ruin or of scorn

415

To all the host of heav'n: the happy place

Imparts to thee no happiness, no joy,

Rather inflames thy torment, representing

Lost bliss, to thee no more communicable,

So never more in hell than when in heav'n.

420

But thou art serviceable to heav'n's king.

Wilt thou impute t' obedience what thy fear

Extorts, or pleasure to do ill excites?

What but thy malice mov'd thee to misdeem

Of righteous Job, then cruelly to afflict him

425

With all inflictions? but his patience won,

The other service was thy chosen task,

To be a liar in four hundred mouths;

For lying is thy sustenance, thy food.

Yet thou pretend'st to truth; all oracles

430

By thee are giv'n, and what confess'd more true

Among the nations? that hath been thy craft,

By mixing somewhat true to vent more lies.

But what have been thy answers, what but dark,

Ambiguous, and with double sense deluding, 435
 Which they who ask'd have seldom understood,
 And not well understood as good not known?
 Whoever by consulting at thy shrine
 Return'd the wiser, or the more instruct
 To fly or follow what concern'd him most, 440
 And run not sooner to his fatal snare?
 For God hath justly giv'n the nations up
 To thy delusions; justly since they fell
 Idolatrous: but when his purpose is
 Among them to declare his providence 445
 To thee not known, whence hast thou then thy truth
 But from him, or his angels president
 In every province? who themselves disdaining
 To approach thy temples, give thee in command
 What to the smallest tittle thou shalt say 450
 To thy adorers; thou, with trembling fear,
 Or, like a fawning Parasite, obey'st;
 Then to thyself ascrib'st the truth foretold.
 But this thy glory shall be soon retrench'd;
 No more shalt thou by oracling abuse 455
 The Gentiles; henceforth oracles are ceas'd,
 And thou no more with pomp and sacrifice
 Shalt be enquir'd at Delphos, or elsewhere;
 At least in vain, for they shall find thee mute.
 God hath now sent his Living Oracle 460
 Into the world to teach his final will,
 And sends his Spirit of Truth henceforth to dwell
 In pious hearts, an inward oracle
 To all truth requisite for men to know.
 So spake our Saviour; but the subtle Fiend, 465
 Though inly stung with anger and disdain,
 Dissembled, and this answer smooth return'd:
 Sharply thou hast insisted on rebuke,
 And urg'd me hard with doings, which not will
 But misery hath wrested from me: where 470
 Easily canst thou find one miserable,
 And not enforc'd oft-times to part from truth;
 If it may stand him more in stead to lie,
 Say and unsay, feign, flatter, or abjure?

But thou art plac'd above me, thou art Lord ; 475

From thee I can and must submit endure

Check or reproof, and glad to 'scape so quit.

Hard are the ways of Truth, and rough to walk,

Smooth on the tongue discours'd, pleasing to th' ear,

And tuneable as sylvan pipe or song ; 480

What wonder then if I delight to hear

Her dictates from thy mouth ? Most men admire

Virtue, who follow not her lore : permit me

To hear thee when I come (since no man comes)

And talk at least, though I despair to attain. 485

Thy Father, who is holy, wise and pure,

Suffers the hypocrite or atheous priest

To tread his sacred courts, and minister

About his altar, handling holy things,

Praying or vowing, and vouchsaf'd his voice 490

To Balaam reprobate, a prophet yet

Inspir'd ; disdain not such access to me.

To whom our Saviour with unalter'd brow :

Thy coming hither, though I know thy scope,

I bid not or forbid ; do as thou find'st 495

Permission from above ; thou canst not more.

He added not ; and Satan, bowing low,

His grey dissimulation, disappear'd,

Into thin air diffus'd : for now began

Night with her sullen wings to double-shade 500

The desert ; fowls in their clay nests were couch'd ;

And now wild beasts came forth the woods to roam.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.



PARADISE REGAIN'D.

BOOK II.

MEANWHILE the new baptiz'd, who yet remain'd
 At Jordan with the Baptist, and had seen
 Him whom they heard so late expressly call'd
 Jesus, Messiah, Son of God declar'd,
 And on that high authority had believ'd, 5
 And with him talk'd, and with him lodg'd, (I mean
 Andrew and Simon, famous after known,
 With others, though in holy writ not nam'd,)
 Now missing him, their joy so lately found,
 So lately found, and so abruptly gone, 10
 Began to doubt, and doubted many days,
 And as the days increas'd, increas'd their doubt:
 Sometimes they thought he might be only shown,
 And for a time caught up to God, as once
 Moses was in the mount, and missing long; 15
 And the great Thibite, who on fiery wheels
 Rode up to heav'n, yet once again to come.
 Therefore as those young prophets then with care
 Sought lost Elijah, so in each place these
 Nigh to Bethabara; in Jericho, 20
 The city of Palms, Ænon, and Salem old,
 Machærus, and each town or city wall'd
 On this side the broad lake Genezaret,
 Or in Peræa; but return'd in vain.
 Then on the bank of Jordan, by a creek, 25
 Where winds with reeds and osiers whisp'ring play,
 Plain fishermen, no greater men them call,
 Close in a cottage low together got,
 Their unexpected loss and plaints out breath'd.
 Alas, from what high hope to what relapse 30
 Unlook'd for are we fall'n! our eyes beheld
 Messiah certainly now come, so long
 Expected of our fathers; we have heard
 His words, his wisdom, full of grace and truth;
 Now, now, for sure, deliverance is at hand, 35
 The kingdom shall to Israel be restor'd.

Thus we rejoic'd, but soon our joy is turn'd
 Into perplexity and new amaze :
 For whither is he gone, what accident
 Hath wrapt him from us ? will he now retire 40
 After appearance, and again prolong
 Our expectation ? God of Israel,
 Send thy Messiah forth, the time is come.
 Behold the kings of th' earth how they oppress
 Thy chosen, to what height their power unjust 45
 They have exalted, and behind them cast
 All fear of thee : arise, and vindicate
 Thy glory, free thy people from their yoke.
 But let us wait ; thus far he hath perform'd,
 Sent his Anointed, and to us reveal'd him, 50
 By his great Prophet, pointed at and shown
 In public, and with him we have convers'd ;
 Let us be glad of this, and all our fears
 Lay on his Providence ; he will not fail,
 Nor will withdraw him now, nor will recal, 55
 Mock us with his blest sight, then snatch him hence ;
 Soon we shall see our hope, our joy, return.

Thus they out of their complaints new hope resume
 To find whom at the first they found unsought :
 But to his mother Mary, when she saw 60
 Others return'd from baptism, not her son,
 Nor left at Jordan tidings of him none, [pure,
 Within her breast, though calm, her breast, though
 Motherly cares and fears got head, and rais'd
 Some troubled thoughts, which she in sighs thus clad :

O what avails me now that honour high 66
 To have conceiv'd of God, or that salute,
 Hail highly favour'd, among women blest !
 While I to sorrows am no less advanc'd,
 And fears as eminent, above the lot 70
 Of other women, by the birth I bore,
 In such a season born, when scarce a shed
 Could be obtain'd to shelter him and me
 From the bleak air ; a stable was our warmth,
 A manger his ; yet soon enforc'd to fly 75
 Thence into Egypt, till the murd'rous king

Were dead, who sought his life, and missing fill'd
 With infant blood the streets of Bethlehem :
 From Egypt home return'd, in Nazareth
 Hath been our dwelling many years ; his life 80
 Private, unactive, calm, contemplative,
 Little suspicious to any king ; but now
 Full grown to man, acknowledg'd, as I hear,
 By John the Baptist, and in public shown,
 Son own'd from heaven by his Father's voice ; 85
 I look'd for some great change : to honour ? no,
 But trouble, as old Simeon plain foretold,
 That to the fall and rising he should be
 Of many in Israel, and to a sign
 Spoken against, that through my very soul 90
 A sword shall pierce : This is my favour'd lot,
 My exaltations to afflictions high :
 Afflicted I may be, it seems, and blest :
 I will not argue that, nor will repine :
 But where delays he now ? some great intent 95
 Conceals him. When twelve years he scarce had seen,
 I lost him, but so found, as well I saw
 He could not lose himself ; but went about
 His father's business ; what he meant I mus'd,
 Since understand ; much more his absence now 100
 Thus long to some great purpose he obscures.
 But I to wait with patience am inur'd ;
 My heart hath been a store-house long of things
 And say'ngs laid up, portending strange events.
 Thus Mary, pond'ring oft, and oft to mind 105
 Recalling what remarkably had pass'd
 Since first her salutation heard, with thoughts
 Meekly compos'd awaited the fulfilling ;
 The while her Son tracing the desert wild,
 Sole, but with holiest meditations fed, 110
 Into himself descended, and at once
 All his great work to come before him set ;
 How to begin, how to accomplish best
 His end of being on earth, and mission high :
 For Satan with sly preface to return 115
 Had left him vacant, and with speed was gone

Up to the middle region of thick air,
 Where all his potentates in council sat;
 There, without sign of boast, or sign of joy,
 Solicitous and blank, he thus began: 120

Princes, Heav'n's ancient Sons, etherial thrones,
 Demonian Spirits now, from th' element
 Each of his reign allotted, rightlier call'd
 Powers of Fire, Air, Water, and Earth beneath,
 So may we hold our place and these mild seats 125
 Without new trouble; such an enemy

Is risen to invade us, who no less
 Threatens than our expulsion down to hell.
 I, as I undertook, and with the vote
 Consenting in full frequency was impower'd, 130

Have found him, view'd him, tasted him, but find
 Far other labour to be undergone
 Than when I dealt with Adam, first of men.
 Though Adam by his wife's allurements fell,
 However to this Man inferior far, 135

If he be man by mother's side at least,
 With more than human gifts from heav'n adorn'd,
 Perfections absolute, graces divine,
 And amplitude of mind to greatest deeds:
 Therefore I am return'd, lest confidence 140

Of my success with Eve in Paradise
 Deceive ye to persuasion over-sure
 Of like succeeding here; I summon all
 Rather to be in readiness, with hand
 Or council to assist; lest I, who erst 145
 Thought none my equal, now be over-match'd.

So spake th' old Serpent doubting, and from all
 With clamour was assur'd their utmost aid
 At his command; when from amidst them rose
 Belial, the dissolute'st sp'rit that fell, 150
 The sensualest, and after Asmodai,
 The fleshliest incubus, and thus advis'd:

Set women in his eye, and in his walk,
 Among daughters of men the fairest found;
 Many are in each region passing fair
 As the noon sky; more like to goddesses. 155

Than mortal creatures, graceful and discreet,
 Expert in amorous arts, enchanting tongues
 Persuasive, virgin majesty with mild
 And sweet allay'd, yet terrible to approach, 160
 Skill'd to retire, and in retiring draw
 Hearts after them tangled in amorous nets.
 Such object has the pow'r to soft'n and tame
 Severest temper, smooth the rugged'st brow,
 Enerve, and with voluptuous hope dissolve, 165
 Draw out with credulous desire, and lead
 At will the manliest, resolute'st breast,
 As the magnetic hardest iron draws.
 Women, when nothing else, beguil'd the heart
 Of wisest Solomon, and made him build, 170
 And made him bow to the gods of his wives.
 To whom quick answer Satan thus return'd :
 Belial, in much uneven scale thou weigh'st
 All others by thyself: because of old
 Thou thyself doat'st on woman kind, admiring 175
 Their shape, their colour, and attracting grace,
 None are, thou think'st, but taken with such toys.
 Before the flood, thou with thy lusty crew,
 False titled sons of God, roaming the earth,
 Cast wanton eyes on the daughters of men, 180
 And coupled with them, and begot a race.
 Have we not seen, or by relation heard,
 In courts and regal chambers how thou lurk'st,
 In wood, or grove, by mossy fountain side,
 In valley, or green meadow, to way-lay 185
 Some beauty rare, Calisto, Clymene,
 Daphne, or Semele, Antiopa,
 Or Anymone, Syrinx, many more:
 Too long, then lay'st thy scapes on names ador'd,
 Apollo, Neptune, Jupiter, or Pan, 190
 Satyr, or Faun, or Sylvan? But these haunts
 Delight not all; among the sons of men,
 How many have with a smile made small account
 Of beauty and her lures, easily scorn'd
 All her assaults, on worthier things intent? 195
 Remember that Pellean conqueror,

A youth, how all the beauties of the east
 He slightly view'd, and slightly overpass'd:
 How he furnam'd of Africa, dismiss'd,
 In his prime youth, the fair Iberian maid. 200
 For Solomon, he liv'd at ease, and full
 Of honour, wealth, high fare, aim'd not beyond
 Higher design than to enjoy his state;
 Thence to the bait of women lay expos'd:
 But he whom we attempt is wiser far 205
 Than Solomon, of more exalted mind,
 Made and set wholly on th' accomplishment
 Of greatest things: what women will you find,
 Though of this age the wonder and the fame,
 On whom his leisure will vouchsafe an eye 210
 Of fond desire? or should she, confident,
 As sitting queen ador'd on beauty's throne,
 Descend with all her winning charms begirt
 To enamour, as the zone of Venus once
 Wrought that effect on Jove, so fables tell; 215
 How would one look from his majestic brow
 Seated as on the top of Virtue's hill,
 Discount'nance her despis'd, and put to rout
 All her array; her female pride deject,
 Or turn to reverent awe; for beauty stands 220
 In th' admiration only of weak minds
 Led captive; cease to admire, and all her plumes
 Fall flat, and shrink into a trivial toy,
 At every sudden slighting quite abash'd:
 Therefore, with manlier objects we must try 225
 His constancy, with such as have more show
 Of worth, of honour, glory, and popular praise;
 Rocks whereon greatest men have ofttest wreck'd;
 Or that which only seems to satisfy
 Lawful desires of nature, not beyond: 230
 And now I know he hungers where no food
 Is to be found, in the wide wilderness:
 The rest commit to me, I shall let pass
 No' advantage, and his strength as oft assay.
 He ceas'd, and heard their grant in loud acclaim;
 Then forthwith to him takes a chosen band 236

Of spirits likest to himself in guile
 To be at hand, and at his beck appear,
 If cause were to unfold some active scene
 Of various persons; each to know his part; 240
 Then to the desert takes with these his flight;
 Where still from shade to shade the Son of God
 After forty days fasting had remain'd,
 Now hung'ring first, and to himself thus said:

Where will this end? Four times ten days I've pass'd
 Wand'ring this woody maze, and human food 246
 Nor tasted, nor had appetite; that fast
 To virtue I impute not, or count part
 Of what I suffer here; if Nature need not,
 Or God support Nature without repast, 250
 Though needing, what praise is it to endure?
 But now I feel I hunger, which declares
 Nature hath need of what she asks; yet God
 Can satisfy that need some other way,
 Though hunger still remain: so it remain 255
 Without this body's wasting, I content me,
 And from the sting of famine fear no harm,
 Nor mind it, fed with better thoughts, that feed
 Me hung'ring more to do my Father's will.

It was the hour of night, when thus the Son 260
 Commun'd in silent walk, then laid him down,
 Under the hospitable covert nigh
 Of trees thick interwoven; there he slept,
 And dream'd, as appetite is wont to dream,
 Of meats and drinks, Nature's refreshment sweet; 265
 Him thought, he by the brook of Cherith stood,
 And saw the ravens with their horny beaks
 Food to Elijah bringing ev'n and morn, [brought:
 Though ravenous, taught to abstain from what they
 He saw the Prophet also how he fled 270
 Into the desert, and how there he slept
 Under a juniper; then how awak'd
 He found his supper on the coals prepar'd,
 And by the angel was bid rise and eat,
 And eat the second time after repose, 275
 The strength whereof suffic'd him forty days;

Sometimes that with Elijah he partook,
Or as a guest with Daniel at his pulse.
Thus wore out night ; and now the herald lark
Left his ground nest, high tow'ring to descry 280
The Morn's approach, and greet her with his song :
As lightly from his grassy couch up rose
Our Saviour, and found all was but a dream,
Fasting he went to sleep, and fasting wak'd :
Up to a hill anon his steps he rear'd, 285
From whose high top to ken the prospect round,
If cottage were in view, sheep-cote or herd ;
But cottage, herd, or sheep-cote, none he saw ;
Only in a bottom saw a pleasant grove,
With chaunt of tuneful birds resounding loud : 290
Thither he bent his way, determin'd there
To rest at noon, and enter'd soon the shade
High rooft, and walks beneath, and alleys brown,
That open'd in the midst a woody scene :
Nature's own work it seem'd, (Nature taught Art,)
And to a superstitious eye the haunt 296
Of wood-gods, and wood-nymphs : he view'd it round,
When suddenly a man before him stood ;
Not rustic, as before, but seemlier clad,
As one in city, or court, or palace bred, 300
And with fair speech these words to him address'd :
With granted leave officious I return,
But much more wonder that the Son of God
In this wild solitude so long should bide
Of all things destitute, and well I know 305
Not without hunger. Others of some note,
As story tells, have trod this wilderness ;
The fugitive bond-woman with her son,
Out-cast Nabaioth, yet found here relief
By a providing angel ; all the race 310
Of Israel here had famish'd, had not God
Rain'd from Heav'n manna ; and that prophet bold,
Native of Thebez, wand'ring here, was fed
Twice by a voice inviting him to eat :
Of thee these forty days none hath regard, 315
Forty and more deserted here indeed.

To whom thus Jesus : What conclud'st thou hence ?
They all had need, as I thou seest have none.

How hast thou hunger then ? Satan reply'd :
Tell me if food were now before thee set, 320
Would'st thou not eat ? Thereafter as I like
The giver, answer'd Jesus. Why should that
Cause thy refusal ? said the subtle Fiend.
Hast thou not right to all created things ?
Owe not all creatures by just right to thee 325
Duty and service, not to stay till bid,
But tender all their pow'r ? Nor mention I
Meats by the law unclean, or offer'd first
To idols, those young Daniel could refuse ;
Nor proffer'd by an enemy ; though who 330
Would scruple that, with want oppress'd ? Behold
Nature asham'd, or better to express,
Troubled, that thou should'st hunger, hath purvey'd
From all the elements her choicest store
To treat thee as beseems, and as her Lord 335
With honour, only deign'd to sit and eat.

He spake no dream ; for as his words had end, }
Our Saviour, lifting up his eyes, beheld
In ample space, under the broadest shade,
A table richly spread, in regal mode, 340
With dishes pil'd, and meats of noblest sort
And favour, beasts of chace, or fowl of game,
In pastry built, or from the spit, or boil'd,
Gris amber steam'd ; all fish from sea or shore,
Freshet, or purling brook, of shell or fin, 345
And exquisitest name, for which was drain'd
Pontus, and Lucrine bay, and Afric coast.
Alas ! how simple, to these cates compar'd,
Was that crude apple that diverted Eve !
And at a stately side-board, by the wine, 350
That fragrant smell diffus'd, in order stood
Tall stripling youths, rich clad, of fairer hue
Than Ganymede or Hylas ; distant more
Under the trees now tripp'd, now solemn stood,
Nymphs of Diana's train, and Naiades 355
With fruits and flow'rs from Amalthea's horn,

And ladies of th' Helperides, that seem'd,
 Fairer than feign'd of old, or fabled since
 Of fairy damsels met in forest wide
 By knights of Logres, or of Lyones, 360
 Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore :
 And all the while harmonious airs were heard
 Of chiming strings, or charming pipes ; and winds
 Of gentlest gale Arabian odours fann'd 364
 From their soft wings, and Flora's earliest smells.
 Such was the splendour, and the Tempter now
 His invitation earnestly renew'd.

What doubts the Son of God to sit and eat ?
 These are not fruits forbidden ; no interdict
 Defends the touching of these viands pure ; 370
 Their taste no knowledge works at least of evil,
 But life preserves, destroys life's enemy,
 Hunger, with sweet restorative delight.
 All these are spirits of air, and woods, and springs,
 Thy gentle ministers, who come to pay 375
 Thee homage, and acknowledge thee their Lord :
 What doubt'st thou, Son of God ? sit down and eat.

To whom thus Jesus temp'rately reply'd :
 Said'st thou not that to all things I had right ?
 And who withholds my pow'r that right to use : 380
 Shall I receive by gift what of my own,
 When and where likes me best, I can command ?
 I can at will, doubt not, as soon as thou,
 Command a table in this wilderness,
 And call swift flights of angels ministrant 385
 Array'd in glory on my cup t' attend :
 Why shouldst thou then obtrude this diligence,
 In vain, where no acceptance it can find ?
 And with my hunger what hast thou to do ?
 Thy pompous delicacies I contemn, 390
 And count thy specious gifts no gifts, but guiles.

To whom thus answer'd Satan malecontent :
 That I have also pow'r to give thou seest ;
 If of that power I bring thee voluntary
 What I might have bestow'd on whom I pleas'd, 395
 And rather opportunely in this place

Chose to impart to thy apparent need,
 Why should thou not accept it? But I see
 What I can do or offer is suspect;
 Of these things others quickly will dispose, 400
 Whose pains have earn'd the far fet spoil. With that
 Both table and provision vanish'd quite
 With sound of Harpies' wings, and talons heard;
 Only th' importune Tempter still remain'd,
 And with these words his temptation pursu'd: 405
 By hunger, that each other creature tames,
 Thou art not to be harm'd; therefore not mov'd:
 Thy temperance invincible besides,
 For no allurement yields to appetite,
 And all thy heart is set on high designs, 410
 High actions; but wherewith to be achiev'd?
 Great acts require great means of enterprise;
 Thou art unknown, unfriended, low of birth,
 A carpenter thy father known, thyself
 Bred up in poverty, and straits at home, 415
 Lost in a desert here, and hunger-bit:
 Which way or from what hope dost thou aspire
 To greatness? whence authority deriv'd?
 What followers, what retinue, canst thou gain,
 Or at thy heels the dizzy multitude, 420
 Longer than thou canst feed them on thy cost?
 Money brings honour, friends, conquest, and realms.
 What rais'd Antipater, the Edomite,
 And his son Herod plac'd on Juda's throne, 424
 (Thy throne) but gold, that got him puissant friends?
 Therefore, if at great things thou would'st arrive,
 Get riches first, get wealth, and treasure heap,
 Not difficult, if thou hearken to me:
 Riches are mine, Fortune is in my hand;
 They whom I favour thrive in wealth amain, 430
 While Virtue, Valour, Wisdom, sit in want.
 To whom thus Jesus patiently reply'd:
 Yet wealth without these three is impotent
 To gain dominion, or to keep it gain'd.
 Witness those ancient empires of the earth, 435
 In height of all their flowing wealth dissolv'd:

V
II II

Λ Λ

V V V

II II II

But men endu'd with these have oft attain'd
 In lowest poverty to highest deeds ;
 Gideon, and Jephtha, and the shepherd lad,
 Whose offspring on the throne of Judah sat 440
 So many ages, and shall yet regain
 That seat, and reign in Israel without end.
 Among the Heathen, (for throughout the world
 To me is not unknown what hath been done
 Worthy of memorial) canst thou not remember 445
 Quintius, Fabricius, Curius, Regulus ?
 For I esteem those names of men so poor
 Who could do mighty things, and could contemn
 Riches, though offer'd from the hand of kings.
 And what in me seems wanting, but that I 450
 May also in this poverty as soon
 Accomplish what they did, perhaps, and more ?
 Extol not riches then, the toil of fools,
 The wise man's cumbrance, if not snare, more apt
 To slacken virtue, and abate her edge, 455
 Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise.
 What if with like aversion I reject
 Riches and realms ; yet not for that a crown,
 Golden in show, is but a wreath of thorns,
 Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights,
 To him who wears the regal diadem, 460
 When on his shoulders each man's burthen lies ;
 For therein stands the office of a king,
 His honour, virtue, merit, and chief praise,
 That for the public all this weight he bears. 465
 Yet he who reigns within himself, and rules
 Passions, desires, and fears, is more a king ;
 Which every wise and virtuous man attains :
 And who attains not, ill aspires to rule
 Cities of men, or headstrong multitudes, 470
 Subject himself to anarchy within,
 Or lawless passions in him which he serves.
 But to guide nations in the way of truth
 By saving doctrine, and from error lead
 To know, and knowing, worship God aright, 475
 Is yet more kingly : this attracts the soul,

Governs the inner man, the nobler part;
 That other o'er the body only reigns,
 And oft by force, which to a generous mind
 So reigning can be no sincere delight. 480
 Besides, to give a kingdom hath been thought
 Greater and nobler done, and to lay down
 Far more magnanimous than to assume.
 Riches are needless then, both for themselves,
 And for thy reason why they should be sought, 485
 To gain a sceptre, ofttest better miss'd.

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

PARADISE REGAIN'D.

BOOK III.

SO spake the Son of God, and Satan stood
 A while as mute, confounded what to say,
 What to reply, confuted, and convinc'd
 Of his weak arguing, and fallacious drift;
 At length collecting all his serpent wiles, 5
 With soothing words renew'd, him thus accosts:
 I see thou know'st what is of use to know,
 What best to say canst say, to do canst do;
 Thy actions to thy words accord, thy words
 To thy large heart give utterance due, thy heart 10
 Contains of good, wise, just, the perfect shape.
 Should kings and nations from thy mouth consult,
 Thy council would be as the oracle
 Urim and Thummim, those oraculous gems
 On Aaron's breast; or tongue of seers old, 15
 Infallible: or wert thou sought to deeds
 That might require th' array of war, thy skill
 Of conduct would be such, that all the world
 Could not sustain thy prowess, or subsist
 In battle, though against thy few in arms. 20
 These God-like virtues wherefore dost thou hide,
 Affecting private life, or more obscure
 In savage wilderness? wherefore deprive

All earth her wonder at thy acts, thyself
 The fame and glory, glory the reward 25
 That sole excites to high attempts, the flame
 Of most erected spirits, most temper'd pure
 Ethereal, who all pleasures else despise,
 All treasures and all gain esteem as dross,
 And dignities and powers all but the highest? 30
 Thy years are ripe, and over-ripe; the son
 Of Macedonian Philip had ere these
 Won Asia, and the throne of Cyrus held
 At his dispose; young Scipio had brought down
 The Carthaginian pride: young Pompey quell'd 35
 The Pontic king, and in triumph had rode.
 Yet years, and to ripe years judgment mature,
 Quench not the thirst of glory, but augment.
 Great Julius, whom now all the world admires,
 The more he grew in years, the more inflam'd 40
 With glory, wept that he had liv'd so long
 Inglorious: but thou yet art not too late.

To whom our Saviour calmly thus reply'd:
 Thou neither dost persuade me to seek wealth
 For empire's sake, nor empire to affect 45
 For glory's sake, by all thy argument.
 For what is glory but the blaze of fame,
 The people's praise, if always praise unmix'd?
 And what the people but a herd confus'd, 49
 A miscellaneous rabble, who extol [praise?
 Things vulgar, and, well weigh'd, scarce worth the
 They praise, and they admire they known not what,
 And know not whom, but as one leads the other;
 And what delight to be by such extoll'd,
 To live upon their tongues, and be their talk, 55
 Of whom to be disprais'd were no small praise?
 His lot who dares be singularly good,
 Th' intelligent among them and the wise
 Are few, and glory scarce of few is rais'd.
 This is true glory and renown, when God, 60
 Looking on th' earth, with approbation marks
 The just man, and divulges him through heav'n
 To all his angels, who with true applause

Recount his praises : thus he did to Job,
 When, to extend his fame through heav'n and earth,
 As thou to thy reproach may'st well remember, 66
 He ask'd thee, Hast thou seen my servant Job ?
 Famous he was in heav'n, on earth less known ;
 Where glory is false glory attributed
 To things not glorious, men not worthy of fame.
 They err who count it glorious to subdue 71
 By conquest far and wide, to over-run
 Large countries, and in field great battles win,
 Great cities by assault : what do these worthies,
 But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave 75
 Peaceable nations, neighb'ring or remote,
 Made captive, yet deserving freedom more
 Than those their conquerors, who leave behind
 Nothing but ruin wheresoe'er they rove,
 And all the flourishing works of peace destroy, 80
 Then swell with pride, and must be titled Gods,
 Great benefactors of mankind, deliverers,
 Worshipt with temple, priest, and sacrifice ?
 One is the son of Jove, of Mars the other ;
 Till conquer'd Death discover them scarce men 85
 Rolling in brutish vices, and deform'd,
 Violent or shameful death their due reward.
 But if there be in glory ought of good,
 It may by means far different be attain'd,
 Without ambition, war, or violence ; 90
 By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,
 By patience, temperance : I mention still
 Him whom thy wrongs, with saintly patience borne,
 Made famous in a land and times obscure ;
 Who names not now with honour patient Job ? 95
 Poor Socrates, (who next more memorable ?)
 By what he taught, and suffer'd for so doing,
 For truth's sake suffering death unjust, lives now
 Equal in fame to proudest conquerors.
 Yet if for fame and glory aught be done, 100
 Aught suffer'd ; if young African for fame
 His wasted country freed from Punic rage,
 The deed becomes unprais'd, the man at least,

AWA AWA
 VAW VAW
 eee eee
 eee eee
 AWA AWA AWA
 VAW VAW VAW

And loses, though but verbal, his reward.
 Shall I seek glory then, as vain men seek, 105
 Oft not deserv'd? I seek not mine, but his
 Who sent me, and thereby witness whence I am.

To whom the Tempter murm'ring thus reply'd:
 Think not so slight of glory; therein least
 Resembling thy great Father: he seeks glory, 110
 And for his glory all things made, all things
 Orders and governs; nor content in heav'n,
 By all his angels glorify'd, requires
 Glory from men, from all men, good or bad,
 Wise or unwise, no difference, no exemption; 115
 Above all sacrifice, or hollow'd gift,
 Glory he requires, and glory he receives
 Promiscuous from all nations, Jew, or Greek,
 Or barbarous, nor exception hath declar'd;
 From us his foes pronounc'd glory he exacts. 120

To whom our Saviour fervently reply'd:
 And reason, since his word all things produc'd,
 Though chiefly not for glory as prime end,
 But to show forth his goodness, and impart
 His good communicable to every soul 125
 Freely; of whom what could he less expect
 Than glory and benediction, that is, thanks,
 The slightest, easiest, readiest recompence
 From them who could return him nothing else,
 And not returning that, would likeliest render 130
 Contempt instead, dishonour, obloquy?

Hard recompence, unsuitable return
 For so much good, so much beneficence.
 But why should man seek glory, who of his own
 Hath nothing, and to whom nothing belongs, 135
 But condemnation, ignominy, and shame?
 Who, for so many benefits receiv'd,
 Turn'd recreant to God, ingrate and false,
 And so of all true good himself despoil'd;
 Yet sacrilegious, to himself would take 140
 That which to God alone of right belongs;
 Yet so much bounty is in God, such grace,

That who advance his glory, not their own,
Them he himself to glory will advance.

So spake the Son of God : and here again 145
Satan had not to answer, but stood struck
With guilt of his own sin, for he himself,
Insatiable of glory, had lost all,
Yet of another plea bethought him soon.

Of glory, as thou wilt, said he, so deem ; 150
Worth or not worth the seeking, let it pass :
But to a kingdom thou art born, ordain'd
To sit upon thy father David's throne ;
By mother's side thy father ; though thy right
Be now in powerful hands, that will not part 155
Easily from possession won with arms :
Judæa now, and all the promis'd land,
Reduc'd a province under Roman yoke,
Obeys Tiberius : nor is always rul'd
With temp'rate sway ; oft have they violated 160
The temple, oft the law with foul affronts,
Abominations rather, as did once
Antiochus : and think'st thou to regain
Thy right by sitting still or thus retiring ?
So did not Maccabæus : he indeed 165
Retir'd unto the desert, but with arms ;
And o'er a mighty king so oft prevail'd,
That by strong hand his family obtain'd,
Though priests, the crown, and David's throne usurp'd,
With Modin and her suburbs once content. 170

If kingdom move thee not, let move thee zeal
And duty ; zeal and duty are not slow ;
But on occasion's forelock watchful wait.
They themselves rather are occasion best,
Zeal of thy Father's house, duty to free 175
Thy country from her heathen servitude ;
So shalt thou best fulfil, best verify
The Prophets old, who sung their endless reign ;
The happier reign the sooner it begins : 179
Reign then ; what canst thou better do the while ?

To whom our Saviour answer thus return'd :
All things are best fulfill'd in their due time,

And time there is for all things, truth hath said :
If of my reign prophetic writ hath told
That it shall never end, so when begin 185
The Father in his purpose hath decreed,
He in whose hand all times and seasons roll.
What if he hath decreed that I shall first
Be try'd in humble state, and things adverse,
By tribulations, injuries, insults, 190
Contempts, and scorns, and snares, and violence,
Suffering, abstaining, quietly expecting,
Without distrust or doubt, that he may know
What I can suffer, how obey? Who best
Can suffer, best can do; best reign, who first 195
Well hath obey'd; just trial ere I merit
My exaltation without change or end.
But what concerns it thee when I begin
My everlasting kingdom, why art thou
Solicitous, what moves thy inquisition? 200
Know'st thou not that my rising is thy fall,
And my promotion will be thy destruction?
To whom the Tempter, inly rack'd, reply'd:
Let that come when it comes; all hope is lost
Of my reception into grace; what worse? 205
For where no hope is left, is left no fear:
If there be worse, the expectation more
Of worse torments me than the feeling can.
I would be at the worst; worst is my port,
My harbour, and my ultimate repose, 210
The end I would attend, my final good,
My error was my error, and my crime
My crime; whatever for itself condemn'd,
And will alike be punish'd, whether thou
Reign or reign not; though to that gentle brow 215
Willingly I could fly, and hope thy reign,
From that placid aspect and meek regard,
Rather than aggravate my evil state,
Would stand between me and thy father's ire,
(Whose ire I dread more than the fire of hell,) 220
A shelter, and a kind of shading cool
Interposition, as a summer's cloud.

If I then to the worst that can be haite,
 Why move thy feet so slow to what is best,
 Happiest both to thyself and all the world, 225
 That thou who worthiest art should'st be their king?
 Perhaps thou linger'st in deep thoughts detain'd
 Of th' enterprise so hazardous and high;
 No wonder; for though in thee be united
 What of perfection can in man be found, 230
 Or human nature can receive, consider
 Thy life hath yet been private, most part spent
 At home, scarce view'd the Galilean towns,
 And once a year Jerusalem, few days 234
 Short sojourn; and what thence could'st thou observe?
 The world thou hast not seen, much less her glory,
 Empires, and monarchs, and their radiant courts,
 Best school of best experience, quickest insight
 In all things that to greatest actions lead.
 The wisest, unexperienc'd, will be ever 240
 Timorous and loath, with novice modesty,
 (As he who seeking asses found a kingdom,)
 Irresolute, unhardy, unadventurous:
 But I will bring thee where thou soon shalt quit
 Those rudiments, and see before thine eyes 245
 The monarchies of th' earth, their pomp and state,
 Sufficient introduction to inform
 Thee, of thyself so apt, in regal arts,
 And regal mysteries, that thou may'st know
 How best their opposition to withstand, 250
 With that (such power was giv'n him then) he took
 The Son of God up to a mountain high.
 It was a mountain at whose verdant feet
 A spacious plain, out-stretch'd in circuit wide,
 Lay pleasant; from his side two rivers flow'd, 255
 Th' one winding, th' other strait, and left between
 Fair champain with less rivers interven'd,
 Then meeting join'd their tribute to the sea:
 Fertile of corn the glebe, of oil and wine; 259
 With herds the pastures throng'd, with flocks the hills;
 Huge cities and high tower'd, that well might seem
 The seats of mightiest monarchs; and so large

The prospect was, that here and there was room
For barren desert, fountainless and dry.

264

To this high mountain top the Temper brought
Our Saviour, and new train of words began.

Well have we speeded, and o'er hill and dale,
Forest, and field, and flood, temples and towers,
Cut shorter many a league; here thou behold'st
Assyria and her empire's ancient bounds,

270

Araxes and the Caspian lake; thence on
As far as Indus east, Euphrates west,
And oft beyond; to south the Persian bay,
And inaccessible th' Arabian drouth:

Here Nineveh, of length within her wall
Several days journey, built by Ninus old,

275

Of that first golden monarchy the seat,
And seat of Salmanassar, whose success
Israel in long captivity still mourns;

There Babylon, the wonder of all tongues,
As ancient, but rebuilt by him who twice

280

Judah and all thy father David's house
Led captive, and Jerusalem laid waste,

Till Cyrus set them free; Persepolis

His city there thou seest, and Baetra there;

285

Ecbatana her structure vast there shows,

And Hecatompylos her hundred gates;

There Susa by Choaspes, amber stream,

The drink of none but kings: of later fame,

Built by Emathian, or by Parthian hands,

290

The great Selucia, Nisibis; and there

Artaxata, Teredon, Ctesiphon,

Turning with easy eye thou may'st behold.

All these the Parthian, now some ages past,

By great Arsaces led, who founded first

295

That empire, under his dominion holds,

From the luxurious kings of Antioch won.

And just in time thou com'st to have a view

Of his great power; for now the Parthian king

In Ctesiphon hath gather'd all his host

300

Against the Scythian, whose incursions wild

Have wasted Sogdiana; to her aid

He marches now in haste ; see, though from far,
His thousands, in what martial equipage
They issue forth, steel bows and shafts their arms ;
Of equal dread in flight, or in pursuit ; 306
All horsemen, in which fight they most excel ;
See how in warlike muster they appear,
In rhombs and wedges, and half-moons, and wings.

He lock'd, and saw what numbers numberless
The city gates out-pour'd, light arm'd troops 311
In coats of mail and military pride;
In mail their horses clad, yet fleet and strong,
Prancing their riders bore, the flower and choice
Of many provinces from bound to bound; 315
From Arachofia; from Candaor east,
And Margiana to the Hyrcanian cliffs
Of Caucasus, and dark Iberian dales;
From Atropatia, and the neighb'ring planes
Of Adiabene, Media, and the south 320
Of Susiana, to Balsara's haven,

He saw them in their forms of battle rang'd,
How quick they wheel'd, and flying behind them shot
Sharp fleet of arrowy showers against the face
Of their pursuers, and overcame by flight; 325

The field all iron cast a gleaming brown :
Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor on each horn
Cuirassiers all in steel for standing fight,
Chariots or elephants indors'd with towers
Of archers, nor of lab'ring pioneers

A multitude, with spades and axes arm'd
To lay hills plain, fell woods, or valleys fill,
Or where plain was raise hill, or overlay
With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke;
Mules after these, camels and dromedaries,
And waggons fraught with utensils of war.

Such forces met not, nor so wide a camp,
When Agrican with all his northern powers
Besieg'd Albracca, as romances tell,
The city of Gallaphrone, from whence to win
The fairest of her sex Angelica
His daughter, sought by many prowest knights,

Both Paynim, and the peers of Charlemaine.
Such and so numerous was their chivalry ;
At sight whereof the Fiend yet more presum'd, 345
And to our Saviour thus his words renew'd :
That thou may'st know I seek not to engage
Thy virtue, and not every way secure
On no slight ground thy safety ; hear, and mark
To what end I have brought thee hither, and shown
All this fair sight : thy kingdom, though foretold
By prophet or by angel, unless thou 352
Endeavour, as thy father David did,
Thou never shalt obtain ; prediction still
In all things, and all men, supposes means ; 355
Without means us'd, what it predicts revokes.
But say thou wert possess'd of David's throne
By free consent of all, none opposite,
Samaritan or Jew ; how could'st thou hope
Long to enjoy it quiet and secure, 360
Between two such enclosing enemies
Roman and Parthian ; therefore one of these
Thou must make sure thy own, the Parthian first,
By my advice, as nearer, and of late
Found able by invasion to annoy 365
Thy country, and captive lead away her kings
Antigonus, and old Hyrcanus bound,
Maugre the Roman ; it should be my task
To render thee the Parthian at dispose :
Choose which thou wilt, by conquest or by league.
By him thou shalt regain, without him not, 371
That which alone can truly reinstall thee
In David's royal seat, his true successor,
Deliverance of thy brethren, those ten tribes
Whose offspring in his territory yet serve, 375
In Habor, and among the Medes dispers'd ;
Ten sons of Jacob, two of Joseph lost
Thus long from Israel, serving, as of old
Their fathers in the land of Egypt serv'd,
This offer sets before thee to deliver. 380
These if from servitude thou shalt restore
To their inheritance, then, nor till then,

Thou on the throne of David in full glory,
 From Egypt to Euphrates and beyond,
 Shalt reign, and Rome or Cæsar not need fear. 385

To whom our Saviour answer'd thus unmov'd:
 Much ostentation vain of fleshly arm,
 And fragil arms, much instrument of war
 Long in preparing, soon to nothing brought,
 Before mine eyes thou' hast set: and in my ear 390

Vented much policy, and projects deep
 Of enemies, of aids, battles and leagues,
 Plausible to the world, to me worth nought.
 Means I must use, thou say'st, prediction else
 Will unpredict, and fail me of the throne: 395

My time I told thee (and that time for thee
 Were better farthest off) is not yet come:
 When that comes, think not thou to find me slack
 On my part ought endeav'ring, or to need
 Thy politic maxims, or that cumbersome 400
 Luggage of war there shown me, argument
 Of human weakness rather than of strength.

My brethren, as thou call'st them, those ten tribes,
 I must deliver, if I mean to reign
 David's true heir, and his full sceptre sway 405
 To just extent over all Israel's sons.

But whence to thee this zeal, were was it then
 For Israel, or for David, or his throne,
 When thou stood'st up his tempter to the pride
 Of numb'ring Israel, which cost the lives 410
 Of threescore and ten thousand Israelites
 By three days pestilence? such was thy zeal
 To Israel then, the same that now to me.

As for those captive tribes, themselves were they
 Who wrought their own captivity, fell off 415
 From God to worship calves, the deities
 Of Egypt, Baal next and Ashtaroth,
 And all th' idolatries of Heathen round,
 Besides their other worse than heath'nish crimes;
 Nor in the land of their captivity 420
 Humbled themselves, or penitent besought
 The God of their forefathers; but so dy'd

H
M
H
H
M
H
H
M
H

Impenitent, and left a race behind
 Like to themselves, distinguishable scarce
 From Gentiles, but by circumcision vain, 425
 And God with idols in their worship join'd.
 Should I of these the liberty regard,
 Who freed us to their ancient patrimony,
 Unhumbled, unrepentant, unreform'd,
 Headlong would follow'; and to their gods perhaps
 Of Bethel and of Dan? no, let them serve 431
 Their enemies, who serve idols with God.
 Yet he at length, time to himself best known,
 Rememb'ring Abraham, by some wondrous call
 May bring them back repentant and sincere, 435
 And at their passing cleave th' Assyrian flood,
 While to their native land with joy they haste,
 As the Red Sea and Jordan once he cleft,
 When to the Promis'd Land their fathers pass'd;
 To his due time and providence I leave them. 440
 So spake Israel's true king, and to the Fiend
 Made answer meet, that made void all his wiles.
 So fares it when with truth falsehood contends. 443

THE END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

PARADISE REGAIN'D,

BOOK IV.

PERPLEX'D and troubled at his bad success
 The Tempter stood, nor had what to reply,
 Discover'd in his fraud, thrown from his hope
 So oft, and the persuasive rhetoric
 That sleek'd his tongue, and won so much on Eve, 5
 So little here, nay lost; but Eve was Eve;
 This far his over-match, who, self-deceiv'd
 And rash, before-hand had no better weigh'd
 The strength he was to cope with, or his own:
 But as a man who had been matchless held 10
 In cunning, over-reach'd where least he thought,
 To save his credit, and for very spite,

Still will be tempting him who foils him still,
And never cease, though to his shame the more ;
Or as a swarm of flies in vintage time, 15
About the wine-press where sweet must is pour'd,
Beat off, returns as oft with humming sound ;
Or surging waves against a solid rock,
Though all to shivers dash'd, th' assault renew,
Vain batt'ry, and in froth or bubbles end ; 20
So Satan, whom repulse upon repulse
Met ever, and to shameful silence brought,
Yet gives not o'er, though desp'rate of success,
And his vain importunity pursues.
He brought our Saviour to the western side 25
Of that high mountain, whence he might behold
Another plain, long, but in breath not wide,
Wash'd by the southern sea, and on the north
To equal length back'd with a ridge of hills,
That screen'd the fruits of th' earth and seats of men
From cold Septentrion blasts, thence in the midst 31
Divided by a river, of whose banks
On each side an imperial city stood,
With tow'rs and temples proudly elevate
On seven small hills, with palaces adorn'd, 35
Porches and theatres, baths, aqueducts,
Statues and trophies, and triumphal arcs,
Gardens and groves presented to his eyes,
Above the height of mountains interpos'd ;
By what strange parallax, or optic skill 40
Of vision multiply'd through air, or glass
Of telescope, were curious to inquire :
And now the Tempter thus his silence broke :
The city which thou seest no other deem
Than great and glorious Rome, queen of the earth,
So far renown'd, and with the spoils enrich'd 46
Of nations ; there the capitol thou seest
Above the rest lifting his stately head
On the Tarpeian rock, her citadel
Impregnable ; and there Mount Palatine, 50
Th' imperial palace, compass huge and high
The structure, skill of noblest architects,

With gilded battlements, conspicuous far,
Turrets and terraces, and glitt'ring spires.
Many a fair edifice besides, more like
55 Houses of God, (so well I have dispos'd
My airy microscope,) thou may'st behold
Outside and inside both, pillars and roots,
Carv'd work, the hand of fam'd artificers
In cedar, marble, ivory or gold. 60
Thence to the gates cast round thine eye, and see
What conflux issuing forth, or entering in;
Prætors, proconsuls to their provinces
Hasting, or on return, in robes of state:
65 Lictors and rods, the ensigns of their power,
Legions and cohorts, turms of horse and wings:
Or embassies from regions far remote
In various habits on the Appian road,
Or on th' Emilian; some from farthest south,
70 Syene', and where the shadow both way falls,
Meroe Nilotic isle, and more to west,
The realm of Bocchus to the Black-moor sea;
From th' Asian kings and Parthian among these,
From India and the golden Chersonese,
75 And utmost Indian isle Taprobane,
Dusk faces with white silken turbants wreath'd;
From Gallia, Gades, and the British west;
Germans and Scythians, and Sarmatians north,
Beyond Danubius to the Tauric pool.
80 All nations now to Rome obedience pay,
To Rome's great Emperor, whose wide domain,
In ample territory, wealth and power,
Civility of manners, arts and arms,
And long renown, thou justly may'st prefer
85 Before the Parthian; these two thrones except,
The rest are barb'rous, and scarce worth the sight,
Shar'd among petty kings too far remov'd:
These having shown thee, I have shown thee all
The kingdoms of the world, and all their glory.
90 This emp'ror hath no son, and now is old,
Old and lascivious, and from Rome retir'd
To Capræ, an island small, but strong,

On the Campanian shore, with purpose there
 His horrid lusts in private to enjoy,
 Committing to a wicked favourite 95
 All public cares, and yet of him suspicious;
 Hated of all, and hating: with what ease,
 Indu'd with regal virtues, as thou art,
 Appearing, and beginning noble deeds,
 Might'st thou expel this monster from his throne,
 Now made a stye, and in his place ascending, 101
 A victor people free from servile yoke!
 And with my help thou may'st: to me the power
 Is giv'n, and by that right I give it thee.
 Aim therefore at no less than all the world, 105
 Aim at the highest; without the highest attain'd
 Will be for thee no sitting, or not long,
 On David's throne, be prophecy'd what will.

To whom the Son of God unmov'd reply'd:
 Nor doth this grandeur, and majestic show 110
 Of luxury, though call'd magnificence,
 More than of arms before, allure mine eye,
 Much less my mind; though thou should'st add to tell
 Their sumptuous gluttonies, and gorgeous feasts,
 On citron tables or Atlantic stone, 115
 (For I have also heard, perhaps have read,)
 Their wines of Setia, Cales, and Falerne,
 Chios, and Crete, and how they quaff in gold,
 Crystal and myrrhine cups, imbols'd with gems
 And studs of pearl; to me should'st tell who thirst
 And hunger still: then embassies thou show'st 121
 From nations far and nigh; what honour that,
 But tedious waste of time, to sit and hear
 So many hollow compliments and lies,
 Outlandish flatteries? Then proceed'st to talk 125
 Of th' emperor, how easily subdu'd,
 How gloriously: I shall, thou say'st, expel
 A brutish monster: what if I withal
 Expel a devil who first made him such?
 Let his tormentor conscience find him out; 130
 For him I was not sent; nor yet to free
 That people, victor once, now vile and base,

LeaJ
 HooH Eo
 LeaJ LeaJ
 LeaJ LeaJ LeaJ
 HooH HooH HooH

Deservedly made vassal, who once just,
 Frugal, and mild, and temp'rate, conquer'd well,
 But govern ill the nations under yoke, 135
 Peeling their provinces, exhausted all
 By lust and rapine? first ambitious grown
 Of triumph, that insulting vanity;
 Then cruel, by their sports of blood inur'd
 Of fighting beasts, and men to beasts expos'd; 140
 Luxurious by their wealth, and greedier still,
 And from the daily scene effeminate.
 What wise and valiant man would seek to free
 These thus degenerate, by themselves inflav'd,
 Or could of inward slaves make outward free? 145
 Know therefore, when my season comes to sit
 On David's throne, it shall be like a tree
 Spreading and overshadowing all the earth;
 Or as a stone that shall to pieces dash
 All monarchies besides throughout the world; 150
 And of my kingdom there shall be no end:
 Means there shall be to this; but what the means,
 Is not for thee to know, nor me to tell.

To whom the Tempter impudent reply'd:
 I see all offers made by me how slight 155
 Thou valu'st, because offer'd, and reject'st:
 Nothing will please the difficult and nice,
 Or nothing more than still to contradict:
 On th' other side know also thou, that I
 On what I offer set as high esteem, 160
 Nor what I part with mean to give for nought:
 All these, which in a moment thou behold'st,
 The kingdoms of the world to thee I give;
 For giv'n to me, I give to whom I please;
 No trifle; yet with this reserve, not else, 165
 On this condition, if thou wilt fall down,
 And worship me as thy superior lord;
 Easily done, and hold them all of me;
 For what can less so great a gift deserve?

Whom thus our Saviour answer'd with disdain:
 I never lik'd thy talk, thy offers less. 171
 Now both abhor, since thou hast dar'd to utter

Th' abominable terms, impious condition ;
But I endure the time, till which expir'd,
Thou hast permission on me. It is written 175
The first of all commandments, thou shalt worship
The Lord thy God, and only him shalt serve ;
And dar'st thou to the Son of God propound
To worship thee accurs'd, now more accurs'd
For this attempt, bolder than that on Eve, 180
And more blasphemous ? which expect to rue.
The kingdoms of the world to thee were given,
Permitted rather, and by thee usurp'd ;
Other donation none thou canst produce.
If giv'n, by whom, but by the King of Kings, 185
God over all supreme ? If giv'n to thee,
By thee how fairly is the giver now
Repaid ? But gratitude in thee is lost
Long since. Wert thou so void of fear or shame,
As offer them to me, the Son of God, 190
To me my own, on such abhorred pact,
That I fall down and worship thee as God ?
Get thee behind me ; plain thou now appear'st
That evil one, Satan for ever damn'd.
To whom the fiend, with fear abash'd, reply'd : 195
Be not so sore offended, Son of God,
(Though sons of God both angels are and men,)
If I, to try whether in higher sort
Than these thou bear'st that title, have propos'd
What both from men and angels I receive, 200
Tetrarchs of fire, air, flood, and on the earth
Nations besides from all the quarter'd winds,
God of this world invok'd, and world beneath :
Who then thou art, whose coming is foretold
To me so fatal, me it most concerns. 205
The trial hath indamag'd thee no way,
Rather more honour left and more esteem ;
Me nought advantag'd, missing what I aim'd.
Therefore let pass, as they are transitory,
The kingdoms of this world ; I shall no more 210
Advise thee ; gain them as thou canst, or not.
And thou thyself seem'st otherwise inclin'd

Than to a worldly crown, addicted more
To contemplation and profound dispute,
As by that early action may be judg'd, 215
When, slipping from thy mother's eye, thou went'st
Alone into the temple; there wast found
Among the gravest Rabbies, disputant
On points and questions fitting Moses' chair,
Teaching, not taught; the childhood shows the man,
As morning shows the day. Be famous then 221
By wisdom; as thy empire must extend,
So let extend thy mind o'er all the world
In knowledge, all things in it comprehend:
All knowledge is not couch'd in Moses' law, 225
The Pentateuch, or what the prophets wrote;
The Gentiles also know, and write and teach
To admiration, led by Nature's light;
And with the Gentiles much thou must converse,
Ruling them by persuasion, as thou mean'st; 230
Without their learning how wilt thou with them
Or they with thee, hold conversation meet?
How wilt thou reason with them, how refute
Their idolisms, traditions, paradoxes?
Error by his own arms is best evinc'd. 235
Look once more, ere we leave this spec'lar mount,
Westward, much nearer by southwest; behold
Where on th' Ægean shore a city stands
Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil,
Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts 240
And eloquence, native to famous wits
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess.
City or suburban, studious walks and shades;
See there the olive grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the attic bird 245
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long;
There flowery hill Hymettus with the sound
Of bees industrious murmur oft invites
To studious musing; there Ilissus rolls
His wisp'ring stream: within the walls then view 250
The schools of ancient sages; his who bred
Great Alexander to subdue the world;

Lyceum there, and painted Stoa next :

There shalt thou hear and learn the secret power
Of harmony in tones and numbers hit

By voice or hand, and various-measur'd verse,

Æolian charms and Dorian lyric odes,

And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,

Blind Melefigenes thence Homer call'd,

Whose poem Phœbus challeng'd for his own.

Thence what the lofty grave tragedians taught

In Chorus or Iambic, teachers best

Of moral prudence, with delight receiv'd

In brief sententious precepts, while they treat

Of fate, and chance, and change in human life ;

High actions, and high passions best describing.

Thence to the famous orators repair,

Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence

Wielded at will that fierce democratic,

Shook th' arsenal, and fulmin'd over Greece,

To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne.

To sage Philosophy next lend thine ear,

From heav'n descended to the low-roof'd house

Of Socrates ; see there his tenement,

Whom well inspir'd the oracle pronounc'd

Wiseſt of men ; from whoſe mouth iſſued forth

Mellifluous streams, that water'd all the schools

Of Academics old and new, with those

Sirnam'd Peripatetics, and the sect

Epicurean, and the Stoic severe :

These here revolve, or, as thou lik'st at home,

Till time mature thee to a kingdom's weight :

These rules will render thee a king complete

Within thyself, much more with empire join'd.

To whom our Saviour sagely thus reply'd :

Think not but that I know these things, or think

I know them not; nor therefore am I short

Of knowing what I ought : he who receives

Light from above, from the fountain of light,

No other doctrine needs, though granted true ;

But these are false, or little else but dreams,

Conjectures, fancies, built on nothing firm.

The first and wisest of them all profess'd

To know this only, that he nothing knew ;
The next to fabling fell and smooth conceits ; 295
A third sort doubted all things, though plain sense ;
Others in virtue plac'd felicity,
But virtue join'd with riches and long life ;
In corporeal pleasure he, and careless ease :
The Stoic last in philosophic pride, 300
By him call'd virtue ; and his virtuous man,
Wise, perfect in himself, and all possessing,
Equals to God, oft shames not to prefer,
As fearing God nor man, contemning all 304
Wealth, pleasure, pain or torment, death and life,
Which, when he lists, he leaves, or boasts he can ;
For all his tedious talk is but vain boast,
Or subtle shifts conviction to evade.
Alas, what can they teach, and not mislead,
Ignorant of themselves, of God much more, 310
And how the world began, and how man fell,
Degraded by himself, on grace depending ?
Much of the soul they talk, but all awry,
And in themselves seek virtue, and to themselves
All glory arrogate, to God give none, 315
Rather accuse him under usual names,
Fortune and fate, as one regardless quite
Of mortal things. Who therefore seeks in these
True Wisdom, finds her not ; or, by delusion
Far worse, her false resemblance only meets, 320
An empty cloud . However, many books,
Wise men have said, are wearisome : who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
(And what he brings, what needs he elsewhere seek ?)
Uncertain and unsettled still remains, - 326
Deep vers'd in books and shallow in himself,
Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys,
And trifles for choice matter, worth a sponge ;
As children gathering pebbles on the shore. 330
Or if I would delight my private hours
With music or with poem, where so soon
As in our native language can I find

That solace? All our law and story strow'd
 With hymns, our psalms with artful terms inscrib'd,
 Our Hebrew songs and harps in Babylon, 336
 That pleas'd so well our victor's ear, declare
 That rather Greece from us these arts deriv'd;
 Ill imitated, while they loudest sing
 The vices of their deities, and their own, 340
 In fable, hymn, or song, so personating
 Their gods ridiculous, and themselves past shame.
 Remove their swelling epithets, thick laid
 As varnish on a harlot's cheek, the rest,
 Thin sown with ought of profit or delight, 345
 Will far be found unworthy to compare
 With Sion's songs, to all true tastes excelling,
 Where God is prais'd aright, and god-like men,
 The holiest of holies, and his saints;
 Such are from God inspir'd; not such from thee, 350
 Unless where moral virtue is express'd
 By light of nature not in all quite lost.
 Their orators thou then extoll'st, as those
 The top of eloquence; statists, indeed,
 And lovers of their country, as may seem: 355
 But herein to our Prophets far beneath,
 As men divinely taught, and better teaching
 The solid rules of civil government,
 In their majestic unaffected style,
 Than all th' oratory of Greece and Rome. 360
 In them is plainest taught, and easiest learnt,
 What makes a nation happy, and keeps it so;
 What ruins kingdoms, and lays cities flat:
 These only with our law best form a king.
 So spake the Son of God; but Satan now, 365
 Quite at a loss, for all his darts were spent,
 Thus to our Saviour with stern brow reply'd:
 Since neither wealth, nor honour, arms nor arts,
 Kingdom nor empire, pleases thee, nor ought
 By me propos'd in life contemplative, 370
 Or active, tended on by glory, or fame,
 What dost thou in this world? the wilderness
 For thee is fittest place; I found thee there,

H

O

O

H

H

H

H

H

O

O

O

And thither will return thee; yet remember
What I foretel thee; soon thou shalt have cause 375
To wish thou never hadst rejected thus

Nicely or cautiously my offer'd aid,
Which would have set thee in short time with ease
On David's throne, or throne of all the world,
Now at full age, fulness of time, thy season, 380

When prophecies of thee are best fulfill'd;
Now contrary, if I read ought in heav'n,
Or heav'n write ought of fate, by what the stars
Voluminous, or single characters,
In their conjunction met, give me to spell, 385

Sorrows, and labours, opposition, hate
Attends thee, scorns, reproaches, injuries,
Violence and stripes, and lastly cruel death:
A kingdom they portend thee, but what kingdom,
Real or allegoric, I discern not, 390

Nor when, eternal sure, as without end,
Without beginning; for no date prefix'd
Directs me in the starry rubric set.

So saying, he took (for still he knew his power
Not yet expir'd) and to the wilderness 395

Brought back the Son of God, and left him there,
Feigning to disappear. Darkness now rose,
As day-light sunk, and brought in loursing night,
Her shadowy offspring, unsubstantial both,
Privation mere of light and absent day. 400

Our Saviour, meek, and with untroubled mind,
After his æry jaunt, though hurried sore,
Hungry and cold, betook him to his rest,
Wherever, under some concourse of shades, 404

Whose branches arms thick interwin'd might shield,
From dews and damps of night his shelter'd head,
But shelter'd slept in vain; for at his head

The tempter watch'd, and soon with ugly dreams
Disturb'd his sleep: and either tropic now 409

'Gan thunder, and both ends of heav'n; the clouds,
From many a horrid rift abortive, pour'd
Fierce rain with lightning mix'd, water with fire

In ruin reconcil'd: nor slept the winds

Within their stony caves, but rush'd abroad
 From the four hinges of the world, and fell 415
 On the vex'd wilderness, whose tallest pines,
 Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest oaks,
 Bow'd their stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts;
 Or torn up sheer: ill wast thou shrouded then,
 O patient Son of God, yet only stood'st 420
 Unshaken: nor yet stay'd the terror there;
 Infernal ghosts, and hellish furies, round
 Environ'd thee; some howl'd, some yell'd, some shriek'd,
 Some bent at thee their fiery darts, while thou
 Sat'st unappall'd in calm and sinless peace. 425
 Thus pass'd the night so foul, till morning fair
 Came forth with pilgrim steps in amice grey,
 Who with her radiant finger still'd the roar
 Of thunder, chas'd the clouds, and laid the winds,
 And grisly spectres, which the fiend had rais'd 430
 To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire.
 And now the sun with more effectual beams
 Had cheer'd the face of earth, and dry'd the wet
 From drooping plant, or dropping tree; the birds,
 Who all things now behold more fresh and green,
 After a night of storm so ruinous, 436
 Clear'd up their choicest notes in bush and spray,
 To gratulate the sweet return of morn;
 Nor yet amidst this joy and brightest morn
 Was absent, after all his mischief done, 440
 The Prince of Darkness; glad would also seem
 Of this fair change, and to our Saviour came,
 Yet with no new device, they all were spent:
 Rather by this his last affront resolv'd,
 Desp'rate of better course, to vent his rage 445
 And mad despite to be so oft repell'd.
 Him walking on a sunny hill he found,
 Back'd on the north and west by a thick wood;
 Out of the wood he starts in wonted shape,
 And in a careless mood thus to him said: 450
 Fair morning yet betides thee, Son of God,
 After a dismal night: I heard the wrack
 As earth and sky would mingle; but myself

AA

✓	VV	VV
o	oo	oo
AA	AA	AA

VV	VV	VV
----	----	----

Was distant ; and these flaws, though mortals fear them
As dang'rous to the pillar'd frame of heav'n, 45
Or to the earth's dark basis underneath,
Are to the main as inconsiderable
And harmless, if not wholesome, as a sneeze
To man's less universe, and soon are gone ;
Yet as being oft times noxious were they light 460
On man, beast, plant, wasteful and turbulent,
Like turbulencies in th' affairs of men,
Over whose heads they roar, and seem to point,
They oft fore-signify and threaten ill:
This tempest at this desert most was bent ; 465
Of men at thee, for only thou here dwell'st.
Did I not tell thee, if thou didst reject
The perfect season offer'd with my aid
To win thy destin'd seat, but wilt prolong
All to the push of fate, pursue thy way 470
Of gaining David's throne no man knows when,
For both the when and how is no where told,
Thou shalt be what thou art ordain'd, no doubt ;
For angels have proclaim'd it, but concealing
The time and means : each act is rightliest done, 475
Not when it must, but when it may be best.
If thou observe not this, be sure to find
What I foretold thee, many a hard assay
Of dangers, and adversities, and pains,
Ere thou of Israel's sceptre get fast hold ; 480
Whereof this ominous night that clos'd thee round,
So many terrors, voices, prodigies,
May warn thee, as a sure-foregoing sign.

So talk'd he while the Son of God went on,
And stay'd not, but in brief him answer'd thus : 485

Me worse than wet thou find'st not ; other harm
Those terrors which thou speak'st of did me none ;
I never fear'd they could, though noising loud
And threatening nigh ; what they can do as signs
Betokening, or ill boding, I contemn 490
As false portents, not sent from God, but thee,
Who knowing I shall reign past thy preventing,
Obtrud'st thy offer'd aid, that I accepting

At least might seem to hold all power of thee,
 Ambitious Spirit, and wouldst be thought my God,
 And storm'st refus'd, thinking to terrify 496
 Me to thy will: desist, thou art discern'd,
 And toil'st in vain, nor me in vain molest.

To whom the Fiend, now swoln with rage, reply'd:
 'Then hear, O Son of David, Virgin-born; 500
 The Son of God to me is yet in doubt;
 Of the Messiah I have heard foretold
 By all the Prophets: of thy birth, at length
 Announc'd by Gabriel, with the first I knew,
 And of th' angelic song in Bethlehem field, 505
 On thy birth-night, that sung thee Saviour born.
 From that time seldom have I ceas'd to eye
 Thy infancy, thy childhood, and thy youth,
 Thy manhood last, though yet in private bred;
 Till at the ford of Jordan, whither all 510
 Flock to the Baptist, I among the rest,
 'Though not to be baptiz'd, by voice from heav'n
 Heard thee pronounc'd, the Son of God lov'd.
 Thenceforth I thought thee worth my nearer view
 And narrow scrutiny, that I might learn 515
 In what degree of meaning thou art call'd
 The Son of God, which bears no single sense:
 The Son of God I also am, or was;
 And if I was, I am; relation stands:
 All men are sons of God: yet thee I thought 520
 In some respect far higher so declar'd.
 Therefore I watch'd thy footsteps from that hour,
 And follow'd thee still on to this waste wild;
 Where by all best conjectures I collect
 Thou art to be my fatal enemy. 525
 Good reason then, if I before-hand seek
 To understand my adversary, who
 And what he is; his wisdom, power, intent;
 By parl, or composition, truce, or league,
 To win him, or win from him what I can. 530
 And opportunity I here have had
 To try thee, sift thee, and confess have found thee
 Proof against all temptation, as a rock

T.T. T.T.

V.V. V.V.

A. A. A. A.

T.T. T.T. T.T.

V.V. V.V. V.V.

Of adamant, and as a centre, firm,
To th' utmost of mere man both wise and good, 535
Not more; for honours, riches, kingdoms, glory,
Have been before contemn'd, and may again:
Therefore to know what more thou art than man,
Worth naming Son of God by voice from heav'n,
Another method I must now begin. 540
So saying, he caught him up, and, without wing
Of hippogrif, bore through the air sublime
Over the wilderness and o'er the plain;
Till underneath them fair Jerusalem,
The holy city, lifted high her towers, 545
And higher yet the glorious temple rear'd
Her pile, far off appearing like a mount
Of alabaster, topt with golden spires:
There on the highest pinnacle he set
The Son of God, and added thus in scorn: 550
There stand, if thou wilt stand; to stand upright
Will ask thee skill: I to thy father's house
Have brought thee, and highest plac'd; highest is best;
Now show thy progeny; if not to stand,
Cast thyself down; safely, if Son of God: 555
For it is written, He will give command
Concerning thee to his angels; in their hands
They shall uplift thee, lest at any time
Thou chance to dash thy foot against a stone.
To whom thus Jesus: Also it is written, 560
Tempt not the Lord thy God: he said, and stood:
But Satan, smitten with amazement, fell.
As when earth's son Antæus (to compare
Small things with greatest) in Iralia strove
With Jove's Alcides, and oft foil'd still rose, 565
Receiving from his mother earth new strength,
Fresh from his fall, and fiercer grapple join'd,
Throttled at length in th' air, expir'd and fell;
So after many a foil the tempter proud,
Renewing fresh assaults, amidst his pride, 570
Fell whence he stood to see his victor fall.
And as that Theban monster, that propos'd
Her riddle, and him who solv'd it not devour'd,

That once found out and solv'd, for grief and spite
 Cast herself headlong from th' Ismenian steep ; 575
 So, struck with dread and anguish fell the fiend ;
 And to his crew, that sat consulting, brought
 Joyless triumphals of his hop'd success,
 Ruin and desperation, and dismay,
 Who durst so proudly tempt the Son of God. 580
 So Satan fell ; and strait a fiery globe
 Of angels on full sail of wing flew nigh,
 Who on their plummy vans receiv'd him soft
 From his uneasy station, and up bore
 As on a floating couch through the blithe air, 585
 Then in a flow'ry valley set him down
 On a green bank, and set before him spread
 A table of celestial food, divine,
 Ambrosial fruits, fetch'd from the tree of life,
 And from the fount of life ambrosial drink, 590
 That soon refresh'd him wearied, and repair'd,
 What hunger, if ought hunger had impair'd,
 Or thirst ; and as he fed, angelic choirs
 Sung heav'nly anthems of his victory
 Over temptation, and the tempter proud. 595
 True image of the Father, whether thron'd
 In the bosom of bliss, and light of light
 Conceiving, or remote from heav'n, inshrin'd
 In fleshy tabernacle, and human form,
 Wand'ring the wilderness, whatever place, 600
 Habit, or state, or motion, still expressing
 The Son of God, with God-like force indu'd
 Against th' attempter of thy Father's throne,
 And thief of Paradise ; him long of old
 Thou didst debel, and down from heav'n cast 605
 With all his army ; now thou hast aveng'd
 Supplanted Adam, and, by vanquishing
 Temptation, hath regain'd lost Paradise,
 And frustrated the conquest fraudulent ;
 He never more henceforth will dare set foot 610
 In Paradise to tempt ; his snares are broke :
 For though that seat of earthly bliss be fail'd,
 A fairer Paradise is founded now

For Adam and his chosen sons, whom thou
 A Saviour art come down to re-instal, 615
 Where they shall dwell secure, when time shall be,
 Of tempter and temptation without fear.
 But thou, infernal Serpent, shalt not long
 Rule in the clouds; like an autumnal star
 Or lightning thou shalt fall from heav'n, trod down
 Under his feet: for proof, ere this thou feel'st 621
 Thy wound, yet not thy last and deadliest wound,
 By this repulse receiv'd, and hold'st in hell
 No triumph: in all her gates Abaddon rues
 Thy bold attempt; hereafter learn with awe 625
 To dread the Son of God: he all unarm'd
 Shall chase thee with the terror of his voice
 From thy demoniac holds, possession foul,
 Thee and thy legions; yelling they shall fly,
 And beg to hide them in a herd of swine, 630
 Lest he command them down into the deep
 Bound, and to torment sent before their time.
 Hail Son of the Most High, heir of both worlds,
 Queller of Satan, on thy glorious work
 Now enter, and begin to save mankind. 635
 Thus they the Son of God, our Saviour meek,
 Sung Victor, and from heav'nly feast refresh'd
 Brought on his way with joy; he unobserv'd
 Home to his mother's house private return'd. 639

THE END OF PARADISE REGAIN'D



SAMSON AGONISTES,

A DRAMATIC POEM.

Τραγωδία μιμησις πράξεως σπυδαίας, &c.

Aristot. Poet. cap. 6.

Tragœdia est imitatio actionis feriez, etc. per misericordiam et metum perficiens talium affectuum illustrationem.

OF THAT SORT OF DRAMATIC POEM WHICH IS CALLED TRAGEDY.

TRAGEDY, as it was anciently compos'd, hath been ever held the gravest, moralest, and most profitable of all other poems: therefore said by Aristotle to be of power, by raising pity and fear, or terror, to purge the mind of those and such like passions, that is, to temper and reduce them to just measure, with a kind of delight, stirred up by reading or seeing those passions well-imitated. Nor is Nature wanting in her own effects to make good his assertion: for so in physic things of melancholic hue and quality are used against melancholy, sour against sour, salt to remove salt humours. Hence philosophers, and other gravest writers, as Cicero, Plutarch, and others, frequently cite out of tragic poets, both to adorn and illustrate their discourse. The Apostle Paul himself thought it not unworthy to insert a verse of Euripides into the text of Holy Scripture, 1 Cor. xv. 33. and Paræus, commenting on the Revelation, divides the whole book as a tragedy, into acts distinguished each by a chorus of heavenly harpings, and song between. Heretofore men in highest dignity have laboured not a little to be thought able to compose a tragedy. Of that honour Dionysius the Elder was no less ambitious than before of his attaining to the tyranny. Augustus Cæsar also had begun his *Ajax*; but, unable to please his own judgment with what he had begun, left it unfinished. Seneca, the philosopher, is by some thought the author of those tragedies, at least the best of them, that go under that name. Gregory Nazianzen, a Father of the Church, thought it not unbecoming the sanctity of his person to write a tragedy, which is intitled *Christ suffering*. This is mentioned to vindicate tragedy from the small esteem, or rather infamy, which in the account of many it undergoes at this day with other common interludes; happening through the poets' error of intermixing comic stuff with tragic sadness and gravity; or introducing trivial and vulgar persons, which by all judicious, hath been counted absurd, and brought in without discretion, corruptly to gratify the people. And though ancient tragedy use no prologue, yet using sometimes, in case of self-defence or explanation, that which Martial calls an epistle; in behalf of this tragedy coming forth after the ancient manner, much different from what among us passes for best, thus much before-hand may be epistled; that chorus is here introduced after the Greek manner, not ancient only but modern, and still in use among the Italians. In the modelling, therefore, of this poem, with good reason, the ancients and Italians are rather followed, as of much more authority and fame.

The measure of verse used in the chorus is of all sorts, called by the Greeks *Monostrophic*, or rather *Apolelymenon*, without regard had to *Strophe*, *Antistrophe*, or *Epod*, which were a kind of stanzas framed only for the music, then used with the chorus that sung; not essential to the poem, and therefore not material; or being divided into stanzas or pauses, they may be called *Allæostropha*. Division into act and scene, referring chiefly to the stage (to which this work never was intended) is here omitted.

It suffices if the whole drama be found not produced beyond the fifth act. Of the style and uniformity, and that commonly called the plot, whether intricate or explicit, which is nothing indeed but such economy or disposition of the fable as may stand best with verisimilitude and decorum; they only will best judge, who are not unacquainted with *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides*, the three tragic poets unequalled yet by any, and the best rule to all who endeavour to write tragedy. The circumscription of time, wherein the whole drama begins and ends, is according to ancient rule and best example, within the space of twenty-four hours.

The Persons.

SAMSON.

MANOAH, the Father of Samson.

DALILA, his Wife.

HARAPHA of Gath.

Public Officer.

Messenger.

Chorus of Danites.

The Scene before the Prison in Gaza.



SAMSON AGONISTES.

The Argument.

SAMSON made captive, blind, and now in the prison at Gaza, there to labour as in a common workhouse, on a festival day, in the general cessation from labour, comes forth into the open air, to a place nigh, somewhat retir'd, there to sit awhile and bemoan his condition. Where he happens at length to be visited by certain friends and equals of his 'Tribe, which make the Chorus, who seek to comfort him what they can; then by his old father Manoah, who endeavours the like, and withal tells him his purpose to procure his liberty by ransom: lastly, that this feast was proclaim'd by the Philistines as a day of thanksgiving for their deliverance from the hands of Samson, which yet more troubles him. Manoah then departs to prosecute his endeavour with the Philistine lords of Samson's redemption; who in the mean while is visited by other persons; and lastly by a public officer, to require his coming to the feast before the lords and people, to play, or show his strength in their presence: he at first refuses, dismissing the public officer with absolute denial to come; at length persuaded inwardly that this was from God, he yields to go along with him, who came now the second time with great threatnings to fetch him: the Chorus yet remaining on the place, Manoah returns full of joyful hope, to procure ere long his son's deliverance, in the midst of which discourse an Hebrew comes in haste, confusedly at first, and afterwards more distinctly, relating the catastrophe, what Samson had done to the Philistines, and by accident to himself: wherewith the tragedy ends.

SAMSON.

A LITTLE onward lend thy guiding hand
 To these dark steps, a little further on;
 For yonder bank hath choice of sun or shade;
 There I am wont to sit, when any chance
 Relieves me from my task of servile toil, 5
 Daily in the common prison else enjoin'd me,
 Where I a prisoner chain'd, scarce freely draw
 The air, imprison'd also, close and damp,
 Unwholesome draught: but here I feel amends,
 The breath of heav'n fresh blowing, pure and sweet,
 With day-spring born; here leave me to respire. 11
 This day a solemn feast the people hold
 To dagon their sea-idol, and forbid
 Laborious works; unwillingly this rest
 Their superstition yields me; hence with leave 15
 Retiring from the popular noise, I seek
 This unfrequented place to find some ease,
 Ease to the body some, none to the mind
 From restless thoughts, that, like a deadly swarm
 Of hornets arm'd, no sooner found alone, 20
 But rush upon me thronging, and present
 Times past, what once I was, and what am now.
 O wherefore was my birth from heav'n foretold

Twice by an angel, who at last in sight
Of both my parents all in flames ascended 25
From off the altar, where an offering burn'd,
As in a fiery column charioting
His god-like presence, and from some great act
Or benefit reveal'd to Abraham's race;
Why was my breeding order'd and prescrib'd 30
As of a person separate to God,
Design'd for great exploits; if I must die
Betray'd, captiv'd, and both my eyes put out,
Made of my enemies the scorn and gaze;
To grind in brazen fetters under task 35
With this heav'n-gifted strength? O glorious strength,
Put to the labour of a beast, debas'd
Lower than bond-slave! Promise was that I
Should Israel from Philistian yoke deliver:
Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him 40
Eyeless in Gaza at the mill with slaves,
Himself in bonds under Philistian yoke.
Yet stay, let me not rashly call in doubt
Divine prediction; what if all foretold
Had been fulfill'd but through mine own default, 45
Whom have I to complain of but myself?
Who this high gift of strength committed to me,
In what part lodg'd, how easily bereft me,
Under the seal of silence could not keep,
But weakly to a woman must reveal it, 50
O'ercome with importunity and tears.
O impotence of mind, in body strong!
But what is strength without a double share
Of wisdom? vast, unwieldy, burdensome,
Proudly secure, yet liable to fall 55
By weakest subtleties, not made to rule,
But to subserve where wisdom bears command!
God, when he gave me strength, to show withal
How slight the gift was, hung it in my hair.
But peace, I must not quarrel with the will 60
Of highest dispensation, which herein
Haply had ends above my reach to know:
Suffices that to me strength is my bane,

And proves the source of all my miseries;
So many and so huge, that each a part 65
Would ask a life to wail: but chief of all,
O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!
Blind among enemies: O worse than chains,
Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age!
Light, the prime work of God, to me is extinct, 70
And all her various objects of delight
Annul'd, which might in part my grief have eas'd,
Inferior to the vilest now become
Of man or worm; the vilest here excell me;
They creep, yet see; I dark, in light expos'd 75
To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong,
Within doors, or without, still as a fool,
In power of others, never in my own;
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.
O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon, 80
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse
Without all hope of day!
O first created beam, and thou great word,
Let there be light, and light was over all;
Why am I thus bereav'd thy prime decree? 85
The sun to me is dark
And silent as the moon,
When she deserts the night,
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.
Since light so necessary is to life, 90
And almost life itself, if it be true
That light is in the soul,
She all in every part; why was the sight
To such a tender ball as th' eye confin'd,
So obvious and so easy to be quench'd? 95
And not as feeling, through all parts diffus'd,
That she might look at will through every pore?
Then had I not been thus exil'd from light,
As in the land of darkness yet in light,
To live a life half dead, a living death, 100
And bury'd: but O yet more miserable!
Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave,
Bury'd, yet not exempt,

By privilege of death and burial,
From worst of other evils, pains and wrongs, 105
But made hereby obnoxious more
To all the miseries of life,
Life in captivity
Among inhuman foes.

But who are these? for with joint peace I hear 110
The tread of many feet steering this way;
Perhaps my enemies, who come to stare
At my affliction, and perhaps to insult,
Their daily practice, to afflict me more.

CHOR. This, this is he: softly a while; 115
Let us not break in upon him:
O change beyond report, thought or belief!
See how he lies at random, carelessly diffus'd.
With languish'd head unpropt,
As one past hope abandon'd, 120
And by himself given over;
In slavish habit, ill fitted weeds;
O'er-worn and soil'd:

Or do my eyes misrepresent? Can this be he,
That heroic, that renown'd, 125
Irresistible Samson? whom unarm'd
No strength of man or fiercest wild beasts could with-
stand;

Who tore the lion, as the lion tears the kid;
Ran on embattled armies clad in iron;
And, weaponless himself, 130
Made arms ridiculous, useless the forgery
Of brazen shield and spear, the hammer'd cuirass,
Chalybean temper'd steel, and frock of mail
Adamantean proof;

But safest he who stood aloof, 135
When insupportably his foot advanc'd,
In scorn of their proud arms and warlike tools,
Spurn'd them to death by troops. The bold Ascalonite
Fled from his lion ramp; old warriors turn'd.

Their plated backs under his heel, 140
Or grov'ling soil'd their crested helmets in the dust.
Then with what trivial weapon came to hand,

The jaw of a dead afs, his sword of bone,
 A thousand fore-skins fell, the flower of Palastine,
 In Ramath-lechi famous to this day. 145
 Then by main force pull'd up, and on his shoulders bore,
 The gates of Azza, post, and massy bar,
 Up to the hill by Hebron, seat of giants old,
 No journey of a sabbath-day, and loaded so;
 Like whom the Gentiles feign to bear up heav'n. 150
 Which shall I first bewail,
 Thy bondage or lost sight,
 Prison within prison
 Inseparably dark?
 Thou art become (O worst imprisonment!) 155
 The dungeon of thyself; thy soul
 (Which men enjoying sight oft without cause complain)
 Imprison'd now indeed,
 In real darkness of the body dwells,
 Shut up from outward light, 160
 To incorporate with gloomy night;
 For inward light, alas!
 Puts forth no visual beam.
 O mirror of our sickle state,
 Since man on earth unparallel'd! 165
 The rarer thy example stands,
 By how much from the top of wondrous glory,
 Strongest of mortal men,
 To lowest pitch of abject fortune thou art fall'n.
 For him I reckon not in high estate 170
 Whom long descent of birth
 Or the sphere of fortune raises;
 But thee, whose strength, whose virtue was her mate,
 Might have subdu'd the earth,
 Universally crown'd with highest praises. 175
 SAM. I hear the sound of words, their sense the air
 Dissolves unjointed ere it reach my ear.
 CHOR. He speaks; let us draw nigh. Matchless in
 The glory late of Israel, now the grief; [might,
 We come thy friends and neighbours not unknown,
 From Eshtaol and Zora's fruitful vale, 180
 To visit or bewail thee; or, if better,

Counsel or consolation we may bring,
 Salve to thy sores; apt words have power to swage
 The tumours of a troubled mind, 185
 And are as balm to fester'd wounds.

SAM. Your coming, friends, revives me; for I learn
 Now of my own experience, not by talk,
 How counterfeit a coin they are who friends
 Bear in their superscription, (of the most 190
 I would be understood;) in prosp'rous days
 They swarm, but in adverse withdraw their head,
 Not to be found, though sought. Ye see, O friends,
 How many evils have inclos'd me round; 194
 Yet that which was the worst now least afflicts me,
 Blindness; for had I sight, confus'd with shame,
 How could I once look up, or heave the head,
 Who like a foolish pilot have shipwreck'd
 My vessel trusted to me from above,
 Gloriously rigg'd: and for a word, a tear, 200
 Fool, have divulg'd the secret gift of God
 To a deceitful woman? Tell me, friends,
 Am I not sung and proverb'd for a fool
 In every street? do they not say, how well
 Are come upon him his deserts? yet why? 205
 Immeasurable strength they might behold
 In me, of wisdom nothing more than mean;
 This with the other should, at least, have pair'd:
 These two proportion'd ill drove me transverse.

CHOR. Tax not divine disposal; wisest men 210
 Have err'd, and by bad women been deceiv'd;
 And shall again, pretend they ne'er so wise.
 Deject not then so overmuch thyself,
 Who hast of sorrow thy full load besides;
 Yet truth to say, I oft have heard men wonder 215
 Why thou shouldst wed Philistian women rather
 Than of thine own tribe fairer, or as fair,
 At least of thy own nation, and as noble.

SAM. The first I saw at Timna, and she pleas'd
 Me, not my parents, that I sought to wed 220
 The daughter of an infidel: they knew not
 That what I motion'd was of God; I knew

From intimate impulse, and therefore urg'd
 The marriage on; that by occasion hence
 I might begin Israel's deliverance, 225
 The work to which I was divinely call'd.
 She proving false, the next I took to wife
 (O that I never had! fond wish too late)
 Was is the vale of Sorec, Dalila,
 That specious monster, my accomplish'd snare. 230
 I thought it lawful from my former act,
 And the same end; still watching to oppress
 Israel's oppressors: of what now I suffer
 She was not the prime cause, but I myself,
 Who, vanquish'd with a peal of words, (O weakness!)
 Gave up my fort of silence to a woman. 236

CHOR. In seeking just occasion to provoke
 The Philistine, thy country's enemy,
 Thou never wast remiss, I bear thee witness:
 Yet Israel still serves with all his sons. 240

SAM. That fault I take not on me, but transfer
 On Israel's governors, and heads of tribes,
 Who seeing those great acts, which God had done
 Singly by me against their conquerors,
 Acknowledg'd not, or not at all consider'd 245
 Deliverance offer'd: I on the other side
 Us'd no ambition to commend my deeds; [doer;
 'The deeds themselves, though mute, spoke loud the
 But they persisted deaf, and would not seem
 To count them things worth notice, till at length 250
 Their lords the Philistines with gather'd powers
 Enter'd Judea, seeking me, who then
 Safe to the rock of Etham was retir'd;
 Not flying, but fore-casting in what place
 To set upon them, what advantag'd best 255
 Meanwhile the men of Judah, to prevent
 The harra's of their land, beset me round:
 I willingly on some conditions came
 Into their hands, and they as gladly yield me
 To th' uncircumcis'd a welcome prey, 260
 Bound with two cords; but cords to me were threads
 Touch'd with the flame: on their whole host I flew

Unarm'd and with a trivial weapon fell'd
Their choicest youth; they only liv'd who fled.
Had Judah that day join'd, or one whole tribe, 265
They had by this possess'd the towers of Gath,
And lorded over them whom now they serve:
But what more oft, in nations grow corrupt,
And by their vices brought to servitude,
Than to love bondage more than liberty, 270
Bondage with ease than strenuous liberty;
And to despise, or envy, or suspect
Whom God hath of his special favour rais'd
As their deliverer? if he ought begin,
How frequent to desert him, and at last 275
To heap ingratitude on worthiest deeds?

CHOR. Thy words to my remembrance bring
How Succoth and the fort of Penueel
Their great deliverer contemn'd,
The matchless Gideon, in pursuit 280
Of Madian and her vanquish'd king's:
And how ungrateful Ephraim
Had dealt with Jephtha, who by argument,
Not worse than by his shield and spear,
Defended Israel from the Ammonite, 285
Had not his prowess quell'd their pride
In that sore battle, when so many dy'd
Without reprieve, adjudg'd to death,
For want of well pronouncing Shibboleth.

SAM. Of such examples add me to the roll; 290
Me easily indeed mine may neglect,
But God's propos'd deliverance not so.

CHOR. Just are the ways of God,
And justifiable to men;
Unless there be who think not God at all: 295
If any be, they walk obscure;
For of such doctrine never was their school,
But the heart of the fool,
And no man therein doctor but himself.

Yet more there be who doubt his ways not just, 300
As to his own edicts found contradicting,
Then give the reins to wand'ring thought,

Regardless of his glory's diminution ;
 Till by their own perplexities involv'd,
 They ravel more, still less resolv'd, 305
 But never find self-satisfying solution.

As if they would confine th' Interminable,
 And tie him to his own prescript,
 Who made our laws to bind us, not himself,
 And hath full right to exempt 310
 Whom so it pleases him by choice
 From national obstruction, without taint
 Of sin, or legal debt ;
 For with his own laws he can best dispense.

He would not else, who never wanted means, 315
 Nor in respect of th' enemy just cause
 To set his people free,
 Have prompted this heroic Nazarite,
 Against his vow of strictest purity,
 To seek in marriage that fallacious bride, 320
 Unclean, unchaste.

Down, reason, then, at least vain reasonings down,
 Though reason here aver,
 That moral verdict quits her of unclean :
 Unchaste was subsequent, her stain not his. 325

But see here comes thy reverend sire
 With careful step, locks white as down,
 Old Manoah : advise
 Forthwith how thou ought'st to receive him.

SAM. Ay me, another inward grief, awak'd 330
 With mention of that name, renews th' assault,

MAN. Brethren and men of Dan, for such ye seem,
 Though in this uncouth place ; if old respect,
 As I suppose, towards your once glory'd friend,
 My son, now captive, hither hath inform'd 335
 Your younger feet, while mine cast back with age
 Came lagging after ; say if he be here ?

CHOR. As signal now in low dejected state,
 As erst in highest, behold him where he lies.

MAN. O miserable change ! is this the man, 340
 That invincible Samson, far renown'd,
 The dread of Israel's foes, who with a strength

Equivalent to angels walk'd their streets,
 None offering fight; who single combatant
 Duel'd their armies rank'd in proud array, 345
 Himself an army, now unequal match
 To save himself against a coward arm'd
 At one spear's length. O ever-failing trust
 In mortal strength! and oh what not in man
 Deceivable and vain? Nay what thing good 350
 Pray'd for, but often proves our woe, our bane
 I pray'd for children, and thought barrenness
 In wedlock a reproach! I gain'd a son,
 And such a son as all men hail'd me happy;
 Who would be now a father in my stead? 355
 O wherefore did God grant me my request,
 And as a blessing with such pomp adorn'd?
 Why are his gifts desirable, to tempt
 Our earnest pray'rs, then, giv'n with solemn hand
 As graces, draw a scorpion's tail behind? 360
 For this did th' angel twice descend? for this
 Ordain'd thy nurture holy, as of a plant
 Select, and sacred, glorious for a while,
 The miracle of men; then in an hour
 Insar'd, assaulted, overcome, led bound, 365
 Thy foes' derision, captive, poor and blind,
 Into a dungeon thrust, to work with slaves?
 Alas, methinks whom God hath chosen once
 To worthiest deeds, if he through frailty err,
 He should not so o'erwhelm, and as a thrall 370
 Subject him to so foul indignities,
 Be it but for honour's sake of former deeds.

SAM. Appoint not heav'nly disposition, Father;
 Nothing of all these evils hath befall'n me
 But justly; I myself have brought them on, 375
 Sole author I, sole cause: if ought seem vile,
 As vile hath been my folly, who have profan'd
 The mystery of God, giv'n me under pledge
 Of vow, and have betray'd it to a woman,
 A Canaanite, my faithless enemy. 380
 This well I knew, nor was at all surpris'd,
 But warn'd by oft experience: did not she

Of Tianna first betray me, and reveal
 The secret wrested from me in her height
 Of nuptial love profess'd, carrying it strait 385
 To them who had corrupted her, my spies
 And rivals? In this other was there found
 More faith, who also, in her prime of love,
 Spousal embraces, vitiated with gold,
 Though offer'd only by the sent, conceiv'd 390
 Her spurious first-born, treason against me?
 Thrice she assay'd, with flattering pray'rs and sighs,
 And amorous reproaches, to win from me
 My capital secret, in what part my strength
 Lay stor'd, in what part summ'd, that she might know;
 Thrice I deluded her, and turn'd to sport 396
 Her importunity, each time perceiving
 How openly, and with what impudence,
 She purpos'd to betray me, and (which was worse
 Than undissembled hate) with what contempt 400
 She sought to make me traitor to myself;
 Yet the fourth time, when, must'ring all her wiles,
 With blandish'd parlies, feminine assaults,
 Tongue batteries, she surceas'd not day nor night
 To storm me, overwatch'd, and weary'd out, 405
 At times when men seek most repose and rest,
 I yielded, and unlock'd her all my heart,
 Who with a grain of manhood well resolv'd
 Might easily have shook off all her snares;
 But foul effeminacy held me yok'd 410
 Her bond slave: O indignity, O blot
 To honour and religion! servile mind,
 Rewarded well with servile punishment!
 The base degree to which I now am fall'n.
 These rags, this grinding, is not yet so base 415
 As was my former servitude, ignoble,
 Unmanly, ignominious, infamous,
 True slavery, and that blindness worse than this,
 That saw not how degenerately I serv'd. 420

MAN. I cannot praise thy marriage choices, Son;
 Rather approv'd them not; but thou didst plead
 Divine impulsion prompting how thou might'st

Find some occasion to infest our foes.

I state not that ; this I am sure, our foes

Found soon occasion thereby to make thee

425

Their captive, and their triumph ; thou the sooner

Temptation found'st, or over-potent charms

To violate the sacred trust of silence

Deposited within thee ; which to have kept

Tacit was in thy power : true, and thou bear'st

430

Enough, and more, the burden of that fault ;

Bitterly hast thou paid, and still art paying,

That rigid score. A worse thing yet remains ;

This day the Philistines a popular feast

Here celebrate in Gaza ; and proclaim

435

Great pomp, and sacrifice, and praises loud

To Dagon as their god who hath deliver'd

Thee, Samson, bound and blind, into their hands ;

Them out of thine, who slew'st them many a slain.

So Dagon shall be magnify'd, and God,

440

Besides whom is no god, compar'd with idols,

Disglorify'd, blasphem'd, and had in scorn

By the idolatrous rout amidst their wine :

Which to have come to pass by means of thee,

Samson, of all thy sufferings think the heaviest,

445

Of all reproach the most with shame that ever

Could have befall'n thee and thy father's house.

SAM. Father, I do acknowledge and confess

That I this honour, I this pomp, have brought

To Dagon, and advanc'd his praises high

450

Among the heathen round ; to God have brought

Dishonour, obloquy, and op't the mouths

Of idolists and atheists ; have brought scandal

To Israel, diffidence of God, and doubt

In feeble hearts, propense enough before

455

To waver, or fall off and join with idols ;

Which is my chief affliction, shame and sorrow,

The anguish of my soul, that suffers not

Mine eye to harbour sleep, or thoughts to rest.

This only hope relieves me, that the strife

460

With me hath end ; all the contest is now

'Twix't God and Dagon, Dagon hath presum'd,

Me overthrown, to enter lists with God,
 His deity comparing and preferring
 Before the God of Abraham. He, be sure, 465
 Will not connive, or linger, thus provok'd,
 But will arise, and his great name assert:
 Dagon must stoop, and shall ere long receive
 Such a discomfit, as shall quite despoil him
 Of all these boasted trophies won on me, 470
 And with confusion blank his worshippers.

MAN. With cause this hope relieves thee, and these
 I as a prophecy receive; for God, [words
 Nothing more certain, will not long defer,
 To vindicate the glory of his name 475
 Against all competition, nor will long
 Endure it doubtful whether God be Lord,
 Or Dagon. But for thee what shall be done?
 Thou must not, in the meanwhile here forgot,
 Lie in this miserable loathsome plight 480
 Neglected. I already have made way
 To some Philistine lords, with whom to treat
 About thy ransom: well they may by this
 Have satisfy'd their utmost of revenge
 By pains and slaveries, worse than death inflicted 485
 On thee, who now no more canst do them harm.

SAM. Spare that proposal, Father; spare the trouble
 Of that solicitation; let me here,
 As I deserve, pay on my punishment;
 And expiate, if possible, my crime, 490
 Shameful garrulity. To have reveal'd
 Secrets of men, the secrets of a friend,
 How heinous had the fact been, how deserving
 Contempt, and scorn of all, to be excluded
 All friendship, and avoided as a blab, 495
 The mark of fool set on his front?
 But I God's counsel have not kept, his holy secret
 Presumptuously have publish'd impiously,
 Weakly at least, and shamefully; a sin
 That Gentiles in their parables condemn 500
 To their abyss and horrid pains confin'd.

MAN. Be penitent, and for thy fault contrite ;
But act not in thy own affliction, Son :
Repent the sin ; but if the punishment
Thou canst avoid, self-preservation bids ; 505
Or th' execution leave to high disposal,
And let another hand, not thine, exact
Thy penal forfeit from thyself : perhaps
God will relent, and quit thee all his debt ;
Who ever more approves and more accepts ; 510
(Best pleas'd with humble and filial submission ;)
Him who imploring mercy sues for life,
Than who self-rigorous chooses death as due ;
Which argues over just, and self displeas'd
For self offence, more than for God offended. 515
Reject not then what offer'd means ; who knows
But God hath set before us, to return thee
Home to thy country and his sacred house,
Where thou may'st bring thy offerings, to avert
His further ire, with pray'rs and vows renew'd ? 520

SAM. His pardon I implore ; but as for life,
To what end should I seek it ? when in strength
All mortals I excell'd, and great in hopes
With youthful courage and magnanimous thoughts
Of birth from heav'n foretold and high exploits, 525
Full of divine instinct, after some proof
Of acts indeed heroic, far beyond
The sons of Anak, famous now and blaz'd,
Fearless of danger, like a petty god
I walk'd about admir'd of all, and dreaded 530
On hostile ground, none daring my affront.
Then swoln with pride, into the snare I fell
Of fair fallacious looks, venereal trains,
Softened with pleasure and voluptuous life ;
At length to lay my head and hallow'd pledge 535
Of all my strength in the lascivious lap
Of a deceitful concubine, who shorn me
Like a tame wether all my precious fleece,
Then turn'd me out ridiculous, despoil'd,
Shav'n, and disarm'd among mine enemies. 540

CHOR. Desire of wine and all delicious drinks,
Which many a famous warrior overturns,
Thou couldst repress; nor did the dancing ruby
Sparkling, out-pour'd, the flavour or the smell,
Or taste, that cheers the heart of gods and men, 545
Allure thee from the cool crystallin stream.

SAM. Wherever fountain or fresh current flow'd
Against the eastern ray, translucent, pure
With touch ethereal of heav'n's fiery rod
I drank, from the clear milky juice allaying 550
Thirst, and refresh'd; nor envy'd them the grape
Whose heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes.

CHOR. O madness, to think use of strongest wines
And strongest drinks our chief support of health,
When God with these forbidd'n made choice to rear
His mighty champion, strong above compare, 556
Whose drink was only from the liquid brook.

SAM. But what avail'd this temp'rance, not complete
Against another object more enticing?
What boots it at one gate to make defence, 560
And at another to let in the foe,
Effeminately vanquish'd? by which means,
Now blind, dishearten'd, sham'd, dishonour'd, quell'd,
To what can I be useful, wherein serve
My nation, and the work from heav'n impos'd, 565
But to sit idle on the household hearth,
A burd'nous drone; to visitants a gaze,
Or pity'd object; these redundant locks
Robustious to no purpose clustring down,
Vain monument of strength; till length of years 570
And sedentary numbness craze my limbs
To a contemptible old age obscure?
Here rather let me drudge and earn my bread,
Till vermin or the draff of servile food,
Consume me, and oft-invok'd death 575
Hasten the welcome end of all my pains. [gift

MAN. Wilt thou then serve the Philistines with that
Which was expressly given thee to annoy them?
Better at home lie bed-rid, not only idle,
Inglorious, unemploy'd, with age outworn. 580

But God, who caus'd a fountain at thy prayer
 From the dry ground to spring, thy thirst to allay
 After the brunt of battle, can as easy
 Cause light again within thine eyes to spring,
 Wherewith to serve him better than thou hast; 585
 And I persuade me so; why else this strength
 Miraculous yet remaining in those locks?
 His might continues in thee not for nought,
 Nor shall his wondrous gifts be frustrate thus.

SAM. All otherwise to me my thoughts portend, 590
 That these dark orbs no more shall treat with light,
 Nor th' other light of life continue long,
 But yield to double darkness nigh at hand:
 So much I feel my genial spirits droop,
 My hopes all flat, Nature within me seems 595
 In all her functions weary of herself;
 My race of glory run, and race of shame,
 And I shall shortly be with them that rest.

MAN. Believe not these suggestions, which proceed
 From anguish of the mind and humours black, 600
 That mingle with thy fancy. I however
 Must not omit a father's timely care
 To prosecute the means of thy deliverance
 By ransom, or how else: mean while be calm,
 And healing words from these thy friends admit. 605

SAM. O that torment should not be confin'd
 To the body's wounds and sores,
 With maladies innumerable
 In heart, head, breast and reins;
 But must secret passage find 610
 To th' inmost mind,
 There exercise all his fierce accidents,
 And on her purest spirits prey,
 As on entrails, joints, and limbs,
 With answerable pains, but more intense, 615
 Though void of corp'ral sense.

My griefs not only pain me
 As a lingering disease,
 But finding no redress, ferment and rage,
 Nor less than wounds immedicable 620

Rankle, and fester, and gangrene,
To black mortification.

Thoughts, my tormentors, arm'd with deadly stings,
Mangle my apprehensive tenderest parts,
Exasperate, exulcerate, and raise 625
Dire inflammation, which no cooling herb
Or medicinal liquor can assuage,
Nor breath of vernal air from snowy Alp.
Sleep hath forsook and giv'n me o'er
To death's benumbing opium as my only cure: 630
Thence faintings, swoonings of despair,
And sense of heav'n's desertion.

I was his nursling once and choice delight,
His destin'd from the womb,
Promis'd by heav'nly message twice descending. 635
Under his special eye
Abstemious I grew up, and thriv'd amain;
He led me on to mightiest deeds;
Above the nerve of mortal arm,
Against th' uncircumcis'd, our enemies: 640
But now hath cast me off as never known,
And to those cruel enemies;
Whom I by his appointment had provok'd;
Left me all helpless with th' irreparable loss
Of sight, reserv'd alive to be repeated 645
The subject of their cruelty or scorn.
Nor am I in the list of them that hope;
Hopeless are all my evils, all remediless:
This one prayer yet remains, might I be heard,
No long petition, speedy death, 650
The close of all my miseries, and the balm.

CHOR. Many are the sayings of the wise,
In ancient and in modern books inroll'd,
Extolling patience as the truest fortitude;
And to the bearing well of all calamities, 655
All chances incident to man's frail life,
Consolatories writ
With study'd argument and much persuasion fought
Lenient of grief and anxious thought:
But with th' afflicted in his pangs their sound 660

Little prevails, or rather seems a tune
Harsh and of dissonant mood from his complaint ;
Unless he feel within
Some source of consolation from above,
Secret refreshings, that repair his strength, 665
And fainting spirits uphold.

God of our fathers, what is man !
That thou tow'rs him with hand so various,
Or might I say contrarious,
Temper'st thy providence through his short course,
Not ev'nly, as thou rul'st 671
Th' angelic orders and inferior creatures mute,
Irrational and brute,

Nor do I name of men the common rout,
That wand'ring loose about 675
Grow up and perish, as the summer flie,
Heads without name no more remember'd,
But such as thou hast solemnly elected,
With gifts and graces eminently adorn'd
To some great work, thy glory, 680

And people's safety, which in part they effect :
Yet towards these thus dignify'd, thou oft
Amidst their height of noon
Change'st thy count'nance, and thy hand with no regard
Of highest favours past 685
From thee on them, or them to thee of service.

Nor only dost degrade them, or remit
To life obscur'd, which were a fair dismissal,
But throw'st them lower than thou didst exalt them high,
Unseemly falls in human eye, 690
Too grievous for the trespass or omission ;
Oft leav'st them to the hostile sword
Of Heathen and profane, their carcases
To dogs and fowls a prey, or else captiv'd ;
Or to th' unjust tribunals, under change of times, 965
And condemnation of th' ungrateful multitude.

If these they scape, perhaps in poverty
With sickness and disease thou bow'st them down,
Painful diseases and deform'd,
In crude old age ;

Though not disordinate, yet causeless suff'ring
 The punishment of dissolute days : in fine,
 Just or unjust alike seem miserable,
 For oft alike both come to evil end. 704

So deal not with this once thy glorious champion,
 The image of thy strength, and mighty minister.
 What do I beg ? how hast thou dealt already ?
 Behold him in this state calamitous, and turn
 His labours, for thou canst, to peaceful end.

But who is this, what thing of sea or land ? 710
 Female of sex it seems,
 That so bedeck'd, ornate, and gay,
 Comes this way sailing
 Like a stately ship
 Of Tarsus, bound for th' isles 715
 Of Javan or Gadire
 With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
 Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,
 Courted by all the winds that hold them play,
 An amber sent of odorous perfume 720
 Her harbinger, a damsel train behind ;
 Some rich Philistine matron she may seem ;
 And now at nearer view, no other certain
 Than Dalila thy wife. 724

SAM. My wife ! my traitress ! let her not come near
 me. [thee fix'd,

CHOR. Yet on she moves, now stands and eyes
 About t' have spoke, but now, with head declin'd,
 Like a fair flower surcharg'd with dew, she weeps,
 And words address'd seem into tears dissolv'd,
 Wetting the borders of her silken veil : 730
 But now again she makes address to speak.

DAL. With doubtful feet and wavering resolution
 I came, still dreading thy displeasure, Samson,
 Which to have merited, without excuse,
 I cannot but acknowledge ; yet if tears 735
 May expiate, (though the fact more evil drew
 In the perverse event than I foresaw,)
 My penance hath not slacken'd, though my pardon
 No way assur'd. But conjugal affection

Prevailing over fear and timorous doubt,
 Hath led me on desirous to behold
 Once more thy face, and know of thy estate,
 If ought in my ability may serve
 To lighten what thou suffer'st, and appease
 Thy mind with what amends is in my power,
 Though late, yet in some part to recompence
 My rash but more unfortunate misdeed. 745

SAM. Out, out hyæna; these are thy wonted arts,
 And arts of every woman, false like thee,
 To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray, 750
 Then as repentant to submit, beseech,
 And reconciliation move with feign'd remorse,
 Confess, and promise wonders in her change,
 Not truly penitent, but chief to try
 Her husband, how far urg'd his patience bears 755
 His virtue or weakness which way to assail:
 Then with more cautious and instructed skill
 Again transgresses, and again submits;
 That wisest and best men, full oft beguil'd
 With goodness principled not to reject 760
 The penitent, but ever to forgive,
 Are drawn to wear out miserable days,
 Intangled with a pois'nous bosom snake,
 If not by quick destruction soon cut off,
 As I by thee to ages an example. 765

DAL. Yet hear me, Samson; not that I endeavour
 To lessen or extenuate my offence,
 But that on th' other side, if it be weigh'd
 By itself, with aggravations not surcharg'd,
 Or else with just allowance counterpois'd, 770
 I may, if possible, thy pardon find
 The easier towards me, or thy hatred less.
 First granting, as I do, it was a weakness
 In me, but incident to all our sex,
 Curiosity, inquisitive, importune 775
 Of secrets, then with like infirmity
 To publish them, both common female faults.
 Was it not weakness also to make known
 For importunity, that is for nought,

Her own transgressions, to upraid me mine!
 That malice, not repentance, brought thee hither,
 By this appears: I gave, thou say'st, th' example,
 I led the way; bitter reproach, but true;
 I to myself was false ere thou to me;
 Such pardon therefore as I give my folly, 825
 Take to thy wicked deed; which, when thou seest
 Impartial, self-severe, inexorable,
 Thou wilt renounce thy seeking, and much rather
 Confess it feign'd; weakness is thy excuse,
 And I believe it, weakness to resist 830
 Philistine gold: if weakness may excuse,
 What murderer, what traitor, parricide,
 Incestuous, sacrilegious, but may plead it?
 All wickedness is weakness: that plea therefore
 With God or man will gain thee no remission. 835
 But love constrain'd thee; call it furious rage
 To satisfy thy lust: love seeks to have love:
 My love how could'st thou hope, who took'st the way
 To raise in me inexpiable hate,
 Knowing, as needs I must, by thee betray'd? 840
 In vain thou striv'st to cover shame with shame,
 Or by evasions thy crime uncover'st more.

DAL. Since thou determin'st weakness for no plea
 In man or woman, though to thy own condemning,
 Hear what assaults I had, what snares besides, 845
 What sieges girt me round, ere I consented;
 Which might have aw'd the best resolv'd of men,
 The constantest, to have yielded without blame.
 It was not gold, as to my charge thou lay'st,
 That wrought with me: thou know'st the magistrates
 And princes of my country came in person, 851
 Solicited, commanded, threaten'd, urg'd,
 Adjur'd by all the bonds of civil duty
 And of religion, press'd how just it was,
 How honourable, how glorious to intrap 855
 A common enemy, who had destroy'd
 Such numbers of our nation: and the priest
 Was not behind, but ever at my ear,
 Preaching how meritorious with the gods

It would be to insnare an irreligious 860
 Dishonorer of Dagon. What had I
 To oppose against such powerful arguments ;
 Only my love of thee held long debate,
 And combated in silence all these reasons
 With hard contest : at length that grounded maxim,
 So rife and celebrated in the mouths 866
 Of wisest men, that to the public good
 Private respects must yield, with grave authority
 Took full possession of me and prevail'd ;
 Virtue, as I thought, truth, duty, so injoining. 870

SAM. I thought where all thy circling wiles would
 In feign'd religion, smooth hypocrisy. [end ;
 But had thy love, still odiously pretended,
 Been, as it aught, sincere, it would have taught thee
 Far other reasonings, brought forth other deeds. 875
 I before all the daughters of my tribe
 And of my nation chose thee from among
 My enemies, lov'd thee, as too well thou knew'st,
 Too well, unbosom'd all my secrets to thee ;
 Not out of levity, but over-power'd 880
 By thy request, who could deny thee nothing ;
 Yet now am judg'd an enemy. Why then
 Didst thou at first receive me for thy husband,
 Then, as since then, thy country's foe profess'd ?
 Being once a wife, for me thou wast to leave 885
 Parents and country ; nor was I their subject,
 Nor under their protection, but my own ;
 Thou mine, not theirs : if ought against my life
 Thy country sought of thee, it sought unjustly,
 Against the law of nature, law of nations, 890
 No more thy country, but an impious crew
 Of men conspiring to uphold their state
 By worse than hostile deeds, violating the ends
 For which our country is a name so dear ;
 Not therefore to be obey'd. But zeal mov'd thee ; 895
 To please thy gods thou didst it : gods, unable
 To acquit themselves, and prosecute their foes
 But by ungodly deeds, the contradiction
 Of their own deity, gods cannot be ;

Less therefore to be pleas'd, obey'd, or fear'd, 900
These false pretexes and varnish'd colours failing,
Bare in thy guilt, how foul must thou appear?

DAL. In argument with men a woman ever
Goes by the worse, whatever be her cause.

SAM. For want of words, no doubt, or lack of breath;
Witness when I was worried with thy peals. 906

DAL. I was a fool, too rash, and quite mistaken
In what I thought would have succeeded best.
Let me obtain forgiveness of thee, Samson;
Afford me place to show what recompence 910
Towards thee I intend for what I have misdone,
Misguided; only what remains past cure
Bear not too sensibly, nor still insist

To afflict thyself in vain: though fight be lost,
Life yet hath many solaces, enjoy'd 915
Where other senses want not their delights
At home in leisure and domestic ease,
Exempt from many a care and chance to which
Eye-sight exposes daily men abroad.

I to the lords will intercede, not doubting 920
Their favourable ear, that I may fetch thee
From forth this loathsome prison-house, to abide
With me, where my redoubled love and care
With nursing diligence, to me glad office,
May ever tend about thee to old age, 925
With all things grateful cheer'd, and so supply'd,
That what by me thou hast lost thou least shalt miss.

SAM. No, no; of my condition take no care;
It fits not; thou and I long since are twain:
Nor think me so unwary or accurs'd, 930
To bring my feet again into the snare
Where once I have been caught: I know thy trains,
Though dearly to my cost, thy gins, and toils;
Thy fair enchanted cup, and warbling charms,
No more on me have power, their force is null'd, 935
So much of adder's wisdom I have learn'd
To fence my ear against thy sorceries.
If in my flower of youth and strength, when all men
Lov'd, honour'd, fear'd me, thou alone couldst hate me,

Thy husband, slight me, sell me, and forego me ; 940
 How wouldst thou use me now, blind, and thereby
 Deceivable, in most things as a child
 Helpless, thence easily contemn'd, and scorn'd,
 And last neglected ? How wouldst thou insult,
 When I must live uxorious to thy will 945
 In perfect thralldom, how again betray me,
 Bearing my words and doings to the lords
 To gloss upon, and censuring, frown or smile ?
 This jail I count the house of liberty
 To thine, whose doors my feet shall never enter. 950
 DAL. Let me approach at least, and touch thy
 hand.

SAM. Not for thy life, lest fierce remembrance wake
 My sudden rage to tear thee joint by joint.
 At distance I forgive thee ; go with that ;
 Bewail thy falsehood, and the pious works 955
 It hath brought forth to make thee memorable
 Among illustrious women, faithful wives :
 Cherish thy hasten'd widowhood with the gold
 Of matrimonial treason : so farewell.

DAL. I see thou art implacable, more deaf 960
 To prayers than winds and seas, yet winds to seas
 Are reconcil'd at length, and sea to shore :
 Thy anger, unappeasable, still rages,
 Eternal tempest, never to be calm'd,
 Why do I humble thus myself, and suing 965
 For peace, reap nothing but repulse and hate ?
 Bid go with evil omen, and the brand
 Of infamy upon my name denounc'd ?
 To mix with thy concernments I desist
 Henceforth, nor too much disapprove my own. 970
 Fame, if not double-fac'd is double-mouth'd,
 And with contrary blast proclaims most deeds ;
 On both his wings, one black, the other white,
 Bears greatest names in his wild aery flight.
 My name perhaps among the circumcis'd 975
 In Dan, in Judah, and the bordering tribes,
 To all posterity may stand defam'd,
 With malediction mention'd, and the blot

Of falshood most unconjugal traduc'd,
 But in my country, where I most desire,
 In Ecron, Gaza, Asdod, and in Gath,
 I shall be nam'd among the famouſest
 Of women, ſung at ſolemn feſtivals,
 Living and dead recorded, who, to ſave
 Her country from a fierce deſtroyer, choſe 985
 Above the faith of wedlock-bands; my tomb
 With odours viſited and annual flowers;
 Not leſs renown'd than in Mount Ephraim
 Jael, who with inhospitable guile
 Smote Siſera ſleeping, through the temples nail'd, 990
 Nor ſhall I count it heinous to enjoy
 The public marks of honour and reward
 Conferr'd upon me for the piety
 Which to my country I was judg'd to have ſhown.
 At this who ever envies or repines, 995
 I leave him to his lot, and like my own.

CHOR. She's gone, a manifeſt ſerpent by her ſting
 Discover'd in the end, till now conceal'd.

SAM. So let her go, God ſent her to debase me,
 And aggravate my folly, who committed 1000
 To ſuch a viper his moſt ſacred truſt
 Of ſecrecy, my ſafety, and my life. [power,

CHOR. Yet beauty, though injurious, hath ſtrange
 After offence returning, to regain
 Love once poſſeſs'd, nor can be eaſily 1005
 Repuls'd, without much inward paſſion felt,
 And ſecret ſting of amorous remorie.

SAM. Love quarrels oft in pleaſing concord end,
 Not wedlock-treachery endang'ring life.

CHOR. It is not virtue, wiſdom, valour, wit, 1010
 Strength, comelineſs of ſhape, or ampleſt merit,
 That woman's love can win or long inherit;
 But what it is, hard is to ſay,
 Harder to hit,

(Which way ſoever men refer it) 1015
 Much like thy riddle, Samſon, in one day
 Or ſev'n, though one ſhould muſing ſit.

If any of theſe, or all, the Timnian bride

Had not so soon preferr'd
 Thy paranymp, worthless to thee compar'd, 1020
 Successor in thy bed,
 Nor both so loosely disally'd
 Their nuptials, nor this last so treacherously
 Had shorn the fatal harvest of thy head,
 Is it for that such outward ornament 1025
 Was lavish'd on their sex, that inward gifts
 Were left for haste unfinish'd, judgement scant,
 Capacity not rais'd to apprehend
 Or value what is best
 In choice, but ofttest to affect the wrong? 1030
 Or was too much of self-love mix'd,
 Of constancy no root enfix'd,
 That either they love nothing, or not long?
 Whate'er it be, to wisest men and best
 Seeming at first all heav'nly under virgin veil, 1035
 Soft, modest, meek, demure,
 Once join'd, the contrary she proves, a thorn,
 Intestine, far within defensive arms
 A cleaving mischief, in his way to virtue
 Adverse and turbulent, or by her charms 1040
 Draws him awry enslav'd
 With dotage, and his sense deprav'd
 To folly and shameful deeds which ruin ends.
 What pilot so expert but needs must wreck
 Imbark'd with such a steers-mate at the helm? 1045
 Favour'd of Heav'n, who finds
 One virtuous, rarely found
 That in domestic good combines:
 Happy that house! his way to peace is smooth:
 But virtue, which breaks through all opposition, 1050
 And all temptation can remove,
 Most shines and most is acceptable above.
 Therefore God's universal law
 Gave to the man despotic power
 Over his female in due awe, 1055
 Nor from that right to part an hour,
 Smile she or lour:
 So shall he leag'd confusion draw

On his whole life, not sway'd
By female usurpation, or dismay'd. 1060
But had we best retire? I see a storm?

SAM. Fair days have oft contracted wind and rain.

CHOR. But this another kind of tempest brings.

SAM. Be less abstruse, my riddling days are past.

CHOR. Look now for no enchanting voice, nor fear
The bait of honied words; a rougher tongue 1066
Draws hitherward; I know him by his stride,
The giant Harapha of Gath, his look
Haughty as is his pile high-built and proud.
Comes he in peace? What wind hath blown him hither
I less conjecture than when first I saw 1071
The sumptuous Dalila floating this way:
His habit carries peace, his brow defiance.

SAM. Or peace or not, alike to me he comes.

CHOR. His fraught we soon shall know, he now
arrives. 1075

HAR. I come not, Samson, to condole thy chance,
As these perhaps, yet wish it had not been,
Though for no friendly intent. I am of Gath;
Men call me Harapha, of stock renown'd
As Og or Anak, and the Emims old, 1080
That Kiriathaim held; thou know'st me now,
If thou at all art known. Much I have heard
Of thy prodigious might and feats perform'd,
Incredible to me, in this displeas'd,
That I was never present on the place 1085
Of those encounters, where we might have try'd
Each other's force in camp or lifted field;
And now am come to see of whom such noise
Hath walk'd about, and each limb to survey,
If thy appearance answer loud report. 1090

SAM. The way to know were not to see, but taste.

HAR. Dost thou already single me? I thought
Gyves and the mill had tam'd thee. O that Fortune
Had brought me to the field, where thou art fam'd
To have wrough such wonders with an ass's jaw;
I should have forc'd thee soon with other arms, 1096
Or left thy carcase where the ass lay thrown:

So had the glory of prowess been recover'd
 To Palestine won by a Philistine,
 From the unforefkin'd race, of whom thou bear'st
 The highest name for valiant acts; that honour, 1101
 Certain to have won by mortal duel from thee,
 I lose, prevented by thy eyes put out. [but do

SAM. Boast not of what thou would'st have done,
 What then thou would'st, thou seest it in thy hand.

HAR. To combat with a blind man I dildain, 1106
 And thou hast need much washing to be touch'd.

SAM. Such usage as your honourable lords
 Afford me, assassinated and betray'd,
 Who durst not with their whole united powers 1110
 In fight withstand me single and unarm'd,
 Nor in the house with chamber ambushes
 Close-banded durst attack me, no, not sleeping,
 Till they had hir'd a woman with their gold
 Breaking her marriage faith to circumvent me. 1115
 Therefore without feign'd shifts let be assign'd
 Some narrow place inclos'd, where fight may give thee,
 Or rather flight, no great advantage on me;
 Then put on all thy gorgeous arms, thy helmet
 And brigandine of brass, thy broad habergeon, 1120
 Vaunt-brass and greves, and gauntlet, add thy spear,
 A weaver's beam, and sev'n-times-folded shield;
 I only with an oaken staff will meet thee,
 And raise such outcries on thy clatter'd iron,
 Which long shall not withhold me from thy head,
 That in a little time, while breath remains thee, 1126
 Thou oft shalt wish thyself at Gath to boast
 Again in safety what thou would'st have done
 To Samson, but shalt never see Gath more.

HAR. Thou durst not thus disparage glorious arms,
 Which greatest heroes have in battle worn, 1131
 Their ornament and safety, had not spells
 And black enchantments, some Magician's art,
 Arm'd thee or charm'd thee strong, which thou from
 Heav'n

Feign'dst at thy birth was giv'n thee in thy hair, 1135
 Where strength can least abide, though all thy hairs

Were bristles rang'd like those that ridge the back
Of chat'd wild boars, or ruffled porcupines.

SAM. I know no spells, use no forbidden arts:
My trust is in the living God, who gave me 1140

At my nativity this strength, diffus'd
No less through all my sinews, joints, and bones,
Than thine, while I preserv'd these locks unshorn,
The pledge of my unviolated vow.

For proof hereof, if Dagon be thy god, 1145
Go to his temple, invoke his aid

With solemnest devotion, spread before him
How highly it concerns his glory now
To frustrate and dissolve these magic spells,
Which I to be the power of Israel's God 1150

Avow, and challenge Dagon to the test,
Offering to combat thee his champion bold,
With th' utmost of his godhead seconded:
Then thou shalt see, or, rather to thy sorrow, 1154
Soon feel, whose God is strongest, thine or mine.

HAR. Presume not on thy God, whate'er he be;
Thee he regards not, owns not, hath cut off
Quite from his people, and deliver'd up
Into thy enemies' hand, permitted them 1159

To put out both thine eyes, and fetter'd send thee
Into the common prison, there to grind
Among the slaves and asses thy comrades,
As good for nothing else; no better service
With those thy boist'rous locks, no worthy match
For valour to assail, nor by the sword 1165
Of noble warrior, so to stain his honour,
But by the barber's razor best subdu'd.

SAM. All these indignities, for such they are
From thine, these evils I deserve, and more,
Acknowledge them from God inflicted on me 1170

Justly, yet despair not of his final pardon,
Whose ear is ever open, and his eye
Gracious to re-admit the suppliant:
In confidence whereof I once again
Defy thee to the trial of mortal fight, 1175

By combat to decide whose god is God,

Thine or whom I with Israel's sons adore.

HAR. Fair honour that thou dost thy God, intrusting
He will accept thee to defend his cause, 1179
A murderer, a revolter, and a robber. [me these?

SAM. Tongue-doughty Giant, how dost thou prove

HAR. Is not thy nation subject to our lords?

Their magistrates confess'd it, when they took thee
As a league-breaker, and deliver'd bound
Into our hands: for hadst thou not committed 1185
Notorious murder on those thirty men

At Ascalon, who never did thee harm,
Then like a robber stripp'dst them of their robes?
The Philistines, when thou hadst broke the league,
Went up with armed powers thee only seeking,
To others did no violence, nor spoil. 1191

SAM. Among the daughters of the Philistines
I chose a wife, which argued me no foe;
And in your city held my nuptial feast:
But your ill-meaning politician lords, 1195
Under pretence of bridal friends and guests,
Appointed to await me thirty spies,
Who, threatening cruel death, constrain'd the bride
To wring from me and tell to them my secret,
That solv'd the riddle which I had propos'd, 1200
When I perceiv'd all set on enmity,
As on my enemies, wherever chanc'd,
I us'd hostility, and took their spoil
To pay my underminers in their coin.

My nation was subjected to your lords, 1205
It was the force of conquest; force with for
Is well ejected when the conquer'd can.

But I, a private person, whom my country
As a league-breaker gave up bound, presum'd
Single rebellion, and did hostile acts, 1210

I was no private, but a person rais'd
With strength sufficient and command from Heav'n
To free my country; if their servile minds
Me, their deliverer sent, would not receive,
But to their masters gave me up for nought, 1215
Th' unworthier they; whence to this day they serve.

I was to do my part from Heav'n assign'd,
 And had perform'd it, if my known offence
 Had not disabled me, not all your force :
 These shifts refuted, answer thy appellant, 1220
 Though by his blindness maim'd for high attempts,
 Who now defies thee thrice to single fight,
 As a petty enterprize of small enforce.

HAR. With thee! a man condemn'd, a slave inroll'd,
 Due by the law to capital punishment? 1225
 To fight with thee no man of arms will deign. [me,

SAM. Cam'st thou for this, vain boaster, to survey
 To descant on my strength, and give thy verdict?
 Come nearer; part not hence so slight inform'd;
 But take good heed my hand survey not thee. 1230

HAR. O Baal-zebub! can my ears unus'd
 Hear these dishonours, and not render death?

SAM. No man withholds thee, nothing from thy hand
 Fear I incurable; bring up thy van,
 My heels are fetter'd, but my fist is free. 1235

HAR. This insolence other kind of answer fits.

SAM. Go, baffled coward, lest I run upon thee,
 Though in these chains, bulk without spirit vast,
 And with one buffet lay thy structure low,
 Or swing thee in the air, then dash thee down 1240
 To th' hazard of thy brains and shatter'd sides.

HAR. By Astaroth, ere long thou shalt lament
 These braveries in irons loaden on thee.

CHOR. His Giantship is gone somewhat crest fall'n,
 Stalking with less unconscionable strides, 1245
 And lower looks, but in a sultry chafe.

SAM. I dread him not, nor all his giant-brood,
 Though Fame divulge him father of five sons,
 All of gigantic size, Goliath chief.

CHOR. He will directly to the lords, I fear, 1250
 And with malicious counsel stir them up
 Some way or other yet further to afflict thee.

SAM. He must alledge some cause, and offer'd fight
 Will not dare mention, lest a question rise
 Whether he durst accept th' offer or not, 1255
 And that he durst not plain enough appear'd.

Much more affliction than already felt
 They cannot well impose, nor I sustain;
 If they intend advantage of my labours,
 The work of many hands, which earns my keeping
 With no small profit daily to my owners. 1261
 But come what will, my deadliest foe will prove
 My speediest friend, by death to rid me hence;
 The worst that he can give, to me the best.
 Yet so it may fall out, because their end . 1265
 Is hate, not help to me, it may with mine
 Draw their own ruin who attempt the deed.

CHOR. Oh how comely it is, and how reviving
 To the spirits of just men long oppress'd,
 When God into the hands of their deliverer 1270
 Puts invincible might
 To quell the mighty of the earth, th' oppressor,
 The brute and boist'rous force of violent men
 Hardy and industrious to support
 Tyrannic power, but raging to pursue 1275
 The righteous and all such as honour truth;
 He all their ammunition
 And feats of war defeats
 With plain heroic magnitude of mind
 And celestial vigour arm'd, 1280
 Their armories and magazines contemns,
 Renders them useless, while
 With winged expedition,
 Swift as the lightning glance, he executes
 His errand on the wicked, who surpris'd 1285
 Lose their defence distracted and amaz'd.

But patience is more oft the exercise
 Of saints, the trial of their fortitude,
 Making them each his own deliverer,
 And victor over all 1290
 That Tyranny or Fortune can inflict.
 Either of these is in thy lot,
 Samson, with might indu'd,
 Above the sons of men; but sight bereav'd
 May chance to number thee with those 1295

Whom patience finally must crown.

This idol's day hath been to thee no day of rest,

Labouring thy mind

More than the working day thy hands.

And yet perhaps more trouble is behind,

1300

For I descry this way

Some other tending; in his hand

A sceptre or quaint staff he bears,

Comes on amain, speed in his look.

By his habit I discern him now

1305

A public officer, and now at hand;

His message will be short and voluble.

OF. Hebrews, the pris'ner Samson here I seek.

CHOR. His manacles remark him, there he sits.

OF. Samson, to thee our lords thus bid me say;

This day to Dagon is a solemn feast,

1311

With sacrifices, triumph, pomp and games:

Thy strength they know surpassing human rate,

And now some public proof thereof require

To honour this great feast, and great assembly: 1315

Rise therefore with all speed, and come along,

Where I will see thee hearten'd, and fresh clad,

To appear as fits before th' illustrious lords.

SAM. Thou know'st I am an Hebrew, therefore tell
them

Our law forbids at their religious rites

My presence: for that cause I cannot come. 1321

OF. This answer, be assur'd, will not content them.

SAM. Have they not sword-players, and every sort

Of gymnic artists, wrestlers, riders, runners,

Juglers and dancers, antics, mummers, mimics, 1325

But they must pick me out, with shackles tir'd,

And over-labour'd at their public mill,

To make them sport with blind activity?

Do they not seek occasion of new quarrels

On my refusal to distress me more,

1330

Or make a game of my calamities?

Return the way thou cam'st; I will not come.

OF. Regard thyself; this will offend them highly.

SAM. Myself? my conscience and internal peace.

Can they think me so broken, so debas'd 1335
 With corporal servitude, that my mind ever
 Will condescend to such absurd commands;
 Although their drudge, to be their fool or jester,
 And in my midst of sorrow and heart-grief 1339
 To show them feats, and play before their god,
 The worst of all indignities, yet on me
 Join'd with extreme contempt? I will not come.

OF. My message was impos'd on me with speed,
 Brooks no delay: is this thy resolution? 1344

SAM. So take it with what speed thy message
 needs.

OF. I am sorry what this stoutness will produce.

SAM. Perhaps thou shalt have cause to sorrow
 indeed.

CHOR. Consider, Samson, matters now are strain'd
 Up to the heighth, whether to hold or break:

He's gone, and who knows how he may report 1350

Thy words by adding fuel to the flame?

Expect another message more imperious,

More lordly thund'ring than thou well wilt bear.

SAM. Shall I abuse this consecrated gift
 Of strength, again returning with my hair 1355

After my great transgression, so requite

Favour renew'd, and add a greater sin

By prostituting holy things to idols;

A Nazarite in place abominable

Vaunting my strength in honour to their Dagon?

Besides, how vile, contemptible, ridiculous, 1361

What act more execrably unclean, profane?

CHOR. Yet with this strength thou serv'st the Phi-
 listines,

Idolatrous, uncircumcis'd, unclean.

SAM. Not in their idol-worship, but by labour
 Honest and lawful, to deserve my food 1365

Of those who have me in their civil power.

CHOR. Where the heart joins not, outwards acts de-
 file not.

SAM. Where outward force constrains, the sentence
 holds.

. . . MAM . . .

MAM *MAM* *M

.MAM. .MAM. .M

But who constrains me to the temple of Dagon,
Not dragging? The Philistine lords command: 1371
Commands are no constraints. If I obey them,
I do it freely, vent'ring to displease

God for the fear of man, and man prefer,
Set God behind: which in his jealousy 1375
Shall never unrepented find forgiveness.

Yet that he may dispense with me or thee
Present in temples, at idolatrous rites,
For some important cause, thou need'st not doubt.

CHOR. How thou wilt here come off surmounts my
reach. 1380

SAM. Be of good courage; I begin to feel
Some rousing motions in me, which dispose
To something extraordinary my thoughts.
I with this messenger will go along;
Nothing to do, be sure, that may dishonour 1385
Our law, or stain my vow of Nazarite.
If there be ought of presage in the mind,
This day will be remarkable in my life
By some great act, or of my days the last.

CHOR. In time thou hast resolv'd, the man re-
turns. 1390

OF. Samson, this second message from our lords
To thee I am bid say. Art thou our slave,
Our captive, at the public mill our drudge,
And dar'st thou at our sending and command
Dispute thy coming? come without delay; 1395
Or we shall find such engines to assail
And hamper thee, as thou shalt come of force,
Though thou wert firmlier fasten'd than a rock.

SAM. I could be well content to try their art,
Which to no few of them would prove pernicious.
Yet knowing their advantages too many, 1401
Because they shall not trail me through their streets
Like a wild beast, I am content to go.
Master's commands come with a power resistless
To such as owe them absolute subjection; 1405
And for a life who will not change his purpose?
(So mutable are all the ways of men;)

Yet this be sure, in nothing to comply
Scandalous or forbidden in our law.

OF. I praise thy resolution : doff these links :
By this compliance thou wilt win the lords 1411
To favour, and perhaps to set thee free.

SAM. Brethren, farewell ; your company along
I will not wish, lest it perhaps offend them
To see me girt with friends ; and how the fight
Of me, as of a common enemy, 1416
So dreaded once, may now exasperate them,
I know not : lords are lordliest in their wine ;
And the well-feasted priest then soonest fir'd
With zeal, if ought religion seem concern'd ; 1420
No less the people on their holy days
Impetuous, insolent, unquenchable :
Happen what may, of me expect to hear
Nothing dishonourable, impure, unworthy
Our God, our law, my nation, or myself. 1425
The last of me or no I cannot warrant.

CHOR. Go, and the Holy One
Of Israel be thy guide
To what may serve his glory best, and spread his name
Great among the Heathen round ; 1430
Send thee the angel of thy birth, to stand
Fast by thy side, who from thy father's field
Rode up in flames after his message told
Of thy conception, and be now a shield
Of fire ; that Spirit that first rush'd on thee 1435
In the camp of Dan
Be efficacious in thee now at need.
For never was from heav'n imparted
Measure of strength so great to mortal seed,
As in thy wondrous actions hath been seen. 1440
But wherefore comes old Manoah in such haste
With youthful steps ? much livelier than ere while
He seems ; supposing here to find his son,
Or of him bringing to us some glad news ? 1444

MAN. Peace with you, brethren ; my inducement
hither
Was not at present here to find my son,

By order of the lords new parted hence
To come and play before them at their feast.
I heard all as I came, the city rings,
And numbers thither flock. I had no will, 1450
Lest I should see him forc'd to things unseemly.
But that which mov'd my coming now was chiefly
To give ye part with me what hope I have
With good success to work his liberty.

CHOR. That hope would much rejoice us to par-
take 1455

With thee: say, reverend Sire, we thirst to hear.

MAN. I have attempted one by one the lords,
Either at home, or through the highest street passing,
With supplication prone and father's tears,
To accept of ransom for my son their pris'ner. 1460
Some much averse I found and wondrous harsh,
Contemptuous, proud, set on revenge and spite;
That part most reverenc'd Dagon and his priest:
Others more moderate seeming, but their aim
Private reward, for which both God and state 1465
They easily would set to sale: a third
More generous far and civil, who confess'd
They had enough reveng'd; having reduc'd
Their foe to misery beneath their fears,
The rest was magnanimity to remit, 1470
If some convenient ransom were propos'd.
What noise or shout was that? it tore the sky.

CHOR. Doubtless the people shouting to behold
Their once great dread, captive and blind before them,
Or at some proof of strength before them shown. 1475

MAN. His ransom, if my whole inheritance
May compass it, shall willingly be paid
And number'd down: much rather I shall choose
To live the poorest in my tribe, than richest,
And he in that calamitous prison left. 1480
No, I am fix'd not to part hence without him.
For his redemption all my patrimony,
If need be, I am ready to forego.
And quit: not wanting him I shall want nothing.

CHOR. Fathers are wont to lay up for their sons,
 Thou for thy son are bent to lay out all: 1486
 Sons wont to nurse their parents in old age;
 Thou in old age car'st how to nurse thy son,
 Made older than thy age through eye-sight lost.

MAN. It shall be my delight to tend his eyes,
 And view him sitting in the house, ennobled 1491
 With all those high exploits by him achiev'd,
 And on his shoulders waving down those locks
 That of a nation arm'd the strength contain'd:
 And I persuade me God had not permitted 1495
 His strength again to grow up with his hair,
 Garrison'd round about him like a camp
 Of faithful soldiery, were not his purpose
 To use him further yet in some great service,
 Not to sit idle with so great a gift 1500
 Useless, and thence ridiculous about him.
 And since his strength with eye-sight was not lost,
 God will restore him eye-sight to his strength.

CHOR. Thy hopes are not ill-founded, nor seem vain
 Of his delivery, and thy joy thereon 1505
 Conceiv'd, agreeable to a father's love,
 In both which we, as next, participate.

MAN. I know your friendly minds and—O what
 noise!

Mercy of Heav'n, what hideous noise was that?
 Horribly loud, unlike the former shout, 1510

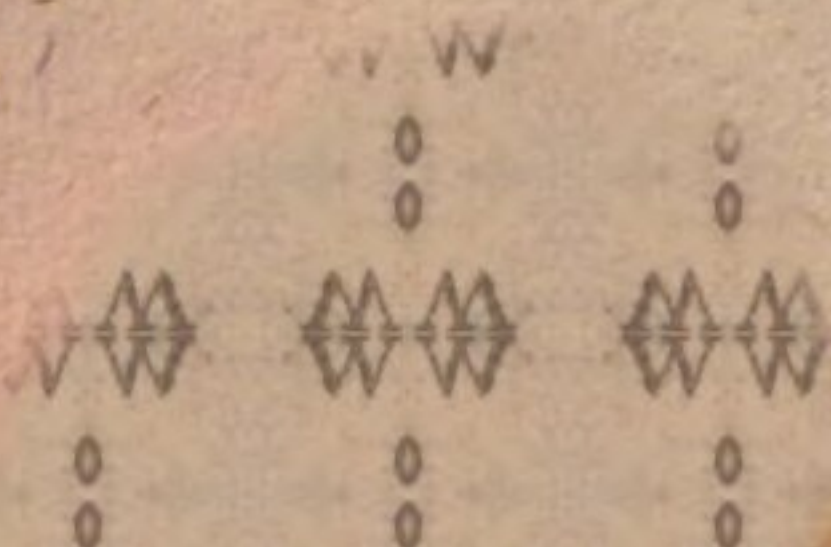
CHOR. Noise call you it, or universal groan,
 As if the whole inhabitation perish'd!
 Blood, death, and deathful deeds are in that noise;
 Ruin, destruction at the utmost point.

MAN. Of ruin indeed methought I heard the noise;
 Oh it continues, they have slain my son. 1516

CHOR. Thy son is rather slaying them; that outcry
 From slaughter of one foe could not ascend.

MAN. Some dismal accident it needs must be;
 What shall we do, stay here or run and see? 1520

CHOR. Best keep together here, lest running thither,
 We unawares run into danger's mouth.
 This evil on the Philistines is fall'n;



From whom could hence a general cry be heard ?

The sufferers then will scarce molest us here ; 1525

From other hands we need not much to fear.

What if his eye-sight (for to Israel's God

Nothing is hard) by miracle restor'd,

He now be dealing dole among his foes,

And over heaps of slaughter'd walk his way ? 1530

MAN. That were a joy presumptuous to be thought.

CHOR. Yet God hath wrought things as incredible
For his people of old ; what hinders now ?

MAN. He can I know, but doubt to think he will ;

Yet hope would fain subscribe, and tempts belief.

A little stay will bring some notice hither. 1536

CHOR. Of good or bad so great, of bad the sooner ;

For evil news rides post, while good news baits ;

And to our wish I see one hither speeding,

An Hebrew, as I guess, and of our tribe. 1540

MES. O whither shall I run, or which way fly

The sight of this so horrid spectacle,

Which erst my eyes beheld, and yet behold ?

For dire imagination still pursues me ;

But Providence or instinct of nature seems, 1545

Or reason, though disturb'd, and scarce consulted,

To have guided me aright, I know not how,

To thee first, reverend Manoah, and to these

My countrymen, whom here I knew remaining,

As at some distance from the place of horror, 1550

So in the sad event too much concern'd.

MAN. The accident was loud, and here before thee

With rueful cry, yet what it was we hear not ;

No preface needs, thou seest we long to know.

MES. It would burst forth, but I recover breath

And sense distract, to know well what I utter. 1556

MAN. Tell us the sum, the circumstance defer.

MES. Gaza yet stands, but all her sons are fall'n ;

All in a moment overwhelm'd and fall'n.

MAN. Sad, but thouk now't to Israelites not saddest,

The desolation of a hostile city. 1561

MES. Feed on that first ; there may in grief be surfeit.

MAN. Relate by whom.

MES. By Samson.

MAN. That still lessens

The sorrow, and converts it nigh to joy. 1565

MES. Ah, Manoah, I refrain too suddenly

To utter what will come at last too soon;

Left evil tidings with too rude irruption

Hitting thy aged ear should pierce too deep. 1569

MAN. Suspense in news is torture, speak them out.

MES. Take then the worst in brief; Samson is dead.

MAN. The worst indeed. O all my hopes defeated

To free him hence! but death, who sets all free,

Hath paid his ransom now and full discharge.

What windy joy this day had I conceiv'd

Hopeful of his delivery, which now proves 1575

Abortive as the first-born bloom of Spring

Nipt with the lagging rear of Winter's frost!

Yet ere I give the reins to grief, say first

How dy'd he: death to life is crown or shame.

All by him fell thou say'st, by whom fell he; 1580

What glorious hand gave Samson his death's wound?

MES. Unwounded of his enemies he fell.

MAN. Wearied with slaughter then, or how? explain.

MES. By his own hands.

MAN. Self-violence? what cause

Brought him so soon at variance with himself 1585

Among his foes?

MES. Inevitable cause

At once both to destroy and be destroy'd;

The edifice, where all were met to see him,

Upon their heads and on his own he pull'd.

MAN. O lastly over-strong against thyself! 1590

A dreadful way thou took'st to thy revenge.

More than enough we know; but while things yet

Are in confusion, give us, if thou canst,

Eye-witness of what first or last was done,

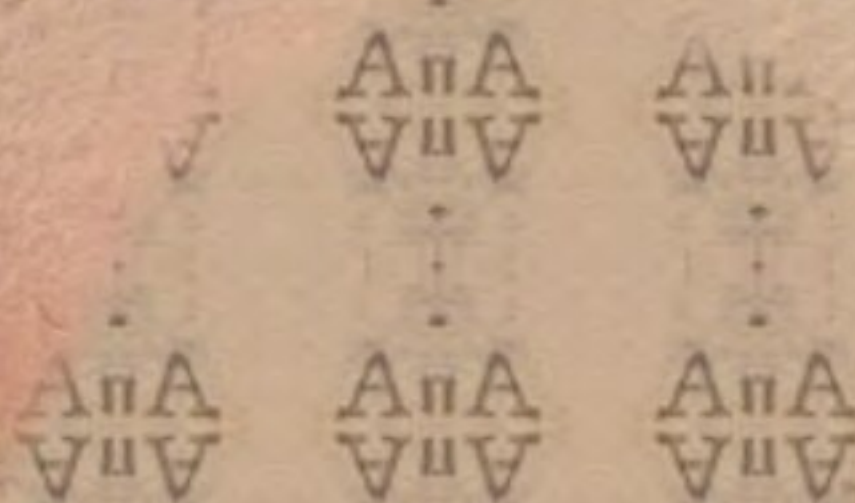
Relation more particular and distinct. 1595

MES. Occasions drew me early to this city,

And as the gates I enter'd with sun-rise,

The morning trumpet's festival proclaim'd

Through each high-street: little I had dispatch'd,



When all abroad was rumour'd that this day
 Samson should be brought forth to shew the people
 Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games;
 I sorrow'd at his captive state, but minded
 Not to be absent at that spectacle.

1605

The building was a spacious theatre
 Half round, on two main pillars vaulted high,
 With seats where all the lords and each degree
 Of sort might sit in order to behold;

The other side was open, where the throng
 On banks and scaffolds under sky might stand;
 I among these aloof obscurely stood.

1609

The feast and noon grew high, and sacrifice
 Had fill'd their hearts with mirth, high cheer, and wine,
 When to their sports they turn'd. Immediately

Was Samson as a public servant brought,
 In their state livery clad; before him pipes

1615

And timbrels; on each side went armed guards,
 Both horse and foot; before him and behind
 Archers, and slingers, cataphracts and spears.

At sight of him the people with a shout
 Rifted the air, clamouring their God with praise,
 Who had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.

1620

He patient, but undaunted, where they led him,
 Came to the place; and what was set before him,
 Which without help of eye might be assay'd
 To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still perform'd
 All with incredible, stupendous force,
 None daring to appear antagonist.

1625

At length for intermission sake they led him
 Between the pillars; he his guide requested
 (For so from such as nearer stood we heard)
 As over-tir'd to let him lean a while

1630

With both his arms on those two massy pillars
 That to the arched roof gave main support.

He unsuspecting led him; which when Samson
 Felt in his arms, with head a while inclin'd,
 And eyes fast fix'd he stood, as one who pray'd,
 Or some great matter in his mind revolv'd:
 At last with head erected thus cry'd aloud;

1635

Hitherto, lords, what your commands impos'd 1640
 I have perform'd, as reason was obeying,
 Not without wonder or delight beheld:
 Now of my own accord such other trial
 I mean to show you of my strength, yet greater,
 As with amaze shall strike all who behold. 1645
 This utter'd, straining all his nerves he bow'd,
 As with the force of winds and waters pent
 When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars
 With horrible convulsions to and fro 1649
 He tugg'd, he shook, till down they came, and drew
 The whole roof after them, with burst of thunder
 Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,
 Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, or priests,
 Their choice nobility and flower, not only
 Of this but each Philistine city round, 1655
 Met from all parts to solemnize this feast.
 Samson with these immix'd, inevitably
 Pull'd down the same destruction on himself:
 The vulgar only scap'd who stood without.

CHOR. O dearly-bought revenge, yet glorious!
 Living or dying thou hast fulfill'd 1661
 The work for which thou wast foretold
 To Israel, and now ly'st victorious
 Among thy slain, self-kill'd;
 Not willingly, but tangled in the fold 1665
 Of dire necessity, whose law in death conjoin'd
 Thee with thy slaughter'd foes, in number more
 Than all thy life hath slain before. [sublime,

I SEMICHOR. While their hearts were jocund and
 Drunk with idolatry, drunk with wine, 1670
 And fat regorg'd of bulls and goats,
 Chaunting their idol, and preferring
 Before our living dread who dwells
 In Silo, his bright sanctuary:
 Among them he a spirit of phrenzy sent, 1675
 Who hurt their minds,
 And urg'd them on with mad desire
 To call in haste for their destroyer;
 They only set on sport and play, 2

Unweetingly importun'd
 Their own destruction to come speedy upon them.
 So fond are mortal men,
 Fall'n into wrath divine,
 As their own ruin on themselves to invite,
 Insensate left, or to sense reprobate,
 And with blindness internal struck.

1685

2 SEMICHOR. But he, though blind of sight,
 Despis'd and thought extinguish'd quite,
 With inward eyes illuminated,
 His fiery virtue rous'd
 From under ashes into sudden flame,
 And as an evening dragon came,
 Assailant on the perched roofs,
 And nests in order rang'd
 Of tame villatic fowl: but as an eagle
 His cloudless thunder bolted on their heads.
 So virtue giv'n for lost,
 Depress'd, and overthrown, as seem'd,
 Like that self-begotten bird
 In the Arabian woods imboist,
 That no second knows nor third,
 And lay ere while a holocaust,
 From out her ashy womb now teem'd,
 Revives, reffourishes, then vigorous most
 When most unactive deem'd,
 And though her body die, her fame survives,
 A secular bird ages of lives.

1690

1695

1700

1705

MAN. Come, come; no time for lamentation now,
 Nor much more cause; Samson hath quit himself
 Like Samson, and heroically hath finish'd
 A life heroic, on his enemies
 Fully reveng'd, hath left them years of mourning,
 And lamentation to the sons of Caphtor
 Through all Philistian bounds, to Israel
 Honour hath left, and freedom, let but them
 Find courage to lay hold on this occasion;
 To himself and father's house eternal fame;
 And, which is best and happiest yet, all this
 With God not parted from him, as was fear'd,

1710

1715

But favouring and assisting to the end.

1720

Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail

Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,

Dispraise, or blame, nothing but well and fair,

And what may quiet us in a death so noble.

Let us go find the body where it lies

1725

Soak'd in his enemies' blood, and from the stream

With lavers pure and cleansing herbs wash off

The clotted gore. I with what speed the while

(Gaza is not in plight to say us nay)

Will send for all my kindred, all my friends,

1730

To fetch him hence, and solemnly attend

With silent obsequy and funeral train

Home to his father's house: there will I build him

A monument, and plant it round with shade

Of laurel ever green, and branching palm,

1735

With all his trophies hung, and acts enroll'd

In copious legend, or sweet lyric song.

Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,

And from his memory inflame their breasts

To matchless valour, and adventures high:

1740

The virgins also shall on feastful days

Visit his tomb with flow'rs, only bewailing

His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,

From whence captivity and loss of eyes.

CHOR. All is best, though we oft doubt

1745

What th' unsearchable dispose

Of highest Wisdom brings about,

And ever best found in the close.

Oft he seems to hide his face,

But unexpectedly returns,

1750

And to his faithful champion hath in place

Bore witness gloriously; whence Gaza mourns;

And all that band them to resist

His uncontrollable intent;

His servants he with new acquit

1755

Of true experience from this great event,

With peace and consolation hath dismiss,

And calm of mind all passion spent.

L'ALLEGRO.

HENCE loathed Melancholy,
 Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
 In Stygian cave forlorn, [holy,
 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights un-
 Find out some uncouth cell, 5
 Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
 And the night raven sings ;
 There under ebon shades and low brow'd rocks,
 As ragged as thy locks,
 In dark Cimerian desert ever dwell. 10
 But come thou Goddess fair and free,
 In Heav'n ycleap'd Euphrosyne,
 And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
 Whom lovely Venus at a birth
 With two sister Graces more 15
 To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore ;
 Or whether (as some sages sing)
 The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
 Zephyr with Aurora playing,
 As he met her once a Maying, 20
 There on beds of violet blue,
 And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,
 Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
 So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
 Hasten thee, Nymph, and bring with thee 25
 Jest and youthful Jollity.
 Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
 Nods and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
 And love to live in dimple sleek ; 30
 Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
 And Laughter holding both his sides.
 Come, and trip it as you go
 On the light fantastic toe,
 And in thy right-hand lead with thee, 35
 The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty ;
 And if I give thee honour due,
 Mirth, admit me to thy crew

To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprieved pleasures free; 40
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull Night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled Dawn doth rise:
Then to come in spight of Sorrow, 45
And at my window bid good morrow,
Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine:
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of Darkness thin, 50
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before:
Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn,
Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring Morn,
From the side of some hoar hill, 55
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Some time walking not unseen
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great Sun begins his state, 60
Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight,
While the plow-man near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milk maid singeth blithe, 65
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Strait mine eye hath caught new pleasures
Whilst the landskip round it measures, 70
Russet lawns, and fallows grey,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
Mountains on whose barren breast
The lab'ring clouds do often rest,
Meadows trim with daisies pied, 75
Shallow brooks and rivers wide,
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,

Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighb'ring eyes. 80
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their savory dinner set
Of herbs, and other country messes, 85
Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses;
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or if the earlier season lead
To the tann'd haycock in the mead. 90
Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth, and many a maid, 95
Dancing in the chequer'd shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holy-day,
Till the live long day-light fail;
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale, 100
With stories told of many a feat,
How fairy Mab the junkets eat;
She was pincht, and pull'd she said,
And he, by frier's lanthorn led,
Tells how the drudging goblin swet, 105
To earn his cream bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flae hath thresh'd the corn,
That ten day-lab'ers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubbar fiend, 110
And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep 115
By whisp'ring winds soon lull'd asleep.
Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,

Where throngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of Peace high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit, or arms, while both contend
To win her grace whom all commend.

120

There let Hymen oft appear

125

In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And Pomp, and Feast, and Revelry,
With Mask and antique Pageantry,
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.

130

Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild,

135

And ever against eating cares,

Lap me in soft Lydian airs,

Married to immortal Verse,

Such as the meeting soul may pierce

In notes with many a winding bout

Of linked sweetness long drawn out,

140

With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,

The melting voice through mazes running,

Untwisting all the chains that tie

The hidden soul of harmony ;

That Orpheus' self may heave his head

145

From golden slumber on a bed

Of heapt Elysian flow'rs, and hear

Such strains as would have won the ear

Of Pluto, to have quite set free

His half regain'd Eurydice.

150

These delights, if thou canst give,

Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE vain deluding Joys,
The brood of Folly without father bred,
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys?
Dwell in some idle brain, 5
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sun-beams,
Or likeliest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train. 10
But hail thou Goddess, sage and holy,
Hail divinest Melancholy,
Whose faintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view 15
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;
Black, but such as in esteem,
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauties' praise above 20
The sea-nymphs, and their pow'rs offended:
Yet thou art higher far descended;
Thee bright-hair'd Vesta long of yore
To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she, (in Saturn's reign 25
Such mixture was not held a stain,)
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove. 30
Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of Cyprus lawn, 35
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait,

And looks commercing with the skies,
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes : 40
 There held in holy passion still,
 Forget thyself to marble, till
 With a sad leaden downward cast
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast :
 And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet, 45
 Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
 And hears the Muses in a ring
 Ay round about Jove's altar sing :
 And add to these retired Leisure,
 That in trim gardens takes his pleasure ; 50
 But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,
 Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
 The cherub Contemplation ;
 And the mute Silence hist along, 55
 'Less Philomel will deign a song,
 In her sweetest, saddest plight,
 Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
 While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
 Gently o'er th' accusom'd oak ; 60
 Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
 Most musical, most melancholy !
 Thee chauntress of the woods among
 I woo to hear thy even-song ;
 And missing thee, I walk unseen 65
 On the dry smooth-shaven green,
 To behold the wand'ring moon,
 Riding near her highest noon,
 Like one that had been led astray
 Through the Heav'n's wide pathless way, 70
 And oft, as if her head she bow'd ;
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
 Oft on a plat of rising ground,
 I hear the far-off curfew sound,
 Over some wide-water'd shore, 75
 Swinging slow with sullen roar ;
 Or, if the air will not permit,
 Some still removed place will fit,

Where glowing embers through the room
Teach Light to counterfeit a gloom, 80
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the belman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm:
Or let my lamp at midnight hour 85
Be seen in some high lonely tow'r,
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato to unfold
What worlds, or what vast regions hold 90
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshy nook:
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent 95
With planet, or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In scepter'd pall come sweeping by,
Presenting 'Thebes', or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine, 100
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.
But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower,
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing 105
Such notes, as warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what Love did seek,
Or call up him that left half told,
The story of Chambuscan bold, 110
Of Camball, and of Algarife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride; 115
And if ought else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of turneys and of trophies hung,

Of forests, and enchantments drear,
 Where more is meant than meets the ear. 120
 Thus Night oft see me in thy pale career,
 Till civil-suited Morn appear,
 Not trickt and frounct as she was wont
 With the Attic boy to hunt,
 But kercheft in a comely cloud, 125
 While rocking winds are piping loud,
 Or usher'd with a shower still,
 When the gulf hath blown his fill,
 Ending on the rustling leaves,
 With minute drops from off the eaves. 130
 And when the sun begins to fling
 His flaming beams, me, Goddess, bring
 To arched walks of twilight groves,
 And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
 Of pine, or monumental oak, 135
 Where the rude axe with heaved stroke
 Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
 Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt;
 There in close covert by some brook,
 Where no profaner eye may look, 140
 Hide me from Day's garish eye,
 While the bee with honied thigh,
 That at her flowery work doth sing,
 And the waters murmuring,
 With such consort as they keep, 145
 Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep:
 And let some strange mysterious dream
 Wave at his wings in aery stream
 Of lively portraiture display'd,
 Softly on my eye-lids laid. 150
 And as I wake, sweet music breathe
 Above, about, or underneath,
 Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
 Or th' unseen Genius of the wood.
 But let my due feet never fail 155
 To walk the studious cloysters pale,
 And love the high embowed roof,
 With antic pillars, massy proof,

And storied windows richly dight,
 Casting a dim religious light, 160
 There let the pealing organ blow,
 To the full-voic'd choir below,
 In service high, and anthems clear,
 As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
 Dissolve me into extasies, 165
 And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes;
 And may at last my weary age
 Find out the peaceful hermitage,
 The hairy gown and mossy cell,
 Where I may sit and rightly spell 170
 Of every star that Heaven doth shew,
 And every herb that sips the dew;
 Till old Experience do attain
 To something like prophetic strain;
 These pleasures, Melancholy, give, 175
 And I with thee will choose to live.

ARCADES.

Part of an Entertainment presented to the
 COUNTESS DOWAGER OF DERBY, AT HAREFIELD,
 By some Noble Persons of her Family,
Who appear on the Scene in pastoral Habit, moving towards the
Seat of State, with this Song.

LOOK Nymphs and Shepherds, look,
 What sudden blaze of majesty
 Is that which we from hence decry,
 Too divine to be mistook!

This, this is she 5
 To whom our vows and wishes bend;
 Here our solemn search hath end.
 Fame, that, her high worth to raise,
 Seem'd erst so lavish and profuse,
 We may justly now accuse 10
 Of detraction from her praise;
 Less than half we find express,
 Envy bid conceal the rest.

Mark what radiant state she spreads,
 In circle round her shining throne, 15
 Shooting her beams like silver threads ;
 This, this is she alone,
 Sitting like a goddess bright,
 In the centre of her light.
 Might she the wise Latona be, 20
 Or the towered Cybele,
 Mother of a hundred gods ;
 Juno dares not give her odds :
 Who had thought this clime had held
 A deity so unparallel'd ? 25

*As they come forward, the Genius of the Wood appears,
 and, turning toward them, speaks.*

Stay, gentle Swains, for though in this disguise,
 I see bright honour sparkle through your eyes ;
 Of famous Arcady ye are, and sprung
 Of that renowned flood, so often sung,
 Divine Alpheus, who by secret sluice 30
 Stole under seas to meet his Arethuse ;
 And ye, the breathing roles of the wood,
 Fair silver-buskin'd Nymphs, as great and good,
 I know this quest of yours, and free intent
 Was all in honour and devotion meant 35
 To the great mistress of yon princely shrine,
 Whom with low reverence I adore as mine,
 And with all helpful service will comply
 To further this night's glad solemnity ;
 And lead ye where ye may more near behold 40
 What shallow-searching Fame hath left untold :
 Which I full oft amidst these shades alone
 Have sat to wonder at, and gaze upon :
 For know by lot from Jove I am the power
 Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower, 45
 To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove
 With ringlets quaint, and wanton windings wove.
 And all my plants I save from nightly ill
 Of noisome winds, and blasting vapours chill :

ORO O

O ORO ORO

RO ORO ORO

ORO ORO ORO

And from the boughs brush off the evil dew,
 And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blue,
 Or what the cross dire-looking planet smites,
 Or hurtful worm with canker'd venom bites.
 When Ev'ning grey doth rise, I fetch my round
 Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground, 55
 And early, ere the odorous breath of Morn
 Awakes the slumb'ring leaves, or tassel'd horn
 Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,
 Number my ranks, and visit every sprout 59
 With puissant words, and murmurs made to bless;
 But else in deep of night, when drowfiness
 Hath lock'd up mortal sense, then listen I
 To the celestial Sirens' harmony,
 That sit upon the nine infolded spheres,
 And sing to those that hold the vital shears, 65
 And turn the adamantine spindle round,
 On which the fate of gods and men is wound,
 Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie,
 To lull the daughters of Necessity,
 And keep unsteady Nature to her law, 70
 And the low world in measur'd motion draw
 After the heav'nly tune, which none can hear
 Of human mold with gross unpurged ear;
 And yet such music worthiest were to blaze
 The peerless height of her immortal praise, 75
 Whose lustre leads us, and for her most fit,
 If my inferior hand or voice could hit
 Inimitable sounds; yet as we go,
 Whate'er the skill of lesser gods can show,
 I will assay, her worth to celebrate, 80
 And so attend ye toward her glittering state:
 Where ye may all that are of noble stem
 Approach, and kiss her sacred vesture's hem.

II. SONG.

O'ER the smooth enamel'd green,
 Where no print of step hath been, 85
 Follow me as I sing,
 And touch the warbled string,

Under the shady roof
Of branching elm star-proof.

Follow me;
I will bring you where she sits,
Clad in splendour as befits
Her deity.

Such a rural queen
All Arcadia hath not seen.

90

95

III. SONG.

NYMPHS and Shepherds dance no more
By sandy Ladon's lilled banks,
On old Lycæus or Cyllene hoar

Trip no more in twilight ranks;
Though Erymanth your loss deplore,
A better soil shall give ye thanks;

100

From the stony Mænalus
Bring your flocks, and live with us;
Here ye shall have greater grace,
To serve the Lady of this place.

105

Though Syrinx your Pan's mistress were,
Yet Syrinx well might wait on her.

Such a rural queen
All Arcadia hath not seen.

109

LYCIDAS.

In this Monody the Author bewails a learned Friend, unfortunately drowned in his Passage from Chester, on the Irish Seas, 1637, and by Occasion foretels the Ruin of our corrupted Clergy, then in their Height.

YET once more, O ye Laurels, and once more
Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never soar,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forc'd fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due:
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew

5

10

Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
 He must not float upon his wat'ry bier
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
 Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin then, Sisters of the Sacred Well,
 That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring,
 Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
 Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse,
 So may some gentle Muse

With lucky words favour my destin'd urn,
 And as he passes turn,
 And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud:
 For we were nurst upon the self same hill,
 Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.

Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
 Under the opening eye-lids of the Morn,
 We drove a-field, and both together heard
 What time the grey-fly winds her sultry horn,
 Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night
 Oft till the star that rose at evening bright,
 Tow'rd Heav'n's descent had slop'd his west'ring
 Mean while the rural ditties were not mute, [wheel.
 Temper'd to th' oaten flute,
 Rough Satyrs danc'd, and Fauns with cloven heel
 From the glad sound would not be absent long,
 And old Damætas lov'd to hear our song.

But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
 Now thou art gone, and never must return!
 Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves
 With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
 And all their echoes mourn.

The willows, and the hazel copses green,
 Shall now no more be seen,
 Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays
 As killing as the canker to the rose,
 Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
 Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
 When first the white thorn blows:
 Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherds' ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas? 51
For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream: 55
Ay me! I fondly dream
Had ye been there, for what could that have done?
What could the Muse herself, that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself for her enchanting son,
Whom universal Nature did lament, 60
When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His goary visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?
Alas! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade, 65
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise 70
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorred shears, 75
And flits the thin-spun life. But not the praise,
Phœbus reply'd, and touch'd my trembling ears;
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glist'ring foil
Set off to th' world, nor in broad Rumour lies, 80
But lives and spreads aloft by thole pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in Heav'n expect thy meed.
O fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd flood, 85
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood:
But now my oat proceeds,

And listens to the herald of the sea
That came in Neptune's plea : 90
He ask'd the Waves, and ask'd the felon Winds,
What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain ?
And question'd every gust of rugged winds
That blows from off each beak'd promontory ;
They knew not of his story, 95
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd,
It was that fatal and perfidious bark 100
Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.
Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge 105
Like to that sanguine flower, inscrib'd with woe.
Ah ! who hath rest (quoth he) my dearest pledge ?
Last came, and last did go,
The pilot of the Galilean lake ;
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain, 110
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain ;)
He shook his miter'd locks, and stern bespake,
How well could I have spar'd for thee, young Swain,
Enow of such as for their bellies' sake
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold ? 115
Of other care they little reck'ning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearer's feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest ;
Blind mouths ! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learn'd ought else the least 120
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs !
What recks it them ! what need they ; they are sped ;
And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw ;
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed, 125
But swell'n with wind ; and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread ;

Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace; and nothing said,
But that two-handed engine at the door,
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more. 130

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells, and flow'rets of a thousand hues. 135

Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart star rarely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamel'd eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honied showers, 140
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.

Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freakt with jet,
The glowing violet, 145

The musk-rose, and the well attir'd woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
Bid Amarantus all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears, 150
To strew the laureat herse where Lycid lies.

For so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd, 155

Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou, to our moist vows deny'd,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old, 160

Where the great vision of the guarded mount
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold;
Look homeward angel now, and melt with ruth:
And, O, ye Dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woeful Shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead, 166
Sunk though he be beneath the watry floor;

So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
 And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore 170
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky :
 So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
 Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves,
 Where other groves and other streams along,
 With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves, 175
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
 In the blest kingdoms meek of Joy and Love.
 There entertain him all the saints above,
 In solemn troops and sweet societies,
 That sing, and singing in their glory move, 180
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
 Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more ;
 Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
 In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
 To all that wander in that perilous flood. 185

Thus sang the uncouth swain to th' oaks and rills,
 While the still Morn went out with sandals grey,
 He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,
 With eager thought warbling his Doric lay :
 And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills, 190
 And now was dropt into the western bay ;
 At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue :
 To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new. 193

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

I. *Anno Ætatis 17. On the Death of a fair Infant
 dying of a Cough.*

O FAIREST flower, no sooner blown than blasted,
 Soft filken primrose fading timelessly,
 Summer's chief honour, if thou hadst out-last'd
 Bleak Winter's force, that made thy blossom dry ;
 For he being amorous on that lovely dye 5
 That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiss,
 But kill'd alas, and then bewail'd his fatal bliss.

For since grim Aquilo his charioteer
 By boistrous rape th' Athenian damsel got,
 He thought it touch'd his deity full near, 10
 If likewise he some fair one wedded not,
 Thereby to wipe away th' infamous blot
 Of long uncoupled bed, and childless eld, [held.
 Which 'mongst the wanton gods a foul reproach was

So mounting up in icy pearled car, 15
 Through middle empire of the freezing air
 He wander'd long, till thee he spy'd from far :
 There ended was his quest, there ceas'd his care.
 Down he descended from his snow-soft chair,
 But all unwares with his cold kind embrace 20
 Unhous'd thy virgin soul from her fair biding place.

Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate;
 For so Apollo, with unweeting hand,
 Whilome did slay his dearly loved mate,
 Young Hyacinth, born on Eurotas' strand, 25
 Young Hyacinth, the pride of Spartan land ;
 But then transform'd him to a purple flower :
 Alack that so to change thee Winter had no power.

Yet can I not persuade me thou art dead,
 Or that thy corpse corrupts in earth's dark womb, 30
 Or that thy beauties lie in wormy bed,
 Hid from the world in a low delved tomb ;
 Could Heav'n for pity thee so strictly doom ?
 Oh no ! for something in thy face did shine
 Above mortality, that show'd thou wast divine. 35

Resolve me then, oh soul most surely blest,
 (If so it be that thou these plaints dost hear)
 Tell me bright spirit where'er thou hoverest,
 Whether above that high first-moving sphere,
 Or in th' Elysian Fields (if such there were) 40
 Oh say me true, if thou wert mortal wight,
 And why from us so quickly thou didst take thy flight.

Wert thou some star which from the ruin'd roof
 Of shak'd Olympus by mischance didst fall ;

W

M

M

W

W

W

M

M

M

Which careful Jove in Nature's true behoof
Took up, and in fit place did reinstal? 45

Or did of late Earth's sons besiege the wall
Of sheeny Heav'n, and thou some goddess fled
Amongst us here below to hide thy nectar'd head?

Or wert thou that just maid who once before 50
Forsook the hated earth, O tell me sooth,
And cam'st again to visit us once more?

Or wert thou that sweet smiling youth,
Or that crown'd matron sage white-robed Truth;
Or any other of that heavn'ly brood 55
Let down in cloudy throne to do the world some good?

Or wert thou of the golden winged host,
Who having clad thyself in human weed,
To Earth from thy prefixed seat didst post,
And after short abode fly back with speed, 60
As if to shew what creatures Heav'n doth breed,
Thereby to set the hearts of men on fire
To scorn the sordid world, and unto heav'n aspire?

But oh why didst thou not stay here below
To bless us with thy heav'n-lov'd innocence, 65
To flake his wrath whom sin hath made our foe,
To turn swift-rushing black Perdition hence,
Or drive away the slaughtering Pestilence,

To stand 'twixt us and our deserved smart? 69
But thou canst best perform that office where thou art.

Then thou the mother of so sweet a child
Her false imagin'd loss cease to lament,
And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild:
Think what a present thou to God hath sent,
And render him with patience what he lent! 75

This if thou do, he will an offspring give, [live.
That till the world's last end shall make thy name to

II. *Anno ætatis 19. At a vacation Exercise in the College; part Latin, part English. The Latin Speeches ended, the English thus began.*

HAIL! native Language, that by sinews weak
 Didst move my first endeavouring tongue to speak,
 And mad'st imperfect words with childish trips,
 Half-unpronounc'd, slide through my infant lips,
 Driving dumb Silence from the portal door, 5
 Where he had mutely sat two years before:
 Here I salute thee, and thy pardon ask,
 That now I use thee in my latter task:
 Small loss it is that thence can come unto thee:
 I know my tongue but little grace can do thee: 10
 Thou need'st not be ambitious to be first,
 Believe me I have thither packt the worst:
 And, if it happen, as I did forecast,
 The daintiest dishes shall be serv'd up last.
 I pray thee then deny me not thy aid 15
 For this same small neglect that I have made:
 But haste thee strait to do me once a pleasure,
 And from thy wardrobe bring thy chiefest treasure;
 Not those new-fangled toys, and trimming flight,
 Which takes our late fantasticks with delight, 20
 But cull those richest robes, and gay'st attire,
 Which deepest spirits, and choicest wits desire:
 I have some naked thoughts that rove about,
 And loudly knock to have their passage out;
 And weary of their place, do only stay 25
 Till thou hast deck'd them in thy best array:
 That so they may without suspect or fears
 Fly swiftly to this fair assembly's ears;
 Yet I had rather, if I were to choose,
 Thy service in some graver subject use, 30
 Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,
 Before thou clothe my fancy in fit sound:
 Such where the deep transported mind may soar
 Above the wheeling poles, and at Heav'n's door
 Look in, and see each blissful deity 35
 How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,



Lift'ning to what unshorn Apollo sings
 To th' touch of golden wires, while Hebe brings
 Immortal nectar to her kingly fire :
 Then passing through the spheres of watchful fire, 40
 And misty regions of wide air next under,
 And hills of snow and lofts of piled thunder,
 May tell at length how green-ey'd Neptune raves,
 In Heav'n's defiance must'ring all his waves ;
 Then sing of secret things that came to pass 45
 When beldam Nature in her cradle was ;
 And last of kings and queens and heroes old,
 Such as the wise Demodocus once told
 In solemn songs at King Alcinoüs' feast,
 While sad Ulysses' soul and all the rest 50
 Are held with his melodious harmony
 In willing chains and sweet captivity.
 But fie, my wand'ring Muse, how thou dost stray !
 Expectance calls thee now another way ;
 Thou know'st it must be now thy only bent 55
 To keep in compass of thy predicament :
 Then quick about thy purpos'd business come,
 That to the next I may resign my room.

Then Ens is represented as Father of the Predicaments, his ten Sons, whereof the eldest stood for Substance with his Canons, which Ens, thus speaking, explains.

Good luck befriend thee, Son ; for at thy birth
 The fairy ladies danc'd upon the hearth ; 60
 Thy drousy nurse hath sworn she did them spie
 Come tripping to the room where thou didst lie,
 And sweetly singing round about thy bed,
 Strew all their blessings on thy sleeping head.
 She heard them give thee this, that thou shouldst still
 From eyes of mortals walk invisible : 66
 Yet there is something that doth force my fear,
 For once it was my dismal hap to hear
 A Sibyl old, bow-bent with crooked age,
 That far events full wisely could presage, 70
 And in Time's long and dark prospective glass
 Foresaw what future days should bring to pass ;

Your son, said she, (nor can you it prevent)
 Shall subject be to many an accident.
 O'er all his brethren he shall reign as king, 75
 Yet every one shall make him underling,
 And those that cannot live from him asunder
 Ungratefully shall strive to keep him under;
 In worth and excellence he shall out-go them,
 Yet being above them, he shall be below them; 80
 From others he shall stand in need of nothing,
 Yet on his brothers shall depend for cloathing.
 To find a foe it shall not be his hap,
 And Peace shall lull him in her flow'ry lap:
 Yet shall he live in strife, and at his door 85
 Devouring War shall never cease to roar:
 Yea it shall be his natural property
 To harbour those that are at enmity.
 What power, what force, what mighty spell, if not
 Your learned hands, can loose this Gordian knot? 90

The next Quantity and Quality spake in Prose, then Relation was call'd by his Name.

Rivers arise; whether thou be the son
 Of utmost Tweed, or Ouse, or gulphy Dun,
 Or Trent, who like some earth-born giant spreads
 His thirty arms along th' indented meads,
 Or sullen Mole that runneth underneath, 95
 Or Severn swift, guilty of maidens' death,
 Or rocky Avon, or of sedgy Lee,
 Or coaly Tyne, or ancient hallow'd Dee,
 Or Humber loud that keeps the Scythian's name,
 Or Medway smooth, or royal towered Thame. 100

[The rest was Prose.]

III. ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

Compos'd 1629.

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn,
 Wherein the Son of Heav'n's eternal King,
 Of wedded Maid and Virgin mother born,
 Our great redemption from above did bring;
 For so the holy sages once did sing, 5

FF

FF
FF
FF

FF
FF
FF

FF
FF
FF

That he our deadly forfeit should release,
 And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.
 That glorious form, that light unsufferable,
 And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,
 Wherewith he wont at Heav'n's high council-table 10
 To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
 He laid aside ; and here with us to be,
 Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
 And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.
 Say, heav'nly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein 15
 Afford a present to the infant God ?
 Hast thou no verse, no hymn of solemn strain,
 To welcome him to this his new abode,
 Now while the Heav'n by the sun's team untrod,
 Hath took no print of the approaching light, 20
 And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright ?
 See how from far upon the eastern road
 The star-led Wizards haste with odors sweet :
 O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
 And lay it lowly at his blessed feet ; 25
 Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,
 And join thy voice unto the angel choir,
 From out his secret altar touch'd with hallowed fire.

THE HYMN.

IT was the winter wild,
 While the Heav'n-born child 30
 All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies ;
 Nature in awe to him
 Had doff'd her gaudy trim,
 With her great Master so to sympathize :
 It was no season then for her 35
 To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.
 Only with speeches fair
 She woo's the gentle Air
 To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,
 And on her naked shame, 40
 Pollute with sinful blame,

The faintly veil of maiden white to throw,
 Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
 Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But he, her fears to cease, 45
 Sent down the meek-ey'd Peace:

She, crown'd with olive green, came softly sliding
 Down through the turning sphere
 His ready harbinger,

With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing, 50
 And waving wide her myrtle wand,
 She strikes an universal peace through sea and land.

No war, or battle's sound
 Was heard the world around:

The idle spear and shield were high up hung, 55
 The hooked chariot stood,
 Unstain'd with hostile blood,

The trumpet spake not to the armed throng,
 And kings sat still with awful eye,
 As if they surely knew their sov'reign Lord was by. 60

But peaceful was the night,
 Wherein the Prince of Light

His reign of peace upon the earth began:
 The winds with wonder whist
 Smoothly the waters kist, 65

Whisp'ring new joys to the mild ocean,
 Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
 While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

The stars with deep amaze
 Stand fix'd in stedfast gaze, 70

Bending one way their precious influence,
 And will not take their flight,
 For all the morning light,

Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence;
 But in their glimmering orbs did glow, 75
 Until their Lord himself bespake and bid them go.

And though the shady Gloom
 Had given Day her room,

The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
 And hid his head for shame, 80
 As his inferior flame

The new inlighten'd world no more should need;
 He saw a greater sun appear [bear.
 Than his bright throne, or burning axletree could

The shepherds on the lawn, 85
 Or e'er the point of dawn,

Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;
 Full little thought they then
 That the mighty Pan

Was kindly come to live with them below; 90
 Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
 Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

When such music sweet
 Their hearts and ears did greet,
 As never was by mortal finger strook, 95

Divinely-warbled voice
 Ans'ring the stringed noise,
 As all their souls in blissful rapture took:

The air, such pleasure loth to lose, 99
 With thousand echoes still prolongs each heav'nly close.

Nature, that heard such sound,
 Beneath the hollow round

Of Cynthia's seat, the airy region thrilling,
 Now was almost won
 To think her part was done, 105

And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;
 She knew such harmony alone
 Could hold all Heav'n and Earth in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight
 A globe of circ'lar light, 110

That with long beams the shame-fac'd Night array'd;
 The helmed cherubim,
 And sworded seraphim,

Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd,
 Harping in loud and solemn choir, 115
 With unexpressive notes to Heaven's new born Heir.

Such music (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of Morning sung,
While the Creator great 120
His constellations set,
And the well-balanc'd world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltring waves their oozy channel keep.
Ring out, ye crystal spheres, 125
Once bless our human ears,
(If ye have power to touch our senses so)
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time,
And let the base of Heav'n's deep organ blow, 130
And with your ninefold harmony,
Make up full consort to th' angelic symphony.
For if such holy song
Inwarp our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold,
And speckled Vanity 136
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mold,
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansion to the peering day.
Yea Truth and Justice then 141
Will down return to men,
Orb'd in a rainbow ; and like glories wearing
Mercy will sit between,
Thron'd in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering,
And Heav'n, as at some festival, 147
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.
But wisest Fate says no,
This must not yet be so, 150
The babe lies yet in smiling infancy,
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss ;
So both himself and us to glorify : 154

Yet first to those ychain'd in sleep, [the deep,
The wakeful trump of Doom must thunder through

With such a horrid clang
As on Mount Sinai rang,

While the red fire and smouldring clouds out brake :
The aged Earth aghast, 160

With terror of that blast,

Shall from the surface to the centre shake ;

When at the world's last session,

The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his throne.

And then at last our bliss 165

Full and perfect is,

But now begins ; for from this happy day

Th' old Dragon under ground

In straiter limits bound,

Not half so far casts his usurped sway, 170

And wroth to see his kingdom fail,

Swindges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The oracles are dumb,

No voice or hideous hum

Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.

Apollo from his shrine 176

Can no more divine,

With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.

No nightly trance or breathed spell

Inspires the pale-ey'd priest from the prophetic cell.

The lonely mountains o'er, 181

And the resounding shore,

A voice of weeping heard and loud lament :

From haunted spring, and dale

Edg'd with poplar pale, 185

The parting Genius is with sighing sent ;

With flower-inwoven tresses torn

The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

In consecrated earth,

And on the holy hearth, 190

The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight plaint ;
 In urns, and altars round,
 A drear and dying sound
 Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint ;
 And the chill marble seems to sweat, 195
 While each peculiar power forgoes his wonted seat.

Peor and Baälim
 Forſake their temples dim,
 With that twice batter'd god of Palestine ;
 And mooned Aſhtaroth, 200
 Heav'n's queen and mother both,
 Now ſits not girt with tapers' holy ſhine ;
 The Libyc Hammon ſhrinks his horn, [mourn,
 In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz

And ſullen Moloch fled, 205
 Hath left in ſhadows dread
 His burning idol all of blackeſt hue ;
 In vain with cymbals' ring,
 They call the griſly King,
 In diſmal dance about the furnace blue ; 210
 The brutiſh Gods of Nile aſt,
 Iſis and Orus, and the dog Anubis haſte.

Nor is Oſiris ſeen
 In Memphian grove or green,
 Trampling the unſhow'r'd graſs with lowings loud :
 Nor can he be at reſt 215
 Within his ſacred cheſt,
 Nought but profoundeſt Hell can be his ſhroud ;
 In vain with timbrel'd anthems dark
 The ſable-ſtoled ſorcerers bear his worſhipt ark. 220

He feels from Juda's land
 The dreaded Infant's hand,
 The rays of Bethlehem blind his duſky eyn ;
 Nor all the gods beſide,
 Longer dare abide, 225
 Not Typhon huge ending in ſnaky twine :
 Our babe, to ſhow his godhead true,
 Can in his ſwadling bands control the damned crew.

So when the sun in bed,
 Curtain'd with cloudy red,
 Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
 The flocking shadows pale
 Troop to the infernal jail,
 Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave,
 And the yellow-skirted Fayses 235
 Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-lov'd maze.

But see the Virgin blest
 Hath laid her babe to rest;
 Time is our tedious song should here have ending:
 Heav'n's youngest teemed star 240
 Hath fix'd her polish'd car,
 Her sleeping lord with handmaid lamp attending:
 And all about the courtly stable
 Bright harness'd angels sit in order serviceable. 244

IV. THE PASSION.

EREWHILE of music, and ethereal mirth,
 Wherewith the stage of air and earth did ring,
 And joyous news of heav'nly infant's birth,
 My Muse with angels did divide to sing;
 But headlong Joy is ever on the wing, 5
 In wintry solstice like the shorten'd light
 Soon swallow'd up in dark and long out-living night.

For now to sorrow must I tune my song,
 And set my harp to notes of saddest woe,
 Which in our dearest Lord did seize ere long, 10
 Dangers, and snares, and wrongs, and worse than so,
 Which he for us did freely undergo;
 Most perfect hero, tried in heaviest plight
 Of labours huge and hard, too hard for human might!

He sov'reign priest stooping his regal head, 15
 That dropt with odorous oil down his fair eyes,
 Poor fleshly tabernacle entered,
 His starry front low-rooft beneath the skies;
 O what a mask was there, what a disguise!

Yet more; the stroke of death he must abide, 20
 Then lies him meekly down fast by his brethren's side,

These latest scenes confine my roving verse,
 To this horizon is my Phoebus bound;
 His godlike acts, and his temptations fierce,
 And former sufferings other-where are found; 25
 Loud o'er the rest Cremona's trump doth sound;
 Me softer airs besit, and softer strings
 Of lute, or viol still, more apt for mournful things.

Befriend me, Night, best patroness of grief,
 Over the pole thy thickest mantle throw, 30
 And work my flatter'd fancy to belief,
 That Heav'n and Earth are colour'd with my woe;
 My sorrows are too dark for day to know:

The leaves should all be black whereon I write,
 And letters where my tears have wash'd a wannish white.

See, see the chariot, and those rushing wheels, 36
 That whirl'd the prophet up at Chebar flood,
 My spirit some transporting cherub feels,
 To bear me where the towers of Salem stood,
 Once glorious towers, now sunk in guiltless blood; 40

There doth my soul in holy vision sit
 In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatic fit.

Mine eye hath found that sad sepulchral rock
 That was the casket of Heav'n's richest store,
 And here, though Grief my feeble hands up-lock, 45
 Yet on the soften'd quarry would I score
 My plaining verse as lively as before;

For sure so well instructed are my tears,
 That they would fitly fall in order'd characters.

Or should I thence, hurried on viewless wing, 50
 Take up a weeping on the mountains wild,
 The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring
 Would soon unbosom all their echoes mild,
 And I (for grief is easily beguil'd)
 Might think th' infection of my sorrows loud 55
 Had got a race of mourners on some pregnant cloud.

[This Subject the Author finding to be above the Years he had,
 when he wrote it, and not being satisfied with what was begun,
 left it unfinished.]

V. ON TIME.

FLY, envious Time, till thou run out thy race,
 Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,
 Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace,
 And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,
 Which is no more than what is false and vain, 5
 And merely mortal dross;
 So little is our loss,
 So little is thy gain.
 For when as each thing bad thou hast entomb'd,
 And last of all thy greedy self consum'd, 10
 Then long eternity shall greet our bliss
 With an individual kiss;
 And joy shall overtake us as a flood,
 When ev'ry thing that is sincerely good
 And perfectly divine, 15
 With truth, and peace, and love, shall ever shine
 About the supreme throne
 Of him, t'whose happy-making sight alone
 When once our heav'nly-guided soul shall clime,
 Then all this earthy grossness quit 20
 Attir'd with stars, we shall for ever sit, [Time.
 Triumphant over Death, and Chance, and thee, O

VI. UPON THE CIRCUMCISION.

YE flaming powers, and winged warriors bright,
 That erit with music and triumphant song,
 First heard by happy watchful shepherds' ear,
 So sweetly sung your joy the clouds along
 Through the soft silence of the list'ning night; 5
 Now mourn, and if sad share with us to bear
 Your fiery essence can distil no tear,
 Burn in your sighs, and borrow
 Seas wept from our deep sorrow:
 He who with all heaven's heraldry whilere 10
 Enter'd the world, now bleeds to give us ease;
 Alas how soon our sin
 Sore doth begin
 His infancy to seize!

O more exceeding love, or law more just? 15
 Just law, indeed, but more exceeding love!
 For we by right doom remediless
 Were lost in death, till he that dwelt above,
 High thron'd in secret bliss, for us frail dust
 Emptied his glory, e'en to nakedness; 20
 And that covenant which we still transgress
 Entirely satisfied,
 And the full wrath beside
 Of vengeful justice bore for our excess,
 And seals obedience first with wounding smart 25
 This day, but O, ere long,
 Huge pangs and strong
 Will pierce more near his heart. 28

VII. AT A SOLEMN MUSIC.

BLEST pair of Sirens, pledges of heav'n's joy,
 Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,
 Wed your divine sounds, and mix'd pow'r employ
 Dead things with inbreath'd sense able to pierce,
 And to our high rais'd phantasy present 5
 That undisturbed song of pure concent,
 Ay sung before the sapphire-colour'd throne
 To him that sits thereon
 With faintly shout, and solemn jubilee,
 Where the bright seraphim in burning row 10
 Their loud up-lifted angel-trumpets blow,
 And the cherubic host in thousand quires
 Touch their immortal harps of golden wires.
 With those just spirits, that wear victorious palms,
 Hymns devout and holy psalms 15
 Singing everlastingly;
 That we on earth with undiscording voice
 May rightly answer that melodious noise;
 As once we did, till disproportion'd Sin
 Jarr'd against Nature's chime, and with harsh din 20
 Broke the fair music that all creatures made
 To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd
 In perfect diapason, whilst they stood,
 In first obedience, and their state of good.

T. T. T.
 L. L. L.
 D. D. D.
 T. T. T.
 L. L. L.

O may we soon again renew that song, 25
 And keep in tune with heav'n, till God e'er long
 To his celestial concert us unite,
 To live with him, and sing in endless morn of light. 28

VIII. AN EPITAPH ON THE MARCHIONESS
 OF WINCHESTER.

THIS rich marble doth inter
 The honour'd wife of Winchester,
 A Viscount's daughter, an Earl's heir,
 Besides what her virtues fair
 Added to her noble birth, 5
 More than she could own from earth.
 Summers three times eight save one
 She had told; alas too soon,
 After so short time of breath,
 To house with darkness, and with death. 10
 Yet had the number of her days
 Been as complete as was her praise,
 Nature and Fate had had no strife,
 In giving limit to her life.
 Her high birth, and her graces sweet 15
 Quickly found a lover meet;
 The virgin quire for her request
 The god that sits at marriage feast;
 He at their invoking came
 But with a scarce well-lighted flame: 20
 And in his garland as he stood
 Ye might discern a cypress bud.
 Once had the early matrons run
 To greet her of a lovely son,
 And now with second hope she goes, 25
 And calls Lucina to her throes;
 But whether by mischance or blame
 Atropos for Lucina came;
 And with remorseless cruelty
 Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree: 30
 The hapless babe before his birth
 Had burial, yet not laid in earth,

And the languish'd mother's womb
 Was not long a living tomb.
 So have I seen some tender slip, 35
 Sav'd with care from Winter's nip,
 The pride of her carnation train,
 Pluck'd up by some unheedy swain,
 Who only thought to crop the flow'r
 New shot up from vernal show'r; 40
 But the fair blossom hangs the head
 Side-ways, as on a dying bed,
 And those pearls of dew she wears
 Prove to be presaging tears,
 Which the sad morn had let fall 45
 On her hast'ning funeral.
 Gentle lady, may thy grave
 Peace and quiet ever have;
 After this thy travel sore
 Sweet rest seize thee evermore, 50
 That to give the world increase,
 Shorten'd hast thy own life's lease.
 Here, besides the sorrowing
 That thy noble house doth bring,
 Here be tears of perfect moan 55
 Wept for thee in Helicon;
 And some flowers, and some bays,
 For thy herse to strew the ways,
 Sent thee from the banks of Came,
 Devoted to thy virtuous name; 60
 Whilst thou, bright saint, high sit'st in glory,
 Next her much like to thee in story,
 That fair Syrian shepherdes,
 Who, after years of barrenness,
 The highly favour'd Joseph bore 65
 To him that serv'd for her before,
 And at her next birth much like thee,
 Through pangs fled to felicity,
 Far within the bosom bright
 Of blazing majesty and light: 70
 There with thee, new welcome saint,
 Like fortunes may her soul acquaint;

LII

I	III	III
II	II	II
LII	LII	LII
III	III	III



MILTON'S POEMS.
Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
Hail, May Morning, Volume II. Page 207.
Printed by T. K. Engraved by W. Nutt.
Bound for C. Coker, June 11. 1803.

With thee, there clad in radiant sheen,
No Marchioness, but now a Queen.

IX. SONG. ON MAY MORNING.

NOW the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.

Hail! bounteous May, that dost inspire 5
Mirth and youth and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long. 10

X. ON SHAKESPEARE, 1630.

WHAT needs my Shakespeare for his honour'd
The labor of an age in piled stones, [bones
Or that his hollow'd reliques should be hid
Under a starry-pointing pyramid?
Dear son of Memory, great heir of Fame, 5
What need'st thou such weak witnesses of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a live-long monument.
For whilst to th' shame of slow-endavouring Art
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart 10
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
And so sepulcher'd in such pomp dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die. 16

XI. ON THE UNIVERSITY CARRIER,

*Who sickened in the Time of his Vacancy, being forbid to go to London,
by reason of the Plague.*

HERE lies old Hobson; Death hath broke his girt,
And here, alas, hath laid him in the dirt;
Or else the ways being foul, twenty to one,
He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.

'Twas such a shifter, that if truth were known, 5
 Death was half glad when he had got him down;
 For he had any time this ten years full
 Dodg'd with him, betwixt Cambridge and the Bull.
 And surely Death could never have prevail'd,
 Had not his weakly course of carriage fail'd; 10
 But lately finding him so long at home,
 And thinking now his journey's end was come,
 And that he had ta'en up his latest inn,
 In the kind office of a chamberlain, 14
 Shew'd him his room where he must lodge that night,
 Pull'd off his boots, and took away the light:
 If any ask for him, it shall be said,
 Hobson has slept, and's newly gone to bed. 18

XII. ANOTHER ON THE SAME.

HERE lieth one, who did most truly prove
 That he could never die while he could move;
 So hung his destiny, never to rot
 While he might still jog on and keep his trot,
 Made of sphere metal, never to decay 5
 Until his revolution was at stay.
 Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime
 'Gainst old Truth) motion number'd out his time:
 And like an engine mov'd with wheel and weight,
 His principles being ceas'd, he ended strait. 10
 Rest, that gives all men life, gave him his death,
 And too much breathing put him out of breath;
 Nor were it contradiction to affirm
 Too long vacation happen'd on his term.
 Merely to drive the time away he sicken'd, 15
 Fainted, and died, nor would with ale be quicken'd;
 Nay, quoth he, on his swooning bed out-stretch'd,
 If I mayn't carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetch'd,
 But vow, though the cross doctors all stood hearers,
 For one carrier put down to make six bearers, 20
 Ease was his chief disease, and, to judge right,
 He dy'd for heaviness that his cart went light:
 His leisure told him that his time was come,
 And lack of load made his life burthenome,

That e'en to his last breath (there be that say't) 25
 As he were press'd to death, he cry'd more weight;
 But had his doings lasted as they were,
 He had been an immortal carrier.
 Obedient to the moon, he spent his date
 In course reciprocal, and had his fate 30
 Link'd to the mutual flowing of the seas,
 Yet (strange to think) his wain was his increase:
 His letters are deliver'd all and gone,
 Only remain this superscription. 34

XIII. AD PYRRHAM. ODE V.

*Horatius ex Pyrrhæ illecebris tanquam è naufragio enata verat, cujus
 amore irretitos, affirmat esse miseros.*

QUIS multa gracilis te puer in rosa
 Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus,
 Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?
 Cui flavam religas comam
 Simplex munditiis? heu quoties fidem 5
 Mutatosque deos flebit, et aspera
 Nigris æquora ventis
 Emirabitur insolens!
 Qui nunc te fruiter credulus aurea,
 Qui semper vacuum semper amabilem 10
 Sperat, nescius auræ
 Fallacis. Misera quibus
 Intentata nites. Me tabula facer
 Votiva paries indicat uvida
 Suspendisse potenti
 Vestimenta maris Deo. 16

XIII. THE FIFTH ODE OF HORACE, LIB. I.

*Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa, rendered almost word for word
 without rhyme, according to the Latin measure, as near as the lan-
 guage will permit*

WHAT slender youth bedew'd with liquid odours
 Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,
 Pyrrha? for whom bind'st thou
 In wreaths thy golden hair,
 Plain in thy neatness? O how oft shall he 5
 On faith and changed gods complain, and seas

Rough with black winds and storms
 Unwonted shall admire!
 Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold,
 Who always vacant, always amiable 10
 Hopes thee, of flattering gales
 Unmindful. Hapless they
 To whom thou untry'd seem'st fair. Me in my vow'd
 Picture the sacred wall declares to have hung
 My dank and dropping weeds
 To the stern God of sea. 16

XIV. ON THE NEW FORCERS OF CONSCIENCE

Under the Long Parliament.

BECAUSE you have thrown off your Prelate lord,
 And with stiff vows renounc'd his liturgy,
 To seize the widow'd whore Plurality
 From them whose sin ye envied, not abhorr'd,
 Dare ye for this adjure the civil sword 5
 To force our consciences that Christ set free,
 And ride us with a classic hierarchy,
 Taught ye by mere A. S. and Rotherford?
 Men whose life, learning, faith and pure intent
 Would have been held in high esteem with Paul, 10
 Must now be nam'd and printed Heretics
 By shallow Edwards and Scotch What-d'ye-call:
 But we do hope to find out all your tricks,
 Your plots and packing worse than those of Trent,
 That to the Parliament 15
 May with their wholesome and preventive shears
 Clip your phylacteries, though bank your ears,
 And succour our just fears,
 When they shall read this clearly in your charge,
 New Presbyter is but Old Priest writ large. 20

SONNETS.

I. TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O NIGHTINGALE, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
While the jolly Hours lead on propitious May.
Thy liquid notes, that close the eye of day, 5
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
Portend success in love; O if Jove's will
Have link'd that amorous power to thy soft lay,
Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
Foretel my hopeless doom in some grove nigh; 10
As thou from year to year hast sung too late
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why;
Whether the Muse, or Love call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I. 14

II.

DONNA leggiadra il cui bel nome honora
L'herbosa val di Rheno, e il nobil varco,
Bene è colui d'ogni valore scarco
Qual tuo spirto gentil non innamora,
Che dolcemente mostra sì di fuori 5
De sui atti soavi giamai parco,
E i don', che son d'amor saette ed arco,
La onde l'alta tua virtù s'infiora
Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canti
Che mover possa duro alpestre legno 10
Guardi ciascun a gli occhi, ed a gli orecchi
Le'entrata, chi di te si truova indegno;
Gratia sola di su gli vaglia, inanti
Che'l disio amorosa al cuor s'invecchi. 14

III.

QUAL in colle aspro, al imbrunir di sera
L'avezza giovinetta pastorella
Va bagnando l'herbetta strana e bella
Che mal si spande a disusata spera
Fuor di sua natia alma primavera, 5

Così Amor meco insù la lingua snella
 Destà il fior novo di strana favella,
 Mentre io di te, vezzosamente altera,
 Canto, dal mio buon popol non inteso
 E'el bel Tamigi cangio col bel Arno. 10
 Amor lo volse, ed io a l'altrui peso
 Seppi ch' Amor cosa mai volse indarno.
 Deh! foss' il mio cuor lento e'l duro seno
 A chi pianta dal ciel sì buon terreno. 14

CANZONE.

RIDONSI donne e giovani amorosi
 M' accostandosi attorno, e perche scrivi,
 Perche tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana
 Verseggiando d' amor, e come t' osi?
 Dinne, se la tua speme sia mai vana, 5
 E de pensieri lo miglior t' arrivi;
 Così mi van burlando, altri rivi
 Altri lidi t'aspettan, et altre onde
 Nelle cui verdi sponde
 Spuntati ad hor, ad hor a la tua chioma 10
 L'immortal guiderdon d' eterne frondi
 Perche alle spalle tue soverchia soma?
 Canzon dirotti, e tu per me rispondi
 Dice mia Donna, e'l suo dir, é il mio cuore
 Questa e lingua di cui si vanta Amore. 15

IV.

DIODATI, e te'l dirò con maraviglia,
 Quel ritroso io ch' amor spreggiar soléa
 E de suoi lacci spesso mi ridéa
 Già caddi, ov'huom dabben talhor s'impiglia.
 Ne treccie d' oro, ne guancia virmiglia. 5
 M' abbaglian sì, ma sotto nova idea
 Pellegrina bellezza che'l cuor bea,
 Portamenti alti honesti, e nelle ciglia
 Quel sereno fulgor d' amabil nero,
 Parole adorne di lingua piu d' una, 10
 E'l cantar che di mezzo l' hemispero
 Traviar ben puo la faticosa Luna.
 E degli occhi suoi auventa sì gran fuoco
 Che l' incerar gli orecchi mi fia poco. 14

faust sa

faust sa faust sa faust

faust sa faust sa faust

faust sa faust sa faust

faust sa faust sa faust

faust sa faust sa faust

V.

PER certo i bei vostr' occhi, Donna mia
 Esser non puo che non sian lo mio sole
 Si mi percuoton forte, come ei suole

Per l'arene di Libia chi s'invia,
 Mentre un caldo vapor (ne sentì pria)

5

Da quel lato si spinge ove mi duole,
 Che forse amanti nelle lor parole

Chiaman sospir; io non so che si fia:

Parte rinchiusa, e turbida si cela

Scoffo mi il petto, e poi n'uscendo poco

10

Quivi d'attorno o s'agghiaccia, o s'ingiela;

Ma quanto a gli occhi giunge a trovar loco

Tutte le notti a me vuol far piovole

Finche mia Alba rivien colma di rose.

14

VI.

GIOVANE piano, e semplicetto amante

Poi che fuggir me stesso in dubbio sono

Madonna a voi del mio cuor l'humil dono

Faro divoto; io certo a prove tante

L'hebbi fedele, intrepido, costante,

5

De pensieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono;

Quando rugge il gran mondo, e scocca il tuono,

S'arma di se, e d'intero diamante,

Tanto del forse e d'invidia sicuro,

Di timori, e speranze al popol use

10

Quanto d'ingegno, e d'alto valor vago,

E di cetta sonora, e delle muse:

Sol troverete in tal parte men duro

Ove Amor mise l'insanabil ago.

14

VII. ON HIS BEING ARRIV'D AT THE AGE OF
 TWENTY-THREE.

HOW soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,

Stol'n on his wing my three and twentieth year!

My hasting days fly on with full career,

But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.

Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,

5

That I to manhood am arriv'd so near,

And inward ripeness doth much less appear,

That some more timely-happy spirits indu'th.
 Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
 It shall be still in strictest measure even 10
 To that same lot, however mean or high,
 Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heav'n;
 All is, if I have grace to use it so,
 As ever in my great Task-master's eye. 14

VIII. WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO
 THE CITY.

CAPTAIN or Colonel, or Knight in arms,
 Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
 If deed of honour did thee ever please,
 Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
 He can requite thee, for he knows the charms 5
 That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
 And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
 Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
 Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower:
 The great Emathion conqueror bid spare 10
 The house of Pindarus, when temple and tow'r
 Went to the ground: and the repeated air
 Of sad Electra's poet had the power
 To save th' Athenian walls from ruin bare. 14

IX. TO A VIRTUOUS YOUNG LADY.

LADY, that in the prime of earliest youth
 Wisely hath shunn'd the broad way and the green,
 And with those few art eminently seen,
 That labour up the hill of heav'nly Truth,
 The better part with Mary and with Ruth 5
 Chosen thou hast; and they that overween,
 And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen,
 No anger find in thee, but pity and truth.
 Thy care is fix'd, and zealously attends
 To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light, 10
 And hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be sure
 Thou, when the bridegroom with his feastful friends
 Passes to bliss at the mid hour of night,
 Hast gain'd thy entrance, virgin wise and pure. 14

X. TO THE LADY MARGARET LEY.

DAUGHTER to that good Earl, once president
 Of England's council, and her treasury,
 Who liv'd in both, unstain'd with gold or fee,
 And left them both, more in himself content,
 Till sad the breaking of that Parliament 5
 Broke him, as that dishonest victory
 At Chæroneæ, fatal to liberty,
 Kill'd with report that old man eloquent.
 Though later born than to have known the days
 Wherein your father flourish'd, yet by you, 10
 Madam, methinks I see him living yet;
 So well your words his noble virtues praise,
 That all both judge you to relate them true,
 And to possess them, honor'd Margaret. 14

XI. ON THE DETRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED
UPON MY WRITING CERTAIN TREATISES.

A BOOK was writ of late call'd Tetrachordon.
 And woven close, both matter, form and style;
 The subject new; it walk'd the Town awhile.
 Numb'ring good intellect; now seldom por'd on.
 Cries the stall-reader, Bless us! what a word on 5
 A title page is this! and some in file
 Stand spelling false, while one might walk to Mile-
 End Green. Why is it harder Sirs than Gordon,
 Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galaip?
 Those rugged names to our like mouths grow sleek,
 That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp. 11
 Thy age, like ours, O Soul of Sir John Cheek,
 Hated not learning worse than toad or asp,
 When thou taught'st at Cambridge, and King Edward
 [Greek.

XII. ON THE SAME.

I DID but prompt the age to quit their clogs
 By the known rules of ancient liberty,
 When strait a barbarous noise environs me
 Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes and dogs:
 As when those hinds that were transform'd to frogs 5

Rail'd at Latona's twin-born progeny.
 Which after held the sun and moon in fee,
 But this is got by casting pearl to hogs,
 That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood,
 And still revolt when Truth would set them free, 10
 Licence they mean when they cry Liberty;
 For who loves that, must first be wise and good;
 But from that mark how far they rove we see
 For all this waste of wealth, and loss of blood. 14

XIII. TO MR. H. LAWES, ON HIS AIRS.

HARRY, whose tuneful and well-measur'd song
 First taught our English music how to span
 Words with just note and accent, not to scan
 With Midas' ears, committing short and long;
 Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng, 5
 With praise enough for Envy to look wan;
 To after age thou shalt be writ the man
 That with smooth air could'st humour best our tongue.
 Thou honour'st verse, and verse must lend her wing
 To honour thee, the priest of Phœbus' quire 10
 That tun'st their happiest lines in hymn or story.
 Dante shall give Fame leave to set thee higher
 Than his Casella, whom he woo'd to sing,
 Met in the milder shades of purgatory. 14

XIV. ON THE RELIGIOUS MEMORY OF MRS. CATHARINE THOMSON, MY CHRISTIAN FRIEND.

Deceas'd 16 Dec. 1646.

WHEN faith and love, which parted from thee
 never,
 Had ripen'd thy just soul to dwell with God
 Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load
 Of death, call'd life; which us from life doth sever.
 Thy works and alms and all thy good endeavour 5
 Stay'd not behind, nor in the grave were trod,
 But as Faith, pointed with her golden rod,
 Follow'd thee up to joy and bliss for ever.
 Love led them on, and Faith who knew them best
 Thy hand-maids, clad them o'er with purple beams

And azure wings, that up they flew so drest 11
 And spake the truth of thee on glorious themes
 Before the Judge, who thenceforth bid thee rest,
 And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams. 14

XV. TO THE LORD GENERAL FAIRFAX.

FAIRFAX, whose name in arms through Europe
 rings,
 Filling each mouth with envy or with praise,
 And all her jealous monarchs with amaze
 And rumours loud, that daunt remotest kings,
 Thy firm unshaken virtue ever brings 5
 Victory home, though new rebellions raise
 Their Hydra heads, and the false North displays
 Her broken league to imp their serpent wings.
 O yet a nobler task awaits thy hand,
 (For what can war but endless war still breed?) 10
 Till truth and right from violence be freed,
 And public faith clear'd from the shameful brand
 Of public fraud. In vain doth Valour bleed,
 While Avarice and Rapine share the land. 14

XVI. TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL.

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who, through a
 Not of war only, but detractions rude, [cloud,
 Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
 To peace and truth thy glorious way hast plough'd,
 And on the neck of crowned Fortune proud 5
 Hast rear'd God's trophies, and his work pursu'd,
 While Darwen stream with blood of Scots imbru'd,
 And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,
 And Worcester's laureat wreath. Yet much remains
 To conquer still; Peace hath her victories 10
 No less renown'd than War: new foes arise
 Threat'ning to bind our souls with secular chains:
 Help us to save free conscience from the paw
 Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw. 14

XVII. TO SIR HENRY VANE THE YOUNGER.

VANE, young in years, but in sage council old,
Than whom a better senator ne'er held
The helm of Rome, when gowns, not arms, repell'd
The fierce Epirot and the African bold,
Whether to settle peace, or to unfold
The drift of hollow states hard to be spell'd
Then to advise how War may best upheld
Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,
In all her equipage: besides to know
Both spiritual power and civil, what each means, to
What severs each, thou hast learn'd, which few have
done:

The bounds of either sword to thee we owe :
Therefore on thy firm hand Religion leans
In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son.

XVIII. ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEMONTE.

AVENGE, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints, whose
bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold ;
E'en them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipt stocks and stones,
Forget not ; in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To Heav'n. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
O'er all th' Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant ; that from these may grow
A hundred fold, who, having learn'd thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

XIX. ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,

Lodg'd with me useless, though my soul more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest he returning chide;
 Doth God exact day-labour, light deny'd,
 I fondly ask? but patience to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies, God doth not heed
 Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best; his state
 Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest:
 They also serve who only stand and wait.

XX. TO MR. LAWRENCE.

LAWRENCE, of virtuous father virtuous son,
 Now that the fields are dank, and ways are mire,
 Where shall we sometimes meet, and, by the fire,
 Help waste a fullen day, what may be won
 From the hard season gaining? time will run
 On smoother, till Favonius re-inspire
 The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire
 The lily and rose, that neither sow'd nor spun.
 What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice
 Of attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise
 To hear the lute well touch'd, or artful voice
 Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?
 He who of those delights can judge and spare
 To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

XXI. TO CYRIAC SKINNER.

CYRIAC, whose grandfire on the royal bench
 Of British Themis, with no mean applause,
 Pronounc'd, and in his volumes taught our laws,
 Which others at their bar so often wrench;
 To day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench
 In mirth, that after no repenting draws;
 Let Euclid rest and Archimedes pause,
 And what the Swede intends, and what the French.
 To measure life learn thou betimes, and know
 Tow'rd solid good what leads the nearest way;

For other things mild Heav'n a time ordains,
 And disapproves that care, though wise in show:
 That with superfluous burden loads the day,
 And when God sends a cheerful hour refrains. 14

XXII. TO THE SAME.

CYRIAC, this three years day these eyes, tho' clear,
 To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
 Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot,
 Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
 Of sun, or moon, or star throughout the year, 5
 Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
 Against Heav'n's hand or will, nor bate a jot
 Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
 Right onward. What supports me? dost thou ask;
 The conscience, friend, to have lost them over-ply'd
 In Liberty's defence, my noble task, 11
 Of which all Europe talks from side to side.
 This thought might lead me thro' the world's vain mask
 Content, though blind, had I no better guide. 14

XXIII. ON HIS DECEASED WIFE.

METHOUGHT I saw my late espoused saint
 Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,
 Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
 Rescu'd from death by force, though pale and taint.
 Mine, as whom wash'd from spot of child bed taint 5
 Purification in the old law did save,
 And such, as yet once more I trust to have
 Full sight of her in Heav'n without restraint,
 Came vested all in white, pure as her mind:
 Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancied sight 10
 Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shin'd
 So clear, as in no face with more delight.
 But O as to embrace me she inclin'd,
 I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my night. 14

PSALM I. *Done into verse, 1653.*

BLESS'D is the man who hath not walk'd astray
 In counsel of the wicked, and i' th' way
 Of sinners hath not stood, and in the seat
 Of scorers hath not sat. But in the great
 Jehovah's law is ever his delight, 5
 And in his law he studies day and night.
 He shall be as a tree which planted grows
 By watry streams, and in the season knows
 To yield his fruit, and his leaf shall not fall,
 And what he takes in hand shall prosper all. 10
 Not so the wicked, but as chaff which fann'd
 The wind drives, so the wicked shall not stand
 In judgment, or abide their trial then,
 Nor sinners in the assembly of just men.
 For the Lord knows the upright way of the just,
 And the way of bad men to ruin must. 16

PSALM II. *Done Aug. 8, 1653. Terzette.*

WHY do the Gentiles tumult, and the nations
 Muse a vain thing, the kings of th' earth upstand
 With power, and princes in their congregations
 Lay deep their plots together through each land
 Against the Lord and his Messiah dear? 5
 Let us break off, they say, by strength of hand
 Their bonds, and cast from us, no more to wear,
 Their twisted cords: he who in Heav'n doth dwell
 Shall laugh, the Lord shall scoff them, then severe
 Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell 10
 And fierce ire trouble them; but I, saith he,
 Anointed have my king (though ye rebel)
 On Sion my holy hill. A firm decree
 I will declare; the Lord to me hath said,
 Thou art my son, I have begotten thee 15
 This day; ask of me, and the grant is made;
 As thy possession I on thee bestow
 Th' Heathen, and as thy conquest to be sway'd
 Earth's utmost bounds: them shalt thou bring full low,
 With iron scepter bruis'd, and them disperse 20

Like to a potter's vessel shiver'd so.

And now be wise at length ye kings averſe,
Be taught ye judges of the earth; with fear

Jehovah ſerve, and let your joy converſe
With trembling; kiſs the Son leſt he appear 25

In anger, and ye periſh in the way,
If once his wrath take fire like fuel ſere.

Happy all thoſe who have in him their ſtay. 28

PSALM III. *Aug. 9, 1653. When he fled from Abſalom.*

LORD how many are thy foes?

How many thoſe

That in arms againſt me riſe!

Many are they

That of my life diſtruſtfully thus ſay, 5

No help for him in God there lies.

But thou, Lord, art my ſhield, my glory,

Thee through my ſtory

Th' exalter of my head I count;

Aloud I cry'd 10

Unto Jehovah, he full ſoon reply'd

And heard me from his holy mount.

I lay and ſlept, I wak'd again,

For my ſuſtain

Was the Lord. Of many millions 15

The populous rout

I fear not, though incamping round about

They pitch againſt me their pavilions.

Riſe, Lord, ſave me my God, for thou

Haſt ſmote ere now 20

On the cheek-bone all my foes,

Of men abhorr'd

Haſt broke the teeth. This help was from the Lord;

Thy bleſſing on thy people flows. 24

PSALM IV. *Aug. 10, 1653.*

ANSWER me when I call,

God of my righteouſneſs,

In ſtraits and in diſtreſs

Thou didſt me diſinthrall

And set at large; now spare,
Now pity me, and hear my earnest prayer.
Great ones, how long will ye
My glory have in scorn,
How long be thus forborn
Still to love vanity,
To love, to seek, to prize,
Things false and vain, and nothing else but lies?
Yet know the Lord hath chose,
Chose to himself apart,
The good and meek of heart
(For whom to chose he knows)
Jehovah from on high
Will hear my voice what time to him I cry.
Be aw'd, and do not sin,
Speak to your hearts alone,
Upon your beds, each one,
And be at peace within.
Offer the offerings just
Of righteousness, and in Jehovah trust.
Many there be that say
Who yet will shew us good?
Talking like this world's brood;
But, Lord, thus let me pray,
On us lift up the light,
Lift up the favour of thy count'nance bright.
Into my heart more joy
And gladness thou hast put,
Than when a year of glut
Their stores doth over-cloy,
And from their plenteous grounds
With vast increase their corn and wine abounds.
In peace at once will I
Both lay me down and sleep,
For thou alone dost keep
Me safe where'er I lie;
As in a rocky cell
Thou, Lord, alone in safety mak'st me dwell.

PSALM V. *Aug. 12. 1653.*

JEHOVAH to my words give ear,
 My meditation weigh,
 The voice of my complaining hear,
 My King and God ; for unto thee I pray.
 Jehovah thou my early voice 5
 Shalt in the morning hear,
 I' th' morning I to thee with choice
 Will rank my pray'rs, and watch till thou appear.
 For thou art not a God that takes
 In wickedness delight, 10
 Evil with thee no biding makes,
 Fools or mad men stand not within thy sight.
 All workers of iniquity
 Thou hat'st ; and them unblest
 Thou wilt destroy that speak a lie ; 15
 The bloody' and guileful man God doth detest.
 But I will in thy mercies dear
 Thy numerous mercies go
 Into thy house ; I in thy fear
 Will tow'rds thy holy temple worship low. 20
 Lord lead me in thy righteousness,
 Lead me because of those
 That do observe if I transgress,
 Set thy ways right before, where my step goes.
 For in his falt'ring mouth, unstable, 25
 No word is firm or sooth ;
 Their inside, troubles miserable ;
 An open grave their throat, their tongue they smoothe.
 God, find them guilty, let them fall
 By their own counsels quell'd ; 30
 Push them in their rebellions all
 Still on ; for against thee they have rebell'd.
 Then all who trust in thee shall bring
 Their joy, while thou from blame
 Defend'st them, they shall ever sing 35
 And shall triumph in thee, who love thy name.
 For thou Jehovah wilt be found
 To bleis the just man still,

As with a shield thou wilt surround
Him with thy lasting favour and good will. 40

PSALM VI. *Aug. 13, 1653.*

LORD in thine anger do not reprehend me,
Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct;
Pity me, Lord, for I am much deject,
And very weak and faint; heal and amend me:
For all my bones, that e'en with anguish ache, 5
Are troubled, yea my soul is troubled sore.
And thou, O Lord, how long? turn Lord, restore
My soul, O save me for thy goodness' sake:
For in death no remembrance is of thee;
Who in the grave can celebrate thy praise? 10
Wearied I am with sighing out my days,
Nightly my couch I make a kind of sea;
My bed I water with my tears; mine eye
Through grief consumes, is waxen old and dark
I' th' midst of all my enemies that mark. 15
Depart all ye that work iniquity,
Depart from me, for the voice of my weeping
The Lord hath heard, the Lord hath heard my pray'r,
My supplication with acceptance fair
The Lord will own and have me in his keeping. 20
Mine enemies shall all be blank and dash'd
With much confusion; then grown red with shame,
They shall return in haste the way they came,
And in a moment shall be quite abash'd. 24

PSALM VII. *Aug. 14, 1653.*

Upon the words of Gush the Benjamite against him.

LORD my God to thee I fly,
Save me and secure me under
Thy protection while I cry,
Lest as a lion (and no wonder)
He haste to tear my soul asunder, 5
Tearing and no rescue nigh.
Lord my God if I have thought
Or done this, if wickedness
Be in my hands, if I have wrought

Ill to him that meant me peace, 10
Or to him that render'd less,
And not freed my foe for nought;
Let th' enemy pursue my soul
And overtake it, let him tread
My life down to the earth, and roll 5
In the dust my glory dead,
In the dust and there out-spread
Lodge it with dishonour foul.
Rise Jehovah in thine ire,
Rouse thyself amidst the rage 20
Of my foes that urge like fire:
And wake for me, their fury' assuage;
Judgment here thou didst engage
And command which I desire.
So th' assemblies of each nation 25
Will surround thee, seeking right,
Thence to thy glorious habitation
Return on high, and in their sight.
Jehovah judgeth most upright
All people from the world's foundation. 30
Judge me, Lord, be judge in this
According to my righteousness,
And the innocence which is
Upon me: cause at length to cease
Of evil men the wickedness 35
And their pow'r that do amiss.
But the just establish fast,
Since thou art the just God that tries
Hearts and reins. On God is cast
My defence, and in him lies, 40
In him who, both just and wise,
Saves the upright of heart at last.
God is a just judge and severe,
And God is every day offended;
If the unjust will not forbear, 45
His sword he whets, his bow hath bended
Already, and for him intended
The tools of death, that waits him near.

(His arrows purposely made he
 For them that persecute.) Behold
 He travels big with vanity,
 Trouble he hath conceiv'd of old
 As in a womb, and from that mould
 Hath at length brought forth a lie.
 He digg'd a pit, and delv'd it deep,
 And fell into the pit he made;
 His mischief, that due course doth keep,
 Turns on his head, and his ill trade
 Of violence will undelay'd
 Fall on his crown with ruin steep.
 Then will I Jehovah's praise
 According to his justice raise,
 And sing the Name and Deity
 Of Jehovah the Most High.

PSALM VIII. *Aug. 14, 1653.*

O JEHOVAH our Lord, how wondrous great
 And glorious is thy name through all the earth!
 So as above the Heav'ns thy praise to set
 Out of the tender mouths of latest birth.
 Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou
 Hast founded strength because of all thy foes,
 To stint th' enemy, and slack th' avangers' brow,
 That bends his rage thy providence to' oppose,
 When I behold thy Heav'ns, thy fingers' art,
 The moon and stars which thou so bright hast set
 In the pure firmament, then saith my heart,
 O what is man that thou rememb'rest yet
 And think'st upon him; or of man begot,
 That him thou visit'st, and of him art found?
 Scarce to be less than gods, thou mad'st his lot,
 With honour and with state thou hast him crown'd,
 O'er the works of thy hand thou mad'st him lord,
 Thou hast put all under his lordly feet,
 All flocks, and herds, by thy commanding word,
 All beasts that in the field or forest meet,

Fowl of the Heav'ns, and fish that through the wet
 Sea paths in shoals do slide, and know no dearth.
 O Jehovah our Lord, how wondrous great
 And glorious is thy name through all the earth? 24

*Nine of the Psalms done into metre, wherein all, but
 what is in a different character, are the very words of the
 text, translated from the original. April. 1648. J. M.*

PSALM LXXX.

- 1 **T**HOU Shepherd that dost Israel keep
 Give ear *in time of need,*
 Who ledest like a flock of sheep
Thy loved Joseph's seed,
 That sitst between the cherubs bright, 5
Between their wings out-spread,
 Shine forth, *and from thy cloud give light,*
And on our foes thy dread.
- 2 In Ephraim's view and Benjamin's,
 And in Manasse's sight, 10
 Awake* thy strength, come, and be seen * *Gnorera,*
To save us by thy might.
- 3 Turn us again, *thy grace divine*
To us O God vouchsafe ;
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine, 15
 And then we shall be safe.
- 4 Lord God of Hosts, how long wilt thou,
 How long wilt thou declare
 Thy* smoking wrath, *and angry brow* * *Gnashanter.*
 Against thy people's pray'r! 20
- 5 Thou feed'st them with the bread of tears,
 Their bread with tears they eat,
 And mak'st them* largely drink the tears * *Shalish*
Wherewith their cheeks are wet.
- 6 A strife thou mak'st us *and a prey* 25
 To every neighbour foe,
 Among themselves they* laugh, they* play,
 And* flouts at us they throw. * *Filgnagu.*
- 7 Return us, *and thy grace divine*
 O God of Hosts *vouchsafe,* 30

Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
And then we shall be safe.

8 A vine from Egypt thou hast brought,
Thy free love made it thine,

And drov'st out nations, *proud and haught,* 35
To plant this *lovely* vine.

9 Thou didst prepare for it a place,
And root it deep and fast,

That it *began to grow apace,*
And fill'd the land at last. 40

10 With her *green* shade that cover'd *all,*
The hills were *over-spread,*

Her boughs as *high as* cedars tall
Advanc'd their lofty head.

11 Her branches on the *western side* 45
Down to the sea she sent,

And *upward* to that river *wide*
Her other branches *went.*

12 Why hast thou laid her hedges low,
And broken down her fence, 50

That all may pluck her, as they go,
With rudest violence?

13 The *tusked* boar out of the wood
Up turns it by the roots,

Wild beasts there brouze, and make their food 55
Her grapes and tender shoots.

14 Return now, God of Hosts, look down
From Heav'n, thy seat divine,

Behold *us, but without a frown,*
And visit this *thy* vine. 60

15 Visit this vine, which thy right hand
Hath set, and planted *long,*

And the young branch, that for thyself
Thou hast made firm and strong.

16 But now it is consum'd with fire, 65
And cut *with axes* down,

They perish at thy dreadful ire,
At thy rebuke and frown.

17 Upon the Man of thy right hand
Let thy good hand be *laid,*

Upon the Son of man, whom thou
Strong for thyself hast made.

18 So shall we not go back from thee

To ways of sin and shame,

Quicken us thou, then gladly we

Shall call upon thy name.

19 Return us, *and thy grace divine*

Lord God of Hosts *vouchsafe,*

Cause thou thy face on us to shine,

And then we shall be safe.

PSALM LXXXI.

1 **T**O God our strength sing loud, *and clear,*
Sing loud to God *our King,*

To Jacob's God, *that all may bear*
Loud acclamations ring.

2 Prepare a hymn, prepare a song,
The timbrel hither bring,

The *cheerful* psaltry bring along,
And harp *with pleasant string.*

3 Blow, *as is wont* in the new moon
With trumpets' *lofty sound,*

Th' appointed time, the day whereon
Our solemn feast *comes round.*

4 This was a statute *giv'n of old*
For Israel *to observe,*

A law of Jacob's God, *to hold,*
From whence they might not swerve.

5 This he a testimony ordain'd
In Joseph, *not to change,*

When as he pass'd through Egypt land;
The tongue I heard was strange.

6 From burden *and from slavish toil*
I set his shoulder free:

His hands from pots *and miry soil*
Deliver'd were *by me.*

7 When trouble did thee sore assail,
On me then didst thou call,

And I to free thee *did not fail*
And led thee out of thrall.

- I answer'd thee* in thunder deep * *Be sether ragnam.*
 With clouds incompass'd round; 30
 I try'd thee at the water steep
 Of Meriba *renown'd.*
 8 Hear, O my people, *hearken well,*
 I testify to thee,
 Thou ancient flock of Israel, 35
 If thou wilt list to me,
 9 Throughout the land of thy abode
 No alien god shall be,
 Nor shalt thou to a foreign god
 In honour bend thy knee. 40
 10 I am the Lord thy God which brought
 Thee out of Egypt's land;
 Ask large enough, and I, *besought,*
 Will grant thy full demand.
 11 And yet my people would not *hear* 45
 Nor hearken to my voice;
 And Israel, *whom I lov'd so dear,*
 Mislik'd me for his choice.
 12 Then did I leave them to their will,
 And to their wand'ring mind; 50
 Their own conceits they follow'd still,
 Their own devices blind.
 13 O that my people would *be wise,*
 To serve me *all their days,*
 And O that Israel would *advise* 55
 To walk my *righteous ways;*
 14 Then would I soon bring down their foes,
 That now so proudly rise
 And turn my hand against *all those*
 That are their enemies. 60
 15 Who hate the Lord should *then be fain*
 To bow to him and bend,
 But *they, his people, should remain,*
 Their time should have no end.
 16 And he would feed them *from the shock* 65
 With flour of finest wheat,
 And satisfy them from the rock
 With honey *for their meat.* 68

PSALM LXXXII.

- 1 **G**OD in the* great* assembly stands *Bagnadath-
Of kings and lordly states, [el.
 * Among the gods, *on both his hands *Bekerev.
 He judges and debates.
- 2 How long will ye * pervert the right 5
 With * judgment false and wrong, * Tishphetu gnazel
 Favouring the wicked *by your might,*
Who thence grow bold and strong?
- 3 * Regard the * weak and fatherless,
 * Dispatch the * poor man's cause, * Shiphthu-dal.
 And † raise the man in deep distress II
 By † just and equal laws. † Hatzdiku.
- 4 Defend the poor and desolate,
 And rescue from the hands
 Of wicked men the low estate 45
 Of him *that help demands.*
- 5 They know not, nor will understand,
 In darkness they walk on,
 The earth's foundations all are * mov'd,
 And * out of order gone. * Jimmota.
- 6 I said that ye were gods, yea all 21
 The sons of God most high ;
- 7 But ye shall die like men, and fall
 As other princes *die.*
- 8 Rise, God, * judge thou the earth *in might,* 25
 This *wicked* earth * redress, * Shiphtha.
 For thou art he who shalt by right
 The nations all possess. 28

PSALM LXXXIII.

- 1 **B**E not thou silent *now at length,*
 O God hold not thy peace,
 Sit thou not still O God *of strength,*
We cry, and do not cease.
- 2 For lo thy *furious* foes *now* * swell, 5
 And * storm outrageously, * Jebemajun.
 And they that hate thee *proud and fell*
 Exalt their heads full high.

- 3 Against thy people they † contrive
 * Their plots and counsels deep.
 * Them to insnare they chiefly strive † Whom thou dost hide and keep,
 4 Come let us cut them off, say they,
 Till they no nation be,
 That Israel's name for ever may
 Be lost in memory. 15
- 5 For they consult * with all their might, * Lev jach-
 And all as one in mind [dau.
 Themselves against thee they unite,
 And in firm union bind. 20
- 6 The tents of Edom, and the brood
 Of scornful Ishmael,
 Moab, with them of Hagar's blood,
 That in the desert dwell,
 7 Gebal and Ammon there conspire, 25
 And hateful Amalec,
 The Philistines, and they of Tyre,
 Whose bounds the sea doth check.
- 8 With them great Ashur also bands
 And doth confirm the knot : 30
 All these have lent their armed hands
 To aid the sons of Lot.
- 9 Do to them as to Midian bold,
 That wasted all the coast,
 To Sisera, and as is told 35
 Thou didst to Jabin's host,
 When at the brook of Kishon old
 They were repuls'd and slain,
- 10 At Endor quite cut off, and roll'd
 As dung upon the plain. 40
- 11 As Zeb and Oreb evil sped,
 So let their princes speed,
 As Zeba and Zalmunna bled,
 So let their princes bleed.
- 12 For they amidst their pride have said, 45
 By right now shall we seize
 God's houses, and will now invade
 † Their stately palaces. † Neoth Elohim bears both.

13 My God, oh make them as a wheel,
No quiet let them find,
 Giddy and *restless* let them reel
 Like stubble from the wind.

50

14 As *when* an *aged* wood takes fire
Which on a sudden strays,
 The *greedy* flames run higher and higher,
 Till all the mountains blaze,

55

15 So with thy whirlwind them pursue,
 And with thy tempest chase;

16 † And till they † yield thee honour due,
 Lord fill with shame their face.

60

† Heb. *They seek thy Name,*

17 Asham'd and troubled let them be,
 Troubled, and asham'd for ever,

Ever confounded and so die

With shame, *and scape it never.*

18 Then shall they know that thou whose name
 Jehovah is alone,

65

Art the most High, *and thou the same*

O'er all the earth *art one.*

68

PSALM LXXXIV.

1 **H**OW lovely are thy dwellings fair!
 O Lord of Hosts, how dear

The *pleasant* tabernacles are,

Where thou dost dwell so near!

2 My soul doth long and almost die

5

Thy courts O Lord to see,

My heart and flesh aloud do cry,

O living God, for thee.

3 There e'en the sparrow *freed from wrong*

Hath found a house of *rest,*

10

The swallow there to lay her young

Hath built her *brooding* nest.

E'en by thy altars, Lord of Hosts,

They find their safe abode,

And home they fly from round the coasts

15

Tow'rd thee, my King, my God,

- 4 Happy, who in thy house reside,
Where thee they ever praise,
- 5 Happy, whose strength in thee doth bide,
And in their hearts thy ways. 20
- 6 They pass through Baca's *thirsty* vale,
That dry and barren ground,
As through a fruitful watry dale
Where springs and showers abound.
- 7 They journey on from strength to strength 25
With joy and gladsome cheer,
Till all before our God *at length*
In Sion do appear.
- 8 Lord God of Hosts hear *now* my pray'r,
O Jacob's God give ear, 3
- 9 Thou God our shield look on the face
Of thy anointed *dear*.
- 10 For one day in thy courts *to be*
Is better, and more blest,
Than in the joys of vanity 35
A thousand days at best.
- I, in the temple of my God
Had rather keep a door,
Than dwell in tents, *and rich abode,*
With sin for evermore. 40
- 11 For God the Lord both sun and shield
Gives grace and glory *bright,*
No good from them shall be withheld
Whose ways are just and right.
- 12 Lord God of hosts *that reign'st on high,* 45
That man is truly blest,
Who only on thee doth rely,
And in thee only rest. 48

PSALM LXXXV.

- 1 **T**HY land to favour graciously
Thou hast not Lord been slack,
Thou hast from *hard* captivity
Returned Jacob back.
- 2 Th' iniquity thou didst forgive
That wrought thy people woe,

And all their sin, *that did thee grieve,*
Hast hid *where none shall know.*

3 Thine anger all thou hadst remov'd,
And *calmly* didst return
From thy † fierce wrath which we had prov'd
Far worse than fire to burn.

10

† Heb. *The burning heat of thy wrath.*

4 God of our saving health and peace,
Turn us, and us restore,
Thine indignation cause to cease
Tow'rd us, *and chide no more*

15

5 Wilt thou be angry without end,
For ever angry thus,
Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend
From age to age on us?

20

6 Wilt thou not * turn and *hear our voice*
And us again * revive, * Heb. *Turn to quicken us.*
That so thy people may rejoice
By thee preserv'd alive.

7 Cause us to see thy goodness, Lord,
To us thy mercy shew,
Thy saving health to us afford,
And life in us renew.

25

8 *And now* what God the Lord will speak,
I will go *strait* and hear,
For to his people he speaks peace,
And to his saints *full dear.*

30

To his dear saints he will speak peace,
But let them never more
Return to folly, *but surcease*
To trespass as before,

35

9 Surely to such as do him fear
Salvation is at hand,
And glory shall *ere long* appear
To dwell within our land.

40

10 Mercy and Truth *that long were miss'd*
Now *joyfully* are met,
Sweet Peace and Righteousness have kiss'd
And hand in hand are set.

11 Truth from the earth, *like to a flower,*
 Shall bud and blossom *then,*
 And Justice from her heav'nly bow'r
 Look down *on mortal men.*

12 The Lord will also then bestow
 Whatever thing is good,
 Our land shall forth in plenty throw
 Her fruits *to be our food.*

13 Before him Righteousness shall go
His royal harbinger,
 Then * will he come, and not be slow,
 His footsteps cannot err.

* Heb. *He will set his steps to the way.*

PSALM LXXXVI.

1 **T**HY *gracious* ear, O Lord, incline,
 O hear me *I thee pray,*
 For I am poor, and almost pine
 With need, *and sad decay.*

2 Preserve my soul, for † I have trod
 Thy ways, and love the just,
 Save thou thy servant, O my God,
 Who *still* in thee doth trust.

† Heb. *I am good, loving, a doer of good and holy things.*

3 Pity me, Lord, for daily thee
 I call; 4 O make rejoice

Thy servant's soul; for Lord to thee
 I lift my soul *and voice.*

5 For thou art good, thou Lord art prone
 To pardon, thou to all

Art full of mercy, thou *alone*
 To them that on thee call.

6 Unto my supplication, Lord,
 Give ear, and to the cry

Of my *incessant* pray'rs afford
 Thy hearing graciously.

7 I in the day of my distress
 Will call on thee *for aid;*

For thou wilt *grant* me *free access,*
And answer what I pray'd.

- 8 Like thee among the Gods is none,
O Lord, nor any works
Of all that other Gods have done
Like to thy *glorious* works.
- 9 The nations all whom thou hast made
Shall come, *and all shall frame*
To bow them low before thee, Lord,
And glorify thy name.
- 10 For great thou art, and wonders great
By thy strong hand are done,
Thou *in thy everlasting seat*
Remainest God alone.
- 11 Teach me, O Lord, thy way *most right*,
I in thy truth will bide,
To fear thy name my heart unite,
So shall it never slide,
- 12 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,
Thee honour and adore
With my whole heart, and blaze abroad
Thy name for evermore.
- 13 For great thy mercy is tow'rd me,
And thou hast freed my soul,
E'en from the lowest hell set free,
From deepest darkness foul.
- 14 O God the proud against me rise,
And violent men are met
To seek my life, and in their eyes
No fear of thee have set.
- 15 But thou Lord, art the God most mild,
Readiest thy grace to shew,
Slow to be angry, and *art styl'd*
Most merciful, most true.
- 16 O turn to me *thy face at length*,
And me have mercy on,
Unto thy servant give thy strength,
And save thy handmaid's son.
- 17 Some sign of good to me afford,
And let my foes *then* see,
And be asham'd, because thou Lord,
Dost help and comfort me.

PSALM LXXXVII.

- 1 **A**MONG the holy mountains *high*
 Is his foundation fast,
There seated is his sanctuary,
His temple there is plac'd
- 2 Sion's *fair* gates the Lord loves more 5
 Than all the dwellings *fair*
 Of Jacob's land, *though there be store,*
And all within his care.
- 3 City of God, most glorious things 10
 Of thee *abroad* are spoke ;
- 4 I mention Egypt, *where proud king*
Did our fore-fathers yoke.
 I mention Babel to my friends,
 Philistia *full of scorn,*
 And Tyre with Ethiop's *utmost ends,* 15
 Lo this man there was born :
- 5 But *twice that praise shall in our ear*
Be said of Sion last,
 This and this man was born in her,
 High God shall fix her fast, 20
- 6 The Lord shall write it in a scroll
 That ne'er shall be out-worn,
 When he the nations doth inrol,
 That this man there was born.
- 7 Both they who sing, and they who dance, 25
With sacred songs are there,
 In thee *fresh brooks, and soft streams glance,*
And all my fountains clear. 28

PSALM LXXXVIII.

- 1 **L**ORD God thou dost me save and keep,
 All day to thee I cry ;
 And all night long before thee *weep,*
 Before thee *prostrate lie.*
- 2 Into thy presence let my pray'r 5
With sighs devout ascend,
 And to my cries, that *ceaseless are,*
 Thine ear with favour bend.

3 For cloy'd with woes and trouble store
 Surcharg'd my soul doth lie,
 My life *at Death's uncheerful door*
 Unto the grave draws nigh.

4 Reckon'd I am with them that pass
 Down to the *dismal* pit,
 I am a * man, but weak alas,
 And for that name unfit.

* Heb. *A man without manly strength.*

5 From life discharg'd and parted quite
 Among the dead to *sleep*,
 And like the slain *in bloody fight*
 That in the grave lie *deep*,

Whom thou rememberest no more,
 Dost never more regard,
 Them from thy hand deliver'd o'er
Death's hideous house hath barr'd.

6 Thou in the lowest pit *profound*
 Hast set me *all forlorn*,
 Where thickest darkness *hovers round*,
 In horrid deeps *to mourn*.

7 Thy wrath, *from which no shelter saves*,
 Full sore doth press on me;

* Thou break'it upon me all thy waves,
 * And all thy waves break me. * *The Heb. bears both.*

8 Thou dost my friends from me estrange,
 And mak'it me odious,
 Me to them odious, *for they change*,
 And I here pent up thus.

9 Through sorrow, and affliction great,
 Mine eyes grow dim and dead,
 Lord, all the day I thee entreat,
 My hands to thee I spread.

10 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead,
 Shall the deceas'd arise
 And praise thee *from their loathsome bed*
With pale and hollow eyes?

11 Shall they thy loving kindness tell
 On whom the grave *hath hold*,

Or they who in perdition dwell,
Thy faithfulness *unfold*?

12 In darkness can thy mighty hand
Or wondrous acts be known,

50

Thy justice in the gloomy land
Of dark oblivion?

13 But I to thee, O Lord, do cry,
Ere yet my life be spent,

And up to thee my pray'r doth lie
Each morn, and thee prevent.

55

14 Why wilt thou, Lord, my soul forsake,
And hide thy face from me?

15 That am already bruis'd and † shake

With terror sent from thee? † Heb. *Præ concussione.*

Bruis'd, and afflicted, and *so low*

61

As ready to expire,

While I thy terrors undergo

Astonish'd with thine ire.

16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow,

65

Thy threat'nings cut me through:

17 All day they round about me go,

Like waves they me pursue.

18 Lover and friend thou hast remov'd,

And sever'd from me far:

They fly me now whom I have lov'd,

And as in darkness are.

A PARAPHRASE ON PSALM CXIV.

This and the following Psalm were done by the Author at fifteen years old.

WHEN the blest seed of Terah's faithful son

After long toil their liberty had won,

And past from Pharian fields to Canaan land,

Led by the strength of the Almighty's hand,

Jehovah's wonders were in Israel shown,

5

His praise and glory was in Israel known.

That saw the troubled sea, and shivering fled,

And sought to hide his froth-be-curl'd head

VOL. II.

X

Low in the earth; Jordan's clear streams recoil,
 As a faint host that hath receiv'd the foil. 10
 The high, huge bellied mountains skip like rams
 Amongst their ewes, the little hills like lambs.
 Why fled the ocean? and why skipt the mountains?
 Why turn'd Jordan tow'rd his cryстал fountains?
 Shake earth, and at the presence be aghast 15
 Of him that ever was, and ay shall last,
 That glassy floods from rugged rocks can crush,
 And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones gush. 18

PSALM CXXXVI.

LET us with a gladsome mind
 Praise the Lord, for he is kind,
 For his mercies ay endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.
 Let us blaze his name abroad, 5
 For of gods he is the God;
 For his, &c.
 O let us his praises tell,
 Who doth the wrathful tyrants quell.
 For his, &c. 12
 Who with his miracles doth make
 Amazed Heav'n and Earth to shake,
 For his, &c. 16
 Who by his wisdom did create
 The painted Heav'ns so full of state.
 For his, &c. 20
 Who did the solid earth ordain,
 To rise above the watry plain.
 For his, &c. 24
 Who by his all-commanding might
 Did fill the new-made world with light.
 For his, &c. 28
 And caus'd the golden-trussed sun
 All the day long his course to run.
 For his, &c. 32
 The horned moon to shine by night,
 Amongst her spangled sisters bright.
 For his, &c. 36

He with his thunder-clasping hand
Smote the first born of Egypt land.

For his, &c.

40

And in despite of Pharoah fell,
He brought from thence his Israel.

For his, &c.

44

Thy ruddy waves he cleft in twain
Of the Erythræan main.

For his, &c.

48

The floods stood still like walls of glass,
While the Hebrew bands did pass

For his, &c.

52

But full soon they did devour,
The tawny king with all his pow'r.

For his, &c.

5

His chosen people he did bless
In the wasteful wilderness.

For his, &c.

60

In bloody battle he brought down
Kings of prowess and renown.

For his, &c.

64

He foil'd bold Seon and his host,
That rul'd the Amorrean coast.

For his, &c.

68

And large-limb'd Og he did subdue,
With all his over-hardy crew.

For his, &c.

72

And to his servant Israel
He gave their land therein to dwell.

For his, &c.

76

He hath with a piteous eye
Beheld us in our misery.

For his, &c.

80

And freed us from the slavery
Of the invading enemy.

For his, &c.

84

All living creatures he doth feed,
And with full hand supplies their need.

For his, &c.

88

Let us therefore warble forth
His mighty majesty and worth.

For his, &c.

That his mansion hath on high
Above the reach of mortal eye.

For his mercies ay endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

A GLOSSARY.

Explaining the antiquated and difficult Words in Milton's poetical Works.

P. L. stands for Paradise Lost; P. R. for Paradise Regained; S. A. for Sampson Agonistes; P. for the Poems; and S. for the Sonnets. The letters i, ii, iii, &c. denote the books: the figures 1, 2, 3, &c. the verses.

When a word occurs but once or twice, or is taken in a peculiar sense, or has different senses in different places; in all these cases the places are pointed out.

As Milton's critics differ as to the sense of some words, some preferring one sense, and some another, the different senses are often given.

The etymology of many words is given, and frequently the literal, or original, as well as the metaphorical signification.

A

ACANTHUS, the herb Bear's-foot. *Acclame*, acclamation. *Acquist*, S. A. 1755, the same as acquisition, attainment.—*Adorn*, P. L. viii. 576, (an adjective.) *Made so adorn*, &c. finely dressed. *Aduſt*, *Aduſted*, burnt up, hot as with fire.—*Afer*, P. L. x. 702, the south-west wind. *Agape*, P. L. v. 557, (an adverb) staring with eagerness. *Agonistes*, an actor, a prize-fighter. *Alp*, P. L. ii. 620, S. A. 628, for mountain in general. *Amarant*, P. L. iii. 353, for unfading, that decayeth not; a flower of a purple velvet colour, which, though gathered, keeps its beauty. *Ambrosial*, partaking of the nature or qualities of ambrosia, the imaginary food of the gods; fragrant, delicious, delectable. Milton applies this epithet to the night, P. L. v. 642. *Amice*, P. R. iv. 427, clothing; the first or undermost part of a priest's habit, derived from the Latin *amicio*, to clothe. *Amphisbæna*, P. L. x. 524, A serpent said to have a head at both ends. *Antarctic*, P. L. ix. 79. the southern pole, so called as opposite to the northern. *Apocalyps*, P. L. iv. 2, a revelation, a discovery. *To appay* P. L. xii. 401, to satisfy, to content. *Argestes*, P. L. x. 699, the north-east wind. *To areed*, P. L. iv. 962, to decree, to award. *Asphaltus*, P. L. i. 729, bitumen, a pitchy substance. *To astound*,

to astonish. *Atheous*, P. R. i. 487, atheistic, godless. *To attune*, P. L. iv. 265, to make any thing musical. *Azurn*, P. the same as *azure*, blue, faint blue.

B

Bandite, P. a man outlawed. *Barbaric*, P. L. ii. 4, foreign, far-fetch'd, *To batten*, P. to fatten, or make fat, to feed plenteously. *Behest*, a command, precept, mandate. *Beldame*, P. an old woman; generally a term of contempt. *Beryl*, P. L. vi. 756, a precious stone of a sea-green colour. *Besprent*, P. sprinkled. *Bestrown*, P. L. i. 311, iv. 631, sprinkled over. *Bevy*, P. L. xi. 582, a company, an assembly; of the Italian *beva*, a covey of partridges. *Bickering*, P. L. vi. 766, fighting, and thence destroying; from the Welch *bicre*, a contest, a combat. *Blanc*, or *blank*, white, P. L. x. 656; confused, dispirited, subdued, P. L. ix. 890, P. R. ii. 120. *Bland*, P. L. v. 5, ix. 855, 1047, soft, mild, gentle. *To blank*, S. A. 471, to confuse, to dispirit. *Blear*, P. dim, obscure. *To bolt*, P. to dart, to shoot, to sift. Dr. Johnson thinks it signifies here to blurt out, or throw out precipitantly. *Bosky*, P. woody; from the Belgian *bosche*, and the Italian *bosco*, a wood. *Bourn*, P. a bound, a limit; from the French *borne*. *Brand*, P. L. xii. 643, a sword. *Brando* in Italian too signifies a sword.

C

Cæcias, P. L. x. 699, the north-west wind. *Caparison*, P. L. ix. 35, a horse-cloth. *Caravan*, P. L. vii. 428, P. R. i. 323, a great convoy of merchants, which meet to put themselves into a condition of defence from thieves, who ride in troops in several desert places upon the road in Persia and Turkey. *Carbuncle*, a jewel that shines in the dark, like a lighted coal or candle. *To career*, P. L. vi. 756, to run with swift motion.—*Careering fires*, are lightnings darted; a metaphor taken from the running in tilts, says Dr. Newton. *Carol*, P. L. xii. 367, a song of devotion. *καταφρέσσω* *armis munio*. *Catarrh*, P. L. xi. 483, a defluxion of sharp serum from the glands about the head and throat. *Cates*, P. R. ii. 348, viands, generally employed to signify nice and luxurious food. *Cedarn*, P. of or belonging to the cedar tree. *Cerastes*, P. L. x. 525, a serpent having horns, or supposed to have horns. *Chimera*, P. L. ii. 628, a vain and wild fancy. *Chrysolyte*, P. L. iii. 596, a precious stone of a dusky green, with a cast of yellow. *Cimmerian*, P. which sees no sun, obscure, dark. The Cimmerians lived in caves, and never saw the light of the sun; whence comes the phrase *Cimmerian darkness*. *Colures*, P. L. ix. 66, two great circles supposed to pass through the poles of the world, intersecting each other at right angles, and encompassing the earth from north to south, and from south to north again. *Corny*, P. L. vii. 321, horn, horny; of the Latin *corneus*, horny. *To couch*, P. L. ii. 536, to fix or place the spear in the rest, in the posture of at-

tack. *Couchant*, P. L. iv. 406, lying down, squatting. *Crank*, P. twisting or changing the form or meaning of a word. To *craxe*, P. L. xii. 210. S. A. 571, to crush, bruise, to weaken. *Crasset*, P. L. i. 728, a great blazing light set upon a beacon, light-house, or watch-tower. *Cuirassiers*, P. R. iii. 328, horsemen armed with cuirasses, which covered the body quite round, from the neck to the waist. *Curfeu*, P. (of the French *couvre feu*). William the Conqueror commanded that in every town and village a bell should be rung every night at eight of the clock, and that all persons should then put out their fire and candle, and go to bed; the ringing of which bell was called *curfeu*. *Cynosure*, P. the star next the north pole, by which sailors steer; the constellation of Ursa Minor.

D

To *dapple*, P. to streak, to diversify with colours. To *dasmask*, P. L. iv. 334, to variegate, to diversify. *Darkling*, P. L. iii. 39, in the dark, without light; a word merely poetical. To *debel*, P. R. iv. 605, to overcome in war: of the Latin *debello*. *Diapason*, P. a perfect concord through all the tones. To *dight*, P. to dress, to embellish, to adorn. *Dingle*, P. a narrow valley between two steep hills. *Dipsas*, P. L. x. 526, a serpent, whose bite produces the sensation of unquenchable thirst; of $\delta\iota\psi\alpha$ thirst. *Discontinuous wound*, P. L. vi. 329, said in allusion to the old definition of a wound, that it separates the continuity of the parts. *Divan*, P. L. x. 457, any counsel assembled. To *doff*, S. A. 1410, to put off drels. *Dole*, S. A. 1529, gifts and portions. *Doughty*, S. A. 1181, brave, valiant. *Drop serene*, P. L. iii. 25, a disease of the eye, proceeding from inspissation of the humour. *Dryad*, P. L. ix. 387, a wood-nymph.

E

Eld, P. old age. *Elfe*, P. a wandering spirit, supposed to be seen in wild unfrequented places. *Elops*, P. L. x. 525, a dumb serpent, that gives no notice by hissing to avoid him. To *embow*, P. to arch, to vault. *Emprise*, P. L. xi. 642, an old word for enterprize. *Ens*, P. any being or existence. To *envermeil*, P. to paint with vermilion. *Epicycle*, P. L. viii. 84, a circle upon another circle; or a little circle whose centre is in the circumference of a greater. *Epilepsy*, P. L. xi. 483, a convulsive motion of the whole body, or of some of its parts, with a loss of sense. *Eremite*, P. L. iii. 470, P. R. i. 8, a solitary, an anchorite, one who retires from society to contemplation and devotion. *Erst*, at first, in the beginning, P. formerly, long ago. *Euphrasy*, P. L. xi. 414, the herb eyebright, so named from its clearing virtue. *Eyry*, P. L. vii. 424, the nest of a bird of prey.

F.

Favonius, S. the western wind that blows in the spring.—*Faya*, P. a fairy, an elfe. To *fet*, P. R. ii. 401, to fetch, to bring. *Flamen*, P. a priest. To *freak*, P. to freckle, to spot, to variegate. *Frequence*, P. R. ii. 130, crowd, assembly. To *frett*, to form into raised work, P. L. i. 717, to hurt by attrition, S. *Fret*, P. L. vii. 597, that stop of the musical instrument which regulates the vibrations of the string. *Frore*, P. L. ii. 595, an old word for frosty. To *frounce*, P. to crisp, to curl. *Fugue*, P. L. xi. 563, (of *fuga*, a flight) in music, the correspondency of parts, answering one another in the same notes.

G

Galaxy, P. L. vii. 579, the milky way, a stream of light in the sky. *Garish*, P. gaudy, splendid. *Garrulity*, S. A. 491, loquacity, incontinence of tongue, inability to keep a secret.—*Gear*, P. furniture, accoutrements. To *gem*, P. L. vii. 325, to put forth the first buds; of the Latin *gemmare*. To *gloze*, to flatter, to insinuate, to fawn. *Gonfalon*, P. L. v. 589, a kind of banner, a standard. *Gorgon*, P. L. ii. 628, a monster with snaky hairs. *Greaves*, S. A. 1121, armour for the legs, a sort of boots. *Grunsel*, P. L. i. 160, the groundfil, the lower part of the building. *Gryphon*, P. L. ii. 943, a fabulous creature, said to be generated between the lion and eagle, and to have the head and paws of the lion, and the wings of the eagle. *Guerdon*, P. a prize, a reward, a recompense. *Gurge*, P. L. xii. 41, whirl-pool, gulf. *Gymnic*, S. A. 1324, such as practise the athletic or gymnastic exercises. *Gyves*, S. A. 1093, fetters.

H

Habergeon, S. A. 1120, a coat of mail for the neck and shoulders. *Hermes*, P. L. iii. 603, mercury or quicksilver.—*Hippogrif*, P. R. iv. 542, an imaginary creature, part like a horse, and part like a gryphon: a winged horse. *Holocaust*, S. A. 1706, an entire burnt offering. *Horrent*, P. L. ii. 513, terrible, prickly. To *host*, P. L. vi. 93, to encounter in battle. The word *hosting* (says Newton) seems to have been first coined by Milton. It is a very expressive word, and plainly formed from the substantive *host*. *Hutch*, P. coffered; from *butch*, a corn chest. *Hyacinthin*, P. L. iv. 301, dark or black. *Hyaline*, P. L. viii. 619, a glassy sea. *Hydra*, P. L. ii. 628, a monster with many heads. *Hydrus*, P. L. x. 525, the water snake.

I

Il Penseroso, P. the thoughtful melancholy man. To *impregn*, to fill with any matter or quality. *Incubus*, P. R. ii. 152, the night-mare. *Infuriate*, P. L. vi. 486, enraged, raging. *Joust*, P. L. ix. 37, tilt, tournament, mock fight. To *joust*, P. L. i. 583, to run in the tilt. *Iris*, P. L. iv. 698, the flower-de

luce; so called from resembling the colours of the rainbow.—
Irriguis, P. L. iv. 255, well watered, full of springs and rills.

K

Kercbest, P. dressed, hooded; from *kerchief*, a head-dress;
 French *couvre-chef*. *Kirtle*, P. a woman's gown.

L

Lair, P. L. vii. 457, the couch or bed of a boar or wild beast.
L'Allegro, P. the cheerful merry man. *Lares*, P. household
 gods. *Lazar-house*, P. L. xi. 479, a house for the reception of
 the diseased; an hospital. *Lee*, P. ground enclosed, pastures,
 or corn fields. *Lemures*, P. night spirits, hobgoblins. *Levant*,
 P. L. x. 704, rising, eastern. *Leviathan*, P. L. i. 201, a wa-
 ter animal described in the book of Job, by some imagined to
 be the crocodile, but in poetry generally taken for the whale.
Libbard, P. L. vii. 467, a leopard, a spotted beast of prey.—
Libeccio, P. L. x. 706, the south-west wind. *Limbec*, P. L.
 iii. 605, a still, *Litbe*, P. L. iv. 347, flexible, easily bent—
Lore, lesson, instruction. *Lubbar*, P. a sturdy drone, an idle,
 a booby.

M

Madrigal, P. a pastoral song. *Marasmus*, P. L. xi. 487, a
 kind of consumption, accompanied with a fever, wasting the
 body by degrees. *Marish*, P. L. xii. 630, an old word for
 marsh; a bog, a fen. *Meed*, P. reward, recompence. *Mid-
 riff*, P. L. xi. 445, the diaphragm, a nervous muscle sepa-
 rating the breast from the belly. *Minum*, P. L. vii. 482, a
 small being, a dwarf. *Murky*, P. L. x. 280, cloudy, tainted,
 wanting light. *Murren*, P. L. xii. 179, the plague in cattle.
Must, P. L. v. 345, new wine.

N

Naptha, P. L. i. 729, a very pure, clear, and thin mineral
 fluid, or a very pale yellow, with a cast of brown in it. *Nard*,
 P. L. v. 293, spikenard. *Nepenthes*, P. a drug that drives away
 all pains. *Nocent*, P. L. ix. 186, hurtful, mischievous.

O

Omnific, P. L. vii. 217, all-creating. *Ooze*, P. L. vii. 303,
 soft mud, slime. *Opal*, P. L. ii. 1049, a precious stone of
 divers colours. *Orc*, P. L. xi. 835, a large kind of sea-beast.
Oread, P. L. ix. 387, a mountain nymph. *Orgies*, P. L. i.
 415, mad rites of Bacchus, frantic revels.

P

Palmer, P. a pilgrim; called also *votarists*. *Pandemonium*,
 the capital or chief residence of the devils. *Panin*, P. L. i.
 765, P. R. iii. 343, pagan, infidel. *Panoply*, P. L. vi. 527,
 armour from head to foot. *Pansy*, P. L. ix. 1040, a kind of
 violet. To *paragon*, P. L. x. 426, to compare, to be equal to.
Paranymph, S. A. 1020, a brideman, one who leads the bride
 to her marriage. *Peccant*, P. L. xi. 70, guilty, criminal.—

Pennon P. L. ii. 933, vulgarly spelt *pinion*, a wing; from *penna*.
Petrific, P. L. x. 294, having the power to change to stone.—
Phalactery, P. a bandage on which was inscribed some memorable sentence. *Pied*, P. variegated, particoloured. *Platan*, P. L. iv. 478. the plane-tree. *Pleiades*, P. L. viii. 374, a northern constellation. *Ponent*, P. L. x. 704, setting western. *Pontifical*, P. L. x. 313, bridge-building. *Pontifice*, P. L. x. 348, bridge-work, edifice of a bridge. *Portcullis*, P. L. ii. 874, a sort of machine like a harrow, hung over the gates of a city, to be let down to keep out an enemy. *To prank*, P. to dress, to decorate. *Procinēt*, P. L. vi. 19, complete preparation, preparation brought to the point of action. *To purple*, P. to decorate with a wrought or flowered border, to embroider. *Purfled*, flourished, or wrought upon with a needle.

Q

Quaternion, P. L. v. 181, a fourfold mixture and combination. *Quip*, P. a sharp jest, a taunt, a sarcasm.

R

Rathe, P. early, coming before the time. *Reälty*, P. L. vi 115, loyalty. A word peculiar to Milton. *Rebea*, P. a three-stringed fiddle. *To reck*, to care, to mind, to make account of. *Recreant*, P. R. iii. 138, apostate, false. *Rbomb*, a figure of four sides, which, being converted into one of three, makes a *wedge*, P. R. iii. 309. *Ruth*, P. pity, mercy, tenderness; sorrow for the misery of another.

S

Saw, P. a maxim, a saying, a proverb. *Scape*, P. R. ii. 189, a loose act of vice or lewdness. *To scathe* P. L. i. 613, to damage, to waste, to destroy. *Scrannel*, P. vile, worthless, grating to the sound. *Scull*, P. L. vii. 402, a shoal or vast multitude of fish. *To sdeign*, P. L. iv. 50, to disdain. *Sene-shal*, P. L. ix. 38, one who had, in great houses, the care of feasts or domestic ceremonies; a steward. *Sere*, P. L. x. 1071, dry, withered. *To ferry*, P. L. i. 548, vi. 599, to press close, to drive hard together, to cling and clasp together. *Serwer*, P. L. ix. 38, an officer who serves up a feast. *Sextile*, P. L. x. 659, a position or aspect of two planets when at sixty degrees distant, or at the distance of two signs from one another. *Sheen* or *sheeny*, bright, glittering, showy. *Sheer*, clean, quick.—*Shoon*, P. Shoes. *Sideral*, P. L. x. 693, starry, astral. *Sirocco*, P. L. x. 706. the south-east or Syrian wind. *Smouldring*, P. burning and smoking without vent. *Soldan*, P. L. i. 764, a Sultan, the Emperor of the Turks. *Sord*, P. L. xi. 433. turf, grassy ground. *Statist*, P. R. iv. 354, a statesman, a politician. *Succinēt*, P. L. iii. 643, ready, prepared; the metaphorical sense of the word. Literally it signifies *girded* or *tucked up*.—*Suffusion*, P. L. iii. 26, that which is suffused or spread. *Swart*, black, gloomy, malignant. *Swart star*, P.

the dog-star. To *swink*, P. to overlabour, to work, to tire, to fatigue. *Syrtis*, P. L. ii. 939, a quicksand, a bog.

T

To *ted*, P. L. ix. 450, to lay grass newly mown in rows for drying. *Tepid*, P. L. vii. 417, lukewarm. *Tbrascias*, P. L. x. 700, the wind blowing from Thrace, northward of Greece. *Tiar*, P. L. iii. 625, a Persian word for a round cap, high, and ending in a point. *Tilth*, P. L. xi. 430, arable, tilled. To *tine*, P. L. x. 1075, to light, to set on fire. From this we have the word *tinder*. *Torneament*, or *tournament*, tilt, encounter, shock of battle, P. L. xi. 652. *Tortuous*, P. L. ix. 516, twisted, wreathed. To *travel*, P. L. iii. 501, to tire, to harass. Dr. Johnson thinks this word should be spelt *travail* when it signifies labour, and *travel* when it signifies journey. *Triform*, P. L. iii. 730, having a triple shape. The moon is said to be *triform* when increasing with horns towards the east, decreasing with horns towards the west, and at the full. *Turkis*, or *Turkois*, P. a blue stone, numbered among the meaner precious stones. *Turm*, P. R. iv. 66, a troop; a word coined from the Latin *turma*.

U

Unfum'd, P. L. v. 349, not burnt, and exhaling smoke as in fumigations, but with its natural scent. *Unweeting*, ignorant, unknowing.

V

Van, a wing with which the air is beaten. *Vant-brass*, or *Vaunt-brace*, S. A. 1121, armour for the arms. *Vernant*, P. L. x. 679, flourishing as in the spring. *Volant*, P. L. xi. 561, nimble, active.

W

To *wattle*, P. to bind with twigs. To *wreen*, to think, to fancy. To *weet*, to know, to be informed. *Welkin*, the firmament or sky. *Whilome*, P. formerly, once of old. *Whist*, P. still, silent. It is commonly used as an interjection, commanding silence. and hence it is supposed the game of *Whist* hath its name, as it requires close attention and silence. *Wight*, a person, a being. To *won*, P. L. vii. 457, to live, to inhabit. To *worse*, P. L. vi. 440, to put to disadvantage. To *wrack*, P. L. ii. 182, to rock, to shake.

Y

Ycleaped, P. called, named, termed.

Z

Zenith, the point over head opposite to the nadir. *Zephyr*, the west wind. *Zodiac*, a great circle of the sphere, containing the twelve signs. *Zone* a girdle, P. L. v. 281, a division of the earth, P. L. ii. 397, circuit, circumference, P. L. v. 560.

CONTENTS OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

	Page
PARADISE LOST. Book X.	5
Book XI.	33
Book XII.	56
Paradise Regain'd. Book I.	73
Book II.	86
Book III.	98
Book IV.	109
Samson Agonistes,	126
L'Allegro,	173
Il Penseroso,	177
Arcades,	181
Lycidas,	184

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

On the Death of a fair Infant dying of a Cough, ..	189
At a vacation Exercise in the College,	192
On the Morning of Christ's Nativity,	194
The Passion,	201
On Time,	203
Upon the Circumcision,	ib.
At a solemn Music,	204
An Epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester, ..	205
Song. On May Morning,	207
On Shakespeare,	ib.
On the University Carrier,	ib.
Another on the same,	208
Ad Pyrrham. Ode V.	209
The fifth Ode of Horace, Lib. I. Englished,	ib.
On the new Forcers of Conscience under the long Parliament,	210

SONNETS.

To the Nightingale,	211
On his being arrived at the Age of twenty-three, ..	213
When the Assault was intended to the City,	214
To a virtuous young Lady,	ib.
To the Lady Margaret Ley,	215

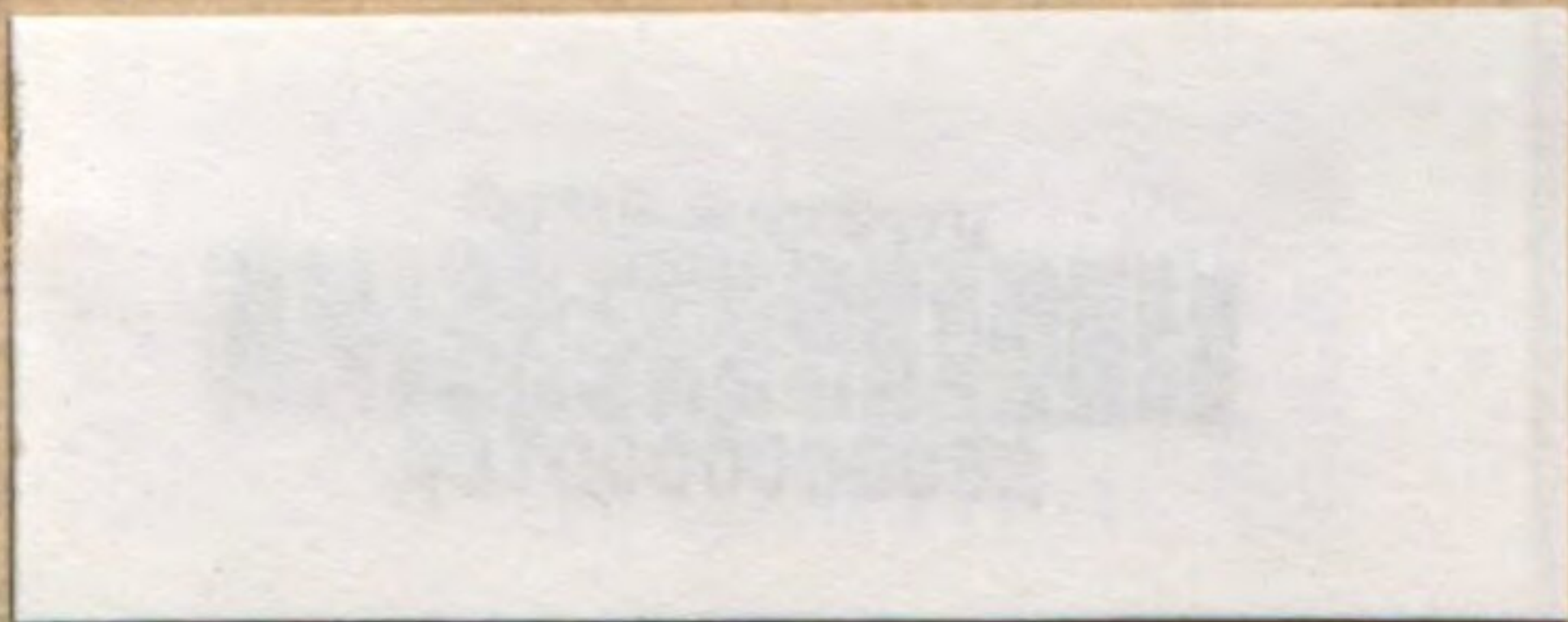
	Page
On the Detraction which followed upon my writing certain Treatises,	215
On the same,	ib.
To Mr. H. Lawes, on his Airs,	216
On the religious Memory of Mrs. Catherine Thomson,	ib.
To the Lord General Fairfax,	217
To the Lord General Cromwell,	ib.
To Sir Henry Vane the younger,	218
On the late Massacre in Piemont,	ib.
On his Blindness,	ib.
To Mr. Lawrence,	219
To Cyriac Skinner,	ib.
To the same,	220
On his deceased Wife,	ib.
Psalms,	221
A Glossary explaining the antiquated and difficult Words in Milton's Poetical Works,	244

THE END.



L. A.

Milton



Milton, John, 1608-1674 / Johnson, Samuel / Addison, Joseph, 1672-1719

The poetical works of John Milton From the text of Dr. Newton ; to which
are prefixed, the life of the author, a criticism on his works, by Dr.
Johnson, and a critique on Paradise Lost, by Joseph Addison
Bd.: 2.

London [1796]

Augsburg, Staats- und Stadtbibliothek -- LA 3392 -2
urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb11257856-2